

Edispilf Universe (An Alternate Season Two)

by Cobalite

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Summary: In the Edispilf Universe, a very different Surprise happened, and things changed from there. Read on to see.

1. Default Chapter Title

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The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale.

Surprise

This episode was originally broadcast on January 19, 1998.

Buffy and Angel make their way to a ship. Angel has the box on his shoulder. They walk arm in arm. Buffy leans into him, and he kisses her on the head. When they reach the gangplank Angel sets the box down. They take a few steps away from the box.

Angel: I should go the rest of the way alone.

Buffy: Okay.

Angel: But I'll be back. I will.

Buffy: When? Six months, a year? You don't know how long it's gonna take or if we'll even... (Looks down)

Angel: Hey... (Raises her chin) If we'll even what?

Buffy: (tears in her eyes) Well, if you haven't noticed, someone pretty much always wants us dead.

Angel: Don't say that. We'll be fine.

Buffy: We don't know that.

Angel: We can't know, Buffy. Nobody can. That's just the deal. (Reaches into his pocket) I have something for you. For your birthday. I... I was gonna give it to you earlier, but... (Shows her a ring with an intricate design)

Buffy: It's beautiful.

Angel: My people -- before I was changed -- they exchanged this as a sign of devotion. It's a claddagh ring. The hands represent friendship; the crown represents loyalty... and the heart... Well, you know... Wear it with the heart pointing towards you. It means you belong to somebody.

Like this.

He shows her his own ring on his finger. She touches his hand, leans over and kisses the ring.

Angel: Put it on.

He takes the ring from her and slips it onto her finger.

Buffy: (sobs) I don't wanna do this.

Angel: Me either.

Buffy: So don't go.

They kiss. She puts her arms around him. After several kisses they stop and look at each other.

Angel: Buffy... I...

Two vampires suddenly jump at them from some cargo netting. One pulls Buffy off of Angel and throws her back. The other begins to fight with Angel. Buffy rolls to her feet. The vampire swings at her, but misses. She grabs him and starts pummeling his gut.

Angel flips the other one over onto his back. He gets up, and Angel swings at him three times, but he blocks all of them. Angel's next punch lands on the vampire's face. Buffy ducks a swing, lifts herself up on the dock railing and kicks her assailant in the chest with both feet, sending him staggering back into the gangplank.

She gives chase and grabs him by the back of the shirt and hair. He growls. Dalton drops out of the cargo netting now, too, runs over to the box, grabs it and starts to run.

Buffy: Angel! The box!

Angel ducks a roundhouse kick, grabs the vampire's arm and flips him over onto his back. He runs after Dalton and tackles him to the

deck.

Buffy's attacker shakes free of her and shoves her into a stack of crates. He follows up with a roundhouse kick, but she ducks it and he just hits the crates. She makes a grab for him, but he punches her in the face. Angel gets ready to punch Dalton but gets distracted when the vampire he was fighting before grabs the box and makes a run for it.

Buffy's opponent grabs her by the jacket and roars as he swings her around, trying to throw her over the railing and into the water. She catches the railing and swings up and kicks the vamp in the face.

Buffy: Go!

Angel: Buffy!

Buffy: Just go!

Angel boards the ship, watching Buffy fight off the last of the vamps and Dalton escaping. As the boat pulls away, we see her hauling Jenny out of the harbor where she ended up after the fight.

Cut to the library. Giles is researching the Judge. He looks up from his books.

Giles: They should be back by now.

Willow: Maybe Buffy needed a few minutes to pull herself together. Poor Buffy, on her birthday and everything.

Xander: Hmm, it's sad, granted. But let's look at the upside for a moment. (Gets up) I mean, what kind of a future would she've really had with him? (Willow looks sadly up at him) She's got 2 jobs -- Denny's waitress by day, (Giles looks up, too) Slayer by night -- and Angel's always in front of the TV with a big blood belly, and he's dreamin' of the glory days when Buffy still thought this whole creature of the night routine was a big turn on.

Willow: You've thought way too much about this.

Xander: No, no. That's just the beginning. Have I told you the part where I fly into town in my private jet and take Buffy out for prime rib?

Willow: (sees Buffy come in) Xander...

Xander: And she cries?

Giles: (stands up) What happened? (Xander sits)

Buffy: Dru's guys ambushed us. Angel managed to get away with the box.

Giles: Where's Jenny?

Buffy: Uh, she went home to get cloths. I, I had some here.

Xander: And we needed clothes because...

Buffy: We got wet. Giles, what do we know?

Giles: The more I study the Judge, the less I like him. His touch can literally burn the humanity out of you. A true creature of evil can survive the process. No human ever has.

It's good that you don't have to fight him.

Buffy: Giles, have you considered the fact that we only had an arm? I mean, everyone here knows demons don't exactly have to be complete to wreak havoc. Look at what happened to Willow.

The room goes silent, as this has occurred to no one else. Xander feels the need to break the tension.

Xander: What's the problem? We send Cordy to fight this guy, and we go for pizza. (Smiles)

Buffy: Can this guy be stopped? Without an army?

Giles: Um (reads) 'no weapon forged can kill him.' Not very encouraging. If we could only stop them from assembling him.

Buffy: We need to find his weak spots, and we need to figure out where they'd be keeping him.

Giles: This could take time.

Willow: Better do a round robin. Xander, you go first.

Buffy: Good call.

Xander heads for the phone.

Giles: Round robin?

Willow: It's when everybody calls everybody else's mom and tells them they're staying at everyone's house.

Buffy: Thus freeing us up for world saveage.

Willow: (smiles) And all-night keggers! (Gets a look from Buffy and Giles) What, only Xander gets to make dumb jokes?

Xander: (on the phone) Mom, hi. Xander. Yeah, uh, Willow and I are gonna be studying all night long, so I'm not gonna be coming home.

Cut to later. The research is going hot and heavy. Xander walks over to Willow at the counter with another open book.

Xander: Tsk. I think I read this already.

Willow: I can't get over how cool Oz was about all this.

Xander: Gee, I'm over it.

Willow: (smugly) You're just jealous 'cause you didn't have a date for the party.

Xander: No, I sure didn't.

Giles: (comes out into the main room) Any luck?

Giles sees Buffy asleep in his office and holds up his hand to silence them. The gang follows Giles' gaze into the office.

Giles: Sh-sh-sh.

They see Buffy with her head down on the desk.

Giles: (whispers) Seems Buffy needed some rest.

Willow: Yeah. She hasn't been sleeping well, because of her dreams?

They all go back to their tasks. The camera closes in on Buffy and loses its focus.

Cut to Spike's warehouse. Buffy walks in, looking at the party decorations. All around candles on tall sticks have burned way down. She goes to the table and walks around it. On the other side she sees Jenny walking the other way. She's confused about that, but gets distracted by several boxes sitting on the floor and goes over to them.

Drusilla: Now, now.

Buffy spins around to see her on the upper level holding Angel in front of her.

Drusilla: Hands off my presents.

She puts a sharp blade to Angel's neck.

Buffy: No!

Cut to Giles' office. Buffy wakes from her nightmare with a start.

Buffy: Angel!

Willow, who is sitting beside her, can offer no comfort.

Willow: I'm sorry, Buffy. Angel may be the one thing we can't get you for your birthday.

Cut to Spike's warehouse. Drusilla stands at the top of the spiral staircase and claps her hands.

Drusilla: More music!

She bobs her head to the gothic beat as she descends the steps. The party is going well. She makes her way to the head of the table and begins to dance there. "Transylvanian Concubine", performed by Rasputina, plays.

/If you want to know how/

/To fly high then go now/

/To the place where all the concubines.../

/Meet and converse with them/

/Marvel at their pale skin /

/Wonder how they chew on their pointy.../

/Teeth and hair are beauty/

/They know it's their duty/

/To be Countess in their hearts and their...

Spike comes rolling in with a large box in his lap.

Spike: Look what I have for you, ducks.

Drusilla looks over at him.

/Minds that have to whisper/

/See in them a sister/

/Look into their eyes and you'll become/

/Transylvanian Concubine/

Drusilla smiles and steps over to him.

Drusilla: Ahh... The best is saved for last.

She takes the box from him and peeks inside.

Drusilla: It's fake. Will it still work my Spike?

/You know what flows there like wine/

/Sorrow is their master/

/Cackling with laughter/

/Now he's having just one piece of.../

Spike: It should, luv. I had one of the boys rip it off some git in the park.

Drusilla gives a smile and hands the box to two vampires. The two vampires take it over to where the other boxes have been assembled into the shape of a body. They raise the box and set the head in place.

/Cakey is their make up/

/Catholics try to shake up.../

Once in place, a bright light emanates through the cracks in the boxes.

Drusilla: (smiles) Hmm.

The front of the now unified boxes opens like a pair of twin gates to allow the Judge to step out. His skin is blue, and he has small horns on his forehead. He opens his eyes.

Drusilla: He's perfect, my darling.

Spike looks up at her.

Drusilla: Just what I wanted.

She steps back to him and takes his hand. Drusilla looks up at the Judge.

Drusilla: Goll...

The Judge steps out of his box. He has difficulty keeping his balance. He points at Drusilla.

Judge: You!

Spike: (rolls over to him in Dru's defense) Ho, ho, ho. What's that, mate?

Judge: You two stink of humanity. You share affection and jealousy.

Spike: Yeah. What of it? (Taps his armor) Do I have to remind you that we're the ones who brought you here?

Drusilla: (smiles) Would you like a party favor? (Indicates her guests)

The Judge looks at the party guests. His gaze settles on Dalton.

Judge: This one is full of feeling. He reads. Bring him to me.

Another vampire grabs Dalton and keeps him from running away.

Spike: What's with the bringing? I thought you could just zap people.

Judge: My full strength will return in time. Perhaps quicker if you had not lost my true arm. Until then... I need contact.

The Judge steps over to Dalton.

Dalton: No. No! NO!

The Judge puts his hand on Dalton's chest, and he begins to smoke. Drusilla watches excitedly. The Judge's hand begins to burn into Dalton, who quickly combusts, disappearing in a flash of flame and smoke.

Drusilla: (gasps) (gleefully) Do it again! Do it again!

She smiles down at Spike. The Judge smiles as he feels his power begin to return.

Cut to the library. Buffy comes striding out of the cage. Willow follows her out. Giles looks down at them from the stacks.

Giles: Buffy, what's happening?

Willow: She had another dream.

Buffy: I think I know where Spike and Drusilla are.

Giles: (comes down the stairs) That's very good, however, you, you do need a plan. I-I know you're concerned, Buffy, but you can't just go off half-cocked.

Buffy: I have a plan. I go to the factory and do recon, figure out how far they've gotten assembling the Judge. You guys check any places the boxes could be coming into town. Shipping yards, airports, anything. We need to stop them from getting all the boxes in one place.

Giles: Yes. Yes, well, um, actually, that's quite a good plan.

Buffy: This thing is nasty, and it's real, Giles. We can't wait for it to come get us.

Giles: Right.

Buffy grabs her bag, and she makes tracks for the door.

Cut to outside Spike's warehouse. The camera pans up to a second floor window. Cut inside. Buffy sneaks quietly along the upper level. She looks down at the party going on below. They walk to the railing.

Buffy: I saw this. (Whispers) The party.

The Judge walks into view flanked by Spike with Drusilla following. The Judge stops and senses something.

Spike: What? What is it?

The Judge looks around, then up at Buffy and growls.

She tries to make a run for it, but there are vampires heading them her off on both sides. She is captured. Cut below. Buffy is brought before Spike, Drusilla and the Judge.

Spike: Well, well. Look what we have here. A crasher.

Buffy: I'm sure my invitation just got lost in the mail.

Drusilla: It's delicious. (Licks her fingers)

Judge: The girl.

Drusilla: Chilling, isn't it? She's so full of good intention.

The Judge reaches for Buffy. She looks up and around for a way out of this. Drusilla wraps her arms around Spike and smiles. She sees the chains holding up Spike's video monitors, and gets ready to defend herself. Buffy kicks the Judge in the chest and knocks him back. The Judge comes to a stop beneath the monitors, and Buffy throws at stake to releases them. They crash to the floor on top of the Judge, hard enough to knock a hole in the floor. Buffy jumps down into the sewers below. Cut to the sewers. Buffy rolls away from the hole, and she gets to her feet and start down the tunnels. Cut inside the warehouse. Drusilla gives the order to pursue.

Drusilla: Go!

Two vampires rush to give chase. Cut to the sewers. Buffy pulls a door closed behind her as her two pursuers drop through the hole and start after her. They look around to see where she went, but don't see anyone. They start down the tunnel, checking the side tunnels as they go, and continue past the door. When they've gone by Buffy opens the door and checks if the coast is clear. Seeing no one she steps over to a ladder and starts up. Cut to the surface. She lifts a manhole cover up, pushes it aside and quickly climbs out into the pouring rain. It is a long walk to the library to find dry clothes.

2. Default Chapter Title

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The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale. This is my take on what Innocence might have been like

Innocence This episode was originally broadcast on January 20, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

Spike's warehouse. The Judge is kneeling in a corner facing a bunch of storage racks. Spike wheels into view and stops about twenty feet from him. He pushes himself a few feet closer and turns around.

Spike: I'm not happy, pet. The Slayer is still alive. She knows where we are, they know about the Judge. We should be vacating.

Drusilla: (walks up to him) Nonsense. (Takes his hand) She'll not disturb us here. Even the Slayer is too smart to face the Judge again.

Spike: (glances over his shoulder) What's Big Blue up to anyway? He just sits there. (Looks away)

Judge: I am preparing.

Spike: (rolls his eyes) Yeah. (Turns and wheels over to him) It's interesting to me that 'preparing' looks a great bit like sitting on your ass. (Facing him) When do we destroy the world already?

Judge: My strength grows, and with every life I take it will increase further.

Spike: So let's take some. I'm bored.

Drusilla starts moaning.

Spike: (looks back at her) Dru?

Drusilla collapses to the floor and begins to cry.

Drusilla: Angel...

Spike: (concerned) Dru? (Rolls to her) What is it? (Stops by her) Dru!

The camera pans around to her face.

Spike: Darling... Do you see something?

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

The kitchen at Buffy's house. She quietly opens the kitchen door, looks around, comes in and carefully closes it behind her. She keeps an eye out for her mother as she goes around to the stairs. Once there she starts up, stomping rather loudly, and her mother hears her.

Joyce: (off camera) Morning.

Buffy stops her ascent and comes back down a few steps. Her mother comes over to the base of the staircase.

Buffy: Morning.

Joyce: So, did you have fun last night?

Buffy: Fun?

Joyce: At Willow's.

Buffy: Yeah. (Smiles) Yeah, fun at Willow's. You know, she's a fun machine.

Joyce: You hungry?

Buffy: No. Uh, no, I-I'm, uh, just gonna go take a shower.

Joyce: Well, i-if you hurry, I'll run you to school.

Buffy: Thanks.

Joyce folds her arms and looks up at Buffy curiously.

Joyce: Is something wrong?

Buffy's eyes go wide, but she quickly regains her composure. None of her wounds are showing.

Buffy: No. (shakes her head) What would be wrong?

Joyce: (staring) I don't know. You just look...

She shakes her head, smiles and goes into the dining room. Buffy breathes a sigh of relief and heads up the stairs. Why now does her mother start noticing the stark terror of near death experiences?

Cut to the library. Xander walks in. Giles looks up at him.

Xander: Well, the bus depot was a total washout. And may I say what a lovely place to spend the night. What a vibrant cross-section of Americana.

Jenny and Willow look at him concerned. Cordelia sitting on the counter also looks worried.

Giles: No vampires transporting boxes?

Xander: No, but a four-hundred-pound wino offered to wash my hair. (Looks at everyone) What's up? Where's Buffy?

Willow: She came by last night, and stayed to help. You just missed her.

Giles: If the bus depot is as empty as the... docks and the airport...

Xander: Do you think this Judge guy's already been assembled?

Giles: Yes.

Xander: Okay, we gotta fight 'em. (Thinks) Um, we gotta go to that place, that, uh, that factory. That's where they're holed up, right? (Looks back at Willow and Jenny) Let's go.

Cordelia: And do what? Besides be afraid and die.

Xander: Well, nobody's asking you to go, Cordelia. If the vampires need grooming tips we'll give you a call.

Giles: Cordelia has a point. Now, i-i-if Buffy was, was... harmed, then we don't stand to fare much better.

Xander: Yeah? Well, those of us who were born with feelings are gonna do something about this.

Jenny: Xander.

Willow: No, Xander's right! My God, you people are all... Well, I'm upset, and I can't think of a mean word right now, but that's what

you are, and we're going to the factory! This Judge guy made Angel leave Buffy on her birthday, and I'm not gonna stand for that.
(Starts out)

Xander: Yeah! (Follows)

Just then Buffy comes into the library.

Willow: Buffy!

Buffy: No assembly required. He's active. We gotta do something.

Giles: (whispers) Oh damn it. (Removes his glasses)

Even after hearing this last night, it is still disheartening.

Buffy: He nearly killed me.

Giles: Buffy, the Judge, we, we must stop him.

Buffy: I know.

Giles: What can you tell us?

Buffy: Not much. I, um... I kicked him. It was just like a sudden fever. If he'd got his hands on me...

Giles: In time, he won't need to. The stronger he gets, he'll be able to reduce us to charcoal with a look.

Buffy: Also, not the prettiest man in town.

Giles: I better continue researching, must look for a weak spot. The rest of you should get to your classes.

Jenny: Yeah, I better go, too.

They all start out. Buffy is the first one out the door.

Xander: Yeah, yeah, yeah. (Holds the door open)

Willow: Buffy, wait up!

Jenny: (stops on the way out) (to Giles) I'll, uh, go on the 'Net and search for anything on the Judge.

Giles: Thank you.

Xander: After classes I'll come back and help you research.

Cordelia: (pats him as she walks out) Yeah, you might find something useful if it's in an 'I Can Read' book.

Xander looks like he's ready to kill her.

Cut to the halls by the stairs. Buffy is about to go up when Willow catches up and stops her.

They start up the stairs. Jenny looks around the corner and watches them go up.

Cut to Spike's warehouse. Drusilla is laid out on her back on the big table. Spike wheels himself around to her. She looks up at the ceiling blissfully.

Spike: (smiles) Are we feeling better, then? (Leans on the table)

Drusilla: (sighs) I'm naming all the stars.

Spike: You can't see the stars, love. That's the ceiling. Also, it's day.

Drusilla: I can see them. But I've named them all the same name. (Tilts her head to him) And there's terrible confusion.

Spike: Did you see any further? Do you know what happens to Angel?

Drusilla: The nasty Slayer helped him escape with the arm. Oh, Spike, but the stars, they say such wondrous things would have happened if he hadn't.

Cut to the library. Cordelia walks by the counter looking through a book. Xander is lying on top of the counter, also studying a book. Giles is in his office reading through yet another book. Willow is on the phone with Buffy.

Willow: Ok. No, no, he didn't, but I'm sure he'll... Well, Buffy, he probably has some plan, and he's trying to protect you. Well, I-I don't know what. I'm not in on the plan. It's his plan. No. Don't even say that! Angel is not dead.

Xander: Say 'hi' for me.

Willow: (into the phone) Yeah, of course we'll be here. Okay, bye. (Hangs up) (To Xander) Say 'hi' for me?

Xander: What's the word?

Willow: She's real upset he hasn't called. He promised he'd try, and that boat docked hours ago and it looks like he's gone underground.

Giles: (standing in his doorway) But he does do that on occasion, no?

Willow: Oh, yeah, but she's extra wigged this time. I guess 'cause of her dreams. God, what if something really happened to him?

Giles: Is she gonna join us here?

Willow: Yeah. She's just stopping at home first.

Xander slams his book shut and jumps off of the counter.

Xander: Nada.

He heads for the stacks with it. Cut to the stacks. Xander finds Cordelia on his way to return the book to its place on the shelves.

Xander: Did you find anything? (Shelves the book)

Cordelia: This book mentions the Judge, but nothing useful. Big, scary, no weapon forged can stop him, took an army to take him down. Blah, blah, blah.

Xander: We need some insight, a weak spot.

Cordelia: Well, we're not gonna find it here.

She shelves the book as Xander comes over to her. She turns to face him.

Xander: Sorry I snapped at you before.

Cordelia: Well, I'm reeling from that new experience.

Xander: I was crazed. I wasn't thinking.

Cordelia: I know. You were too busy rushing off to die for your beloved Buffy. You'd never die for me.

Xander: No, I might die *from* you. Does that get me any points?

Cordelia: No.

Xander: Come on, can't we just kiss and make up?

Cordelia: I don't wanna make up. (He starts to go, but she stops him) But I'm okay with the other part. (Smiles)

Xander smiles back and they start to kiss. After a few moments Cordelia giggles and smiles and they pull apart. Willow is standing behind them, completely confused and upset.

Xander: Willow, uh...

She darts off. Xander runs after her.

Xander: We were just... Willow! Willow!

Cordelia realizes they've been found out and begins to consider the implications.

Cut to the halls. Willow comes running out of the library. Xander is right behind her.

Xander: Willow, come on!

Willow: (stops and confronts him, shaking her finger) I knew it! I knew it! Well, not 'knew it' in the sense of having the slightest idea, but I knew there was something I didn't know. You two were fighting way too much. It's not natural!

Xander: I know it's weird...

Willow: Weird? It's against all laws of God and Man! It's (disgusted) Cordelia! Remember? The, the 'We Hate Cordelia' club, of which you are the treasurer.

Xander: Look, I was gonna tell you.

Willow: Gee, what stopped you? Could it be shame?

Xander: All right, let's overreact, shall we?

Willow: But I'm...

Xander: Willow, we were just kissing. It doesn't mean that much.

Willow: No. It just means that you'd rather be with someone you hate than be with me.

She runs from the hall, leaving Xander just standing there to consider her words. He reluctantly turns to go back into the library.

Cut to Enyos' hotel room. He lectures Jenny.

Enyos: You know what it is, this thing vengeance?

Jenny: Uncle, I have served you. I have been faithful. I need to know...

Enyos: (interrupts) To the modern man vengeance is a verb, an idea. Payback. One thing for another. Like commerce. Not with us. Vengeance is a living thing. It passes through generations. It commands. It kills.

Jenny: You told me to watch Angel. You told me to keep him from the Slayer. I tried. But there are other factors. There are terrible things happening here that we cannot control.

Enyos: We control nothing. We are not wizards, Janna. We merely play our part.

Jenny: Angel could be of help to us. I mean, he may be the only chance we have to stop the Judge.

Enyos: It is too late for that.

Jenny: Why?

Enyos: The curse. Angel is meant to suffer, not to live as human. One moment of true happiness, of contentment, one moment where the soul that we restored no longer plagues his thoughts and that soul is taken from him.

Jenny: Then, if somehow, if... it happens... then Angelus will return.

Enyos: I hope to stop it.

Jenny: Buffy loves him.

Enyos: And someday she will have to kill him.

Jenny: (stands up) Unless he kills her first! Uncle, this is insanity! People are going to die.

Enyos: Yes. It is not justice we serve. It is vengeance.

Jenny: (exhales and grabs her coat and bag) You are a fool. We're all fools.

Her uncle just watches her go and shakes his head.

Cut to the lounge at school. Willow comes down the hall. Xander comes out of the bathroom, sees her there and jogs over to her.

Xander: Will.

She hugs her arms around herself and turns to face him.

Willow: Hey.

Xander: Where'd you go?

Willow: Home.

Xander: I'm glad you came back. We can't do this without you.

Willow: Let's get this straight. I don't understand it, I don't wanna understand it, you have gross emotional problems, and things are not okay between us. But what's happening right now is more important than that.

Xander: Okay.

Willow: (drops her arms) What about the Judge? Where do we stand?

Xander: On a pile of really boring books that say exactly the same thing.

Willow: Lemme guess: 'no weapon forged.'

Xander: 'It took an army.'

Willow: Yeah, where's an army when you need one? (Looks at Xander) What?

Xander: (looks thoughtful) Whoa. Whoa! I... I think I'm having a thought. Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's a thought. Now I'm having a plan.

The library. Giles paces. Xander stands while Willow and Cordelia sit at the table. Jenny is leaning against the shelves behind them.

The camera pans over to Buffy sitting at the table opposite Willow. She's looking down sadly. Willow notices and gets up to go to her.

Willow: Are you okay?

Buffy shakes her head 'no'.

Willow: Is there anything I can do?

Buffy: (shakes her head) I just miss him, and there's not much you can do about that.

Giles: Buffy, I'm sorry, but we can't afford to... Buffy!

Willow: (watching Buffy run) Giles, shut up.

Cut to the hall. Buffy runs out of the library and down the hall. Cut back into the library.

Cordelia: This is great. There's an unkillable demon in town, and the Slayer is a basket case... I'd say we've hit bottom.

Xander: I have a plan.

Cordelia: Oh, no, here's a lower place.

Xander: I think I may have a way to deal with this Judge guy.

Sits on the table by Cordelia.

Willow: What do we do?

Xander: I think, um... (Looks at Cordelia, then back at Willow) I think I may need Cordelia for this one.

Willow lowers her eyes for just an instant.

Xander: And we may need wheels.

Cordelia: Well, my car is...

Xander: It might have to be bigger.

Willow: No problem. I'll get Oz. He has a van.

Xander: Good. (Looks at Cordelia) Okay.

Cordelia: Care to let me in on the plan I'm a part of?

Xander: No.

Cordelia: Why not? (Stands up with her hands on her hips)

Xander: Because if I tell you, then you won't do it. Just meet me at Willow's house in half an hour. And wear something trashy... (Looks at her) ...er. (Walks off)

Cordelia is incensed and follows him.

Giles: I'm not sure what we should do about Buffy.

Jenny: Assuming they don't attack tonight I think we should just let

her be.

Willow: I agree.

Giles: I-I-I can imagine what she's going through.

Willow: No, I don't think you can.

Cut to Buffy's room. She comes in and gently closes the door behind her. She sniffs as she unbuttons her coat. She sees her cross and necklace hanging from its hook and takes it in her hand. It sparkles in the light. She lets go of it, letting it swing. She looks down at the ring on her hand that Angel gave her. She pulls it off of her finger and looks at it, bursting into tears. She goes to her bed and lies on it, clutching the ring and crying uncontrollably. The camera pulls back from her as she curls up on her bed. Eventually she falls asleep and dreams.

Cut to a funeral in bright daylight. Angel walks up to the grave. Buffy looks over at him. He looks up at her, his face bathed in sunlight.

Angel: You have to know what to see.

She looks at him, not really understanding, and then back down at the grave. She looks over at the other people attending the funeral and sees Jenny lifting the veil from her face.

Buffy wakes with a start, eyes open wide. She suddenly realizes Jenny has something to do with this.

Cut to the school. Buffy marches straight to Ms. Calendar's classroom. Cut into the classroom. There are students sitting at all the computers, but she doesn't care. Jenny and Giles see her come in and smile in greeting.

Giles: Oh, Buffy.

Buffy goes right past Giles straight to Jenny puts her hand around her throat and shoves her back onto her desk.

Giles: Buffy! (Tries to pull her off)

Buffy: What do you know?

Student: (gets up) Should I get the principal?

Giles: (to the class) No, I-I-I'll deal with this. Y-y-you're, you're all dismissed! (They all leave)

Buffy: (lets go and steps back) Did you do it? Did you arrange it so he had to leave?

Giles: For God's sake, calm down!

Buffy: Did you know this was gonna happen?

Giles: You can't go around accusing everybody...

Jenny: (interrupts) I didn't know... exactly. I was told...

(Whispers) Oh, God. (Speaks) I was sent here to watch you. They told me to keep you and Angel apart. They never told me, they never told me..

Giles: (surprised and confused) Jenny!

Jenny: I'm sorry, Rupert. Angel was supposed to pay for what he did to my people.

Buffy: And me? What was I supposed to be paying for?

Jenny: I didn't know what might have happened until last night. I swear I would've told you.

Buffy: Told me what?

Jenny: The curse. If Angel achieved true happiness, even just a moment of... He would lose his soul.

Jenny: If there is anything that...

Buffy: Fix the curse.

Jenny: No, I-I can't. I mean, those magicks are long lost even to my people.

Buffy: You did it once. It's not too late to save him.

Jenny: It can't be done. I can't help you.

Buffy: Then take me to someone who can.

Cut to Enyos' hotel room. He's smoking on his pipe. He hears the door open.

Enyos: I knew she would bring you. I suppose you want answers.

Drusilla: Not really.

Enyos' face takes on a look of terror. He gets up and faces her. We see Spike in his wheelchair just out side the door.

Spike: But thanks for the offer.

Cut to an Army base outside Sunnydale. The camera pans from a high vantage point over a group of soldiers standing at attention.

Sergeant: Right face, hu! Double-time, hu! (They march off) Left, left, left, left...

The camera comes down behind the barbed wire fence and pans over behind a supply building as Oz's van pulls up.

Xander: Wait here. When you guys see that window open get out the ladder, come up, we'll pass you the package, okay?

Oz: Okay.

Willow: Be careful.

Xander opens the side doors and gets out. Cordelia follows him.

Cut to the fence. Xander cuts a few more links, pushes the fence aside and squeezes through. Cordelia is right behind him.

Xander: The security here really is a joke. I should, uh, report it.

Cordelia: Who am I supposed to be again?

Xander: You're supposed to be a girl. Think you can handle it?

Cordelia slaps him on the arm. They sneak along the side of the building and look out from behind some crates. The coast looks clear, so they continue past a truck. A group of soldiers can be heard quickly marching by.

Xander peeks out from behind the truck, and the way still looks clear. He steps over to the door and is about to reach for the knob when a soldier on guard duty discovers them.

Soldier: Halt! (Xander shoots up his arms) Identify yourself right the hell now.

Xander: Uh... Private Harris with the, uh... 33rd.

Soldier: 33rd are on maneuvers.

Xander: Right! Uh, I'm on leave. (Turns around slowly) From them.

Soldier: You always spend your leave snooping around the armory, pal? And who is she?

Cordelia: Hi. I'm not a soldier. (To Xander) Right?

Xander: (approaches the guard, hands still up) Look, I... I just want to give her the tour. Uh, you know what I'm saying.

Soldier: The tour.

Xander: Well, you know the ladies. They like to see the big guns. Gets them all hot and bothered. Can you cut me some slack, gimme a blind eye?

Soldier: And why should I?

Xander: Well, if you do, I won't tell Colonel Newsome that your boots ain't regulation, your post wasn't covered, (grabs his M-16 and gives it back to him properly) and you hold your gun like a sissy girl.

Soldier: (takes the rifle) You got 20 minutes, nimrod.

Xander: (smiles) I just need 5. (Starts for the door, but looks back) Uh, forget I said that last part.

The guard checks his watch. Xander opens the door to let Cordelia in, gives the guard a thumb's-up and follows her in. Cut inside.

Cordelia: Okay, what was that? And who are you?

Xander: Remember Halloween, I got turned into a soldier?

Cordelia: Yeah.

Xander: Well, I still remember all of it. I know procedure, ordnance, access codes, everything. I know the whole layout for this base, and I'm pretty sure I can put together an M-16 in 57 seconds.

Cordelia: Well, I'm sort of impressed. But let's just find the thing and get out of here.

Xander: Okay. (Starts looking around)

Cordelia: (hops onto a crate to sit) So, does looking at guns really make girls wanna have sex? That's scary.

Xander: Yeah, I guess.

Cordelia: Well, does looking at guns make you wanna have sex?

Xander: I'm seventeen. Looking at linoleum makes me wanna have sex.

Cordelia just looks at him. Cut outside to the van.

Willow: I wish they'd hurry. (Cut inside the van)

Oz: So, do you guys steal weapons from the Army a lot?

Willow: Well, we don't have cable, so we have to make our own fun.

Oz: I get you.

Willow: (after a pause) Do you wanna make out with me?

Oz: What?

Willow: (looks away) Forget it. I'm sorry. (Decides she wants to know) Well, do you?

Oz: Sometimes when I'm sitting in class... You know, I'm not thinking about class, 'cause that would never happen. I think about kissing you. And it's like everything stops. It's like; it's like freeze frame. Willow kissage.

He nods his head and smiles to himself. Willow smiles over at him. He looks up at her.

Oz: Oh, I'm not gonna kiss you.

Willow: (confused) What? But freeze-frame!

Oz: Well, to the casual observer, it would appear that you're trying to make your friend Xander jealous or even the score or something. And that's on the empty side. (Looks off into space) See, in my fantasy when I'm kissing *you*, you're kissing *me*. (Looks back at her) It's okay. I can wait. (Sees the window open) We're up.

He gets out of the van. Willow watches him get out and smiles.

Cut to the hotel room. Jenny, Buffy and Giles come in.

Jenny: Oh, my God.

She rushes in to her uncle. He's laid out on the bed, dead and covered with blood. Buffy looks up at the wall behind him. A message is written there in blood: THE STARS SAY SUCH DELICIOUS THINGS.

Spike's warehouse. The Judge slowly comes over to Spike.

Judge: I am ready.

Spike: About time.

Drusilla sits on his lap and kisses him. The Judge walks off in disgust.

Spike: Have fun.

Drusilla: (bending to Spike's ear) too bad you can't come with us. I'll be thinkin' of you.

She is sincere.

Spike: I won't be in this chair forever.

She starts out after the Judge.

Spike: What happens if the Slayer shows up?

Drusilla: Don't you look spiffy!

Judge: Spiffy?

Drusilla smiles up at him. Spike is left behind all by himself.

Cut to Giles' office. Xander and Oz lift a long crate onto his desk.

Xander: Happy Birthday, Buffy. I hope you like the color. (Steps back)

She looks down at the box. Giles positions a crowbar on the lock.

Buffy: Giles, we go to the factory first, but they might not be there. They're on the offensive. We need to figure out where they'd go.

Giles lifts on the crowbar and breaks the clasp.

Giles: Agreed. (Opens the box)

Buffy: (looks into the box) This is good.

Jenny: (in the doorway) Do you, uh... (Giles looks at her) Is there something I can do?

Buffy: Get out.

Jenny: I-I just want to help.

Giles: (looks away) She just said get out.

Buffy looks up at Giles. He looks sadly into the crate. Jenny turns around and leaves.

Xander: (steps up) Do you want me to show you how to use it?

Buffy: Yes, I do.

Cut to Spike's warehouse. It's deserted. Buffy walks up to the table.

Buffy: I knew it.

Giles: (looking up and around) We haven't a bead on where they would go?

Buffy: (exhales) I don't know, uh... somewhere crowded, I guess. I mean, the Judge needs bodies, right?

Willow: The Bronze?

Xander: It's closed tonight.

Cordelia: There's not a lot of choices in Sunnydale. It's not like people are gonna line up to get massacred.

Oz: Uh, guys? If I were gonna line up, I know where I'd go.

Cut to Sunnydale Mall. The camera pans across a line of people at the refreshment stand in the middle of the mall. It pans over the top to show a double door at the end of the mall on a landing midway between floors. The area between the shops is crowded with people. Cut to the stairs. They lead up from both sides to the landing. Customers are going up and down between the floors. The camera follows a woman up one side and over to the doors. She continues out of view up the next flight. The doors open, and the Judge and Drusilla walk in flanked by their troops. They close the doors behind them. A man is coming up the stairs.

The Judge reaches out with his hand, and an arc of energy emanates from it to the man. The man freezes, a look of surprise on his face, and he quickly begins to combust. He disappears in a puff of flame and smoke.

Drusilla: Lock the exits, boys.

The vampires hurry down the stairs to do her bidding.

Angelus: (to the Judge) It's all yours.

The Judge smiles.

Cut to an elevator. The doors open and Buffy strides out. Giles and Xander follow carrying the crate on their shoulders. The others bring up the rear.

Buffy: Everybody keep back. Damage control only. Take out any lesser vamps if you can. I'll handle the Smurf.

Cut to the Judge. He takes a couple of steps down. A customer squeezes by and heads down the stairs branching to the left. A young couple comes up on the right. The Judge extends his arms, and his energy arcs out to and through them.

Cut to a shot of the stairs from the refreshment stand. The Judge's energy arcs through everyone in the area.

They all freeze where they stand. Cut to the Judge. He smiles widely. Drusilla enjoys the show.

Drusilla: (bouncing with glee) Oh, goody!

Suddenly a crossbow bolt hits the Judge in the chest and breaks his concentration. The arcs of energy disappear, and the people are all dazed. The Judge grabs at the bolt and pulls it from his chest.

Judge: Who dares?

Drusilla looks over at the refreshment stand. Cut to the stand. The camera pans up from the floor, past Willow, Oz, Giles and Cordelia, past Xander opening the crate and up to Buffy standing on top, holding the crossbow.

Buffy: Think I got his attention.

Judge: You're a fool. (Cut to him) No weapon forged can stop me.

Buffy: (cut to her) (lowers the bow) That was then.

Xander hands her the weapon from the box, and she raises the anti-tank rocket launcher to her shoulder.

Buffy: This is now.

She powers it on. Buffy sets her sights and opens the trigger guard. The rest of the team takes cover behind the snack counter. Drusilla begins to run. Buffy takes aim. The Judge just looks at her. Drusilla leaps over the stair railing. Buffy is ready.

Judge: What's that do?

Buffy pulls the trigger and the rocket flies straight into the Judge's chest as Drusilla flies over the railing. The Judge disappears in an explosion of flame and smoke. The people in the mall scream and start to panic and run. Angelus and Drusilla hit the floor below. Bits of charred Judge fall all around them. Buffy looks up

from the rocket launcher's sights and looks over at them in satisfaction. Drusilla freaks out and runs. The team looks over the counter at what's left of the Judge. The smoke cloud from the explosion billows its way up to the ceiling.

Buffy: Best present ever. (Hands the weapon down to Xander)

Xander: Knew you'd like it.

Willow: Do you think he's dead?

Buffy: We can't be sure. Pick up the pieces and keep them separate.

They all start over to collect what's left of the Judge.

Cordelia: Pieces? We get the pieces. Our job sucks!

Cut to the area below the explosion. Parts of the Judge lie everywhere and are still burning. The smoke reaches the sprinklers and they turn on everywhere.

Cuts to Willow bending down to pick up a piece of the Judge's armor. She's been soaked to the skin by the sprinklers. The camera pans from her over to Oz who has found an actual body part.

Oz: Uh... (Points) Arm.

Willow: (corrects him) Replacement part human arm

Cut to the street in front of Buffy's house. Giles pulls up in his ancient car to drop her off. He looks over at her and shuts off the engine. Cut into the car. The only noise is that of the crickets outside. Giles breaks the silence.

Giles: It's not over. I-I-I supposes you know that. They'll come after you, particularly.

Buffy: You must be so disappointed in me.

Giles: No. (she looks at him) No, no, I'm not.

Buffy: But this is all my fault.

Giles: No. I don't believe it is.

Buffy: Giles, how many times have I failed to kill these two?

Giles: No. I don't believe it is. You couldn't have known they would still live. The coming months a-are gonna, are gonna be hard... I, I suspect on all of us, but... if it's guilt you're looking for, Buffy, I'm, I'm not your man. All you will get from me is, is my support. And my respect.

Buffy smiles.

Cut to the living room in Buffy's house. "Stowaway", an old black-and-white movie with Alice Faye and Robert Young is playing on TV. The actors are dancing slowly, and the woman is singing "Goodnight, My Love" to the man.

/Goodnight, my love/

/My moment with you now is ending/

/It was so heavenly holding you close to me/

Joyce comes in holding a plate with two cupcakes, one with a candle, and a large coffee mug.

Joyce: Did I miss anything?

Buffy: Um... just some singing and some running around.

Joyce sets down the plate and mug and looks around for the matches.

Joyce: Mm. I'm sorry I didn't have time to make you a real cake.
(Finds the matches)

Buffy: No. This is good.

Joyce sits back on the couch with her feet up.

Joyce: But we're still going shopping on Saturday. (Buffy looks at her) So what'd you do for your birthday? Did you have fun?

Buffy: (looks down, then back up) I got older.

Joyce: (looks into her face) You look the same to me.

She leans back to the table and strikes a match to light the candle. The wick starts to burn and she blows out the match. She sets the matchbook and spent match on the table and leans back on the couch again facing her daughter.

Joyce: Happy Birthday. (Smiles) I don't have to sing, do I?

Buffy: (looks down at her hands) No.

Joyce: (indicates the burning candle) Well, go on, make a wish.

Buffy stares at it for a long moment. What she wishes for, she cannot have.

Buffy: I'll just let it burn.

Joyce reaches up and strokes her daughter's hair. Buffy leans over and rests her head on her mother. Joyce continues gently stroking Buffy's hair. The song in the movie comes to an end.

/Sleep tight, my love/

/Goodnight, my love/

/Remember that you're mine, sweetheart/

> <meta name="Generator"> Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe

Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe. I give him thanks, because I honestly haven't seen much of late season two. As per normal, I own nothing, don't sue me. The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale. This is my take on what Phases might have been like.

Phases

This episode was originally broadcast on January 27, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

Sunnydale High. Cut to the hall by the trophy case. Oz is hunched over inspecting Catherine Madison's cheerleading trophy. He stares at its eyes as he moves his head from one side to the other. Willow enters the hall from outside and comes up to him.

Willow: (smiles) Hi.

Oz: (straightens up) Oh, that's what I was gonna say.

Willow: What cha looking at? (looks into the case)

Oz: (points) This cheerleading trophy. (moves and watches) It's like its eyes follow you wherever you go. I like it.

He stands back up straight again and gives his attention back to Willow. They start down the hall together.

Willow: So did you like the movie last night?

Oz: I don't know. T-today's movies are kind of like popcorn. You know, you forget about them as soon as they're done. I do remember I liked the popcorn, though. (stops walking)

Willow: (smiles) Yeah, it was good. And I had a really fun time with the rest. (gets a confused look from Oz) I mean, the part with you.

Oz: Oh, that's great. Uh, my time was also of the good.

Willow: Mine, too. (awkwardness sets in) Well, then...

Oz raises his eyebrows expectantly. Willow looks past him and sees Buffy down the hall.

Willow: Oh, there. (points) I have my friend. So I will go to her. (goes)

Oz: I'll see you then. Uh, later. (smiles)

Larry and some other jocks come walking the other direction and stare

at Willow and Buffy walking away. Larry bites his fist and comes over to Oz.

Larry: Man! Oz, I would love to get me some of that Buffy and Willow action, if you know what I mean. (laughs)

Oz: (nods) That's great, Larry. You've really mastered the single entendre.

Larry notices a pretty girl coming down the hall and ignores the insult to stare at her. As she goes by he taps her books, and they fall out of her hands.

Girl: Hey!

Larry: Oops!

She bends down to pick up her books, and Larry and the other jocks stare at her legs.

Larry: Ohhh! Oh, thank you, Thighmaster! (laughs)

The girl gives them a dirty look and leaves.

Larry: So, Oz, man, what's up with that? Dating a junior? Uh, let me guess. That little innocent schoolgirl thing is just, uh, just an act, right?

Oz: Yeah. Yeah, she's actually an evil mastermind. It's fun.

Larry: I mean, she's gotta be putting out, or what's the point? What are you gonna do, talk? (Laughs) Come on, fess up. How far have you gotten?

Cut outside to Buffy and Willow walking along the colonnade.

Willow: Nowhere. I mean, he said he was gonna wait until I was ready, but I'm ready. Honest. I'm good to go here.

Buffy: Well, I think it's nice that he's not just being an animal.

Willow: It is nice. He's great. We have a lot of fun. But I want smoochies!

Buffy: Have you dropped any hints?

Willow: I've dropped anvils.

Buffy: Ah, he'll come around. What guy could resist your wily Willow charms?

Willow: At last count, all of them. Maybe more.

Buffy: Well, none of them know a thing. They all get an 'F' in Willow.

Willow: But I want Oz to get an 'A', and, oh, one of those gold stars.

They sit on a bench.

Buffy: He will.

Willow: Well, he better hurry. I don't want to be the only girl in school without a real boyfriend.

Buffy looks down sadly. Willow realizes her insensitivity.

Willow: Oh, I'm such an idiot. I'm sorry. I-I shouldn't even be talking about... Do you want me to go away?

Buffy: I wish you wouldn't.

Willow: How are you holding up anyway?

Buffy: I'm holding. I was going on two minutes there without thinking about Angel.

Willow: (trying to be cheerful) Well, there you go.

Buffy: But I would do a lot better if you and Xander and I could do that 'sharing our misery' thing tonight.

Willow: Great. I'll give Xander a call. What's his number? Oh, yeah, 1-800-I'm-Dating-A-Skanky-Ho. (Rolls her eyes)

Buffy: (surprised) Meow!

Willow: (smiles) Really? Thanks. I've never gotten a 'meow' before.

Buffy: Well-deserved.

Willow: Darn tootin'. I'm just saying Xander and Cordelia? I mean, what does he see in her anyway?

Cut inside Cordelia's car in a secluded area of the park that night. She and Xander are making out. Suddenly Xander breaks off.

Xander: But what could she possibly see in him?

Cordelia: Excuse me? We didn't come here to talk about Willow. We came here to do things I can never tell my father about because he still thinks I'm a... good girl.

Xander: I just don't trust Oz with her. I mean, he's a senior, he's attractive -- okay, maybe not to me, but -- and he's in a band. And we know what kind of element that attracts.

Cordelia: I've dated lots of guys in bands.

Xander: (nods) Thank you.

Cordelia: Do you even wanna be here?

Xander: I'm not running away.

Cordelia: Because when you're not babbling about poor, defenseless Willow, you are *raving* about the all-powerful Buffy.

Xander: I do not babble. I occasionally run-on, every now and then I yammer...

Cordelia: Xander?

Xander: Yeah?

Cordelia: Look around. We're in my daddy's car, it's just the two of us, and there is a beautiful, big full moon outside tonight. It doesn't get more romantic than this. (Insistent) So shut up!

They start making out again. Cut outside. The camera pulls away from the car into the bushes until a large, hairy beast watching them comes into view. It growls menacingly.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

Inside Cordelia's father's car at the park. She and Xander are sucking face. Xander hears some rustling outside and breaks off.

Xander: Did you hear that?

Cordelia: What is it now?

Xander: I thought I heard something.

Cordelia: I-is Willow sending out some sorta distress signal that only *you* can hear?

Xander: Huh.

He smiles at her sheepishly, and they go back to it. An instant later Xander hears more rustling, louder this time, and pulls back again.

Xander: Okay, now I *know* I heard something.

Cordelia: Alright, that's it. You know, your mind hasn't been here all night. How about I just drop you off...

A hairy arm with a clawed hand punches through the convertible top. Cordelia screams and makes a grab for the keys.

Xander: Get us outta here!

The creature on the roof of the car snarls as it reaches around for them inside. The keys aren't in the ignition, and Cordelia frantically searches for them on the floor.

Cordelia: (screams) Where are the keys?

Xander: We should be moving! Let's go!

Cordelia: (finds the keys) Oh, I got 'em! Got 'em!

She fumbles with the keys, but manages to get them into the ignition and starts the car. She puts it into reverse and screams as she guns the car backward a ways and then slams on the brakes. The beast

tumbles off of the back and into a tree. Cordelia gets the car in drive and speeds away. The camera shows the car from above with a gaping hole in the ragtop as it maneuvers back to the road and races off.

Xander: Told ya I heard something.

Cut to the school parking lot the next day. Buffy inspects the hole in the roof.

Buffy: And you're sure it was a werewolf? (Gets off of the car)

Xander: Well, let's see, um, six feet tall, claws, a big old snout in the middle of his face like a wolf. Um, yeah, I'm sticking with my first guess.

Oz: Seems wise.

Xander: Oh, oh, and then there was that little thing where it tried to bite us.

Cordelia: It was so awful. (Puts her head on Xander's shoulder)

Xander: (puts his arm around her) I know.

Cordelia: (tears herself away) Daddy just had this car detailed.

Giles comes up behind Buffy with a newspaper.

Buffy: So what's the word?

Giles: Well, it seems there were a, a number of other attacks by a wild dog around town. (hands the paper to Buffy) Several animal carcasses were found mutilated.

Willow: You mean, like bunnies and stuff? (Upset) No, don't tell me. (Looks at Oz)

Oz: (reassuringly) Oh, don't worry. I mean, they might not look it, but bunnies can really take care of themselves.

Willow: (calmer and smiling) Yeah.

Oz: Yeah.

Giles: (takes the paper back) Yes, uh, um, fortunately, no people were injured.

Buffy: That falls into the 'that's a switch' column.

Giles: Well, for now. But my guess is that this werewolf will be back at next month's full moon.

Willow: What about tonight's full moon?

Giles: (confused) Pardon?

Willow: Well, last night was the night before the full moon, traditionally known as... 'the night before the full moon.'

Giles: Meaning the accepted legend that werewolves only prowl during a full moon might be erroneous.

Cordelia: Or it could be a crock.

Xander: Unless the werewolf was using last year's almanac.

Buffy: Looks like Giles has some schooling to do.

Giles: Yes, I must admit I, I am intrigued. Werewolves, it's... it's one of the classics. (start away) I, I'm sure my books and I are in for a fascinating afternoon. (leaves)

Buffy and Cordelia watch him go. Xander smirks at Giles' typical behavior.

Buffy: He needs to get a pet.

Cut to the gym. The class is seated on the bleachers listening to the female self-defense coach.

Coach: Sunnydale is becoming more dangerous all the time. And a full moon like tonight tends to bring out the crazies, but with some simple basics of self-defense each of you can learn how to protect yourself.

Buffy: (quietly to Willow) Here's a suggestion: move away from the Hellmouth.

Coach: What you wanna do is gain advantage of the situation as quickly as possible.

Willow smiles at Buffy's suggestion. Behind her Oz reaches up and turns the tag sticking out of her sweatshirt back inside. She looks back at him curiously.

Oz: Tag. (pats her on the back)

Willow smiles at Buffy. Cut to Xander and Cordelia.

Coach: Your attacker may have the benefit of surprise.

Xander: Would you look at that? He's all over her.

Cordelia looks over at Buffy, Oz and Willow.

Coach: But if you plot ahead,...

Xander: Psst! Hey, buddy, this is a public forum here.

Cordelia looks back at him, as do Buffy, Oz and Willow.

Coach: ...then you can turn that advantage to yourself.

Cordelia: I think you splashed on just a little too much 'Obsession For Dorks'.

Coach: By being prepared, you have the power. Okay, everyone get into your assigned groups.

The students all get up from the bleachers and go down to the floor. Larry takes off his sweat jacket and goes to the table in front of them to check which group he's in. Xander sees his arm all wrapped up in a bandage just above the elbow.

Xander: What happened?

Larry: Oh, last week some huge dog jumped out of the bushes and bit me. Thirty-nine stitches. They oughta shoot those strays.

Oz: (next to Larry) I've been there, man. (holds up his finger) My cousin Jordy just got his grownup teeth in? Does not like to be tickled.

Xander laughs. Larry just shakes his head and then goes over to Theresa, who is doing stretching exercises.

Larry: (into her ear) Theresa! (she straightens up) Be still my shorts. We're in the same group. (chuckles and nods) I may have to attack you.

Theresa: No, a-a-actually, I think, uh, in our group there are a few of us.

Buffy: (joins Theresa) And I'm one of the few.

Willow comes up behind her quickly, takes her arm and pulls her aside. Buffy keeps her eye on Larry another moment, then looks at Willow as she explains.

Willow: Don't forget, you're supposed to be a meek little girlie-girl like the rest of us. (walks off)

Buffy: (looks at Larry) Spoil my fun.

Cut to a few minutes later. Everyone is lined up and paired off, girls in front, boys in back.

Coach: Okay, everyone, listen up. I wanna show you what to do should you be attacked from behind. (looks at Buffy) In this situation, bend forward, using your back and shoulders (bends her over to demonstrate) to flip the assailant over to the ground.

The other girls all bend over, too. The boys follow Larry's lead and put their arms around the girls' necks. Buffy grabs Larry's arm and pretends at a few attempts to flip him over. Willow gives her a smile and nod.

Buffy: Uhh! Uhh!

Larry: Oh, Summers, you are turning me on.

He grabs her butt cheek hard with his other hand. Buffy isn't about to take that, and immediately flips him over hard onto the mats in front of them. Larry groans as he lies there. Willow shoots Buffy a look as she and Oz stand back up. The coach looks over at her also.

Oz: (points) That works, too.

Cut to the library. Giles is demonstrating the phases of the moon using a large earth globe with a smaller moon globe attached by a bar.

Giles: And, uh, while there's absolutely no scientific explanation for lunar effect on the human psyche, uh, the phases of the moon, uh, do seem to exert a great deal of psychological influence. And th-the full moon is, is, seems to bring out our darkest qualities.

Xander: And yet, ironically, uh, led to the invention of the moon pie.

Giles: (gets the joke) Oh... (chuckles) Yes, the moon pie. (laughs harder) (gets looks from Buffy and Willow) Y-you see, uh, the-the werewolf, uh, is such a, a potent e-e-extreme representation of our inborn animalistic traits that it e-emerges for three full consecutive nights: the full moon and, uh, the two nights surrounding it.

Xander: Quite the party animal.

Giles: Quite. And it, uh, acts on-on pure instinct. No conscience, uh, uh, predatory and, and aggressive.

Buffy: In other words, your typical male.

Xander: On behalf of my gender, hey.

Giles: Yes, let's not jump to any conclusions.

Buffy: I didn't jump. I took a tiny step, and there conclusions were.

Giles: The point is that our wolfman could also be a-a-a wolfwoman, or- or anyone who was bitten by a werewolf.

Xander: So then I'm guessing your standard silver bullets are in order here?

Giles: No. No bullets. No matter who this werewolf is, i-it's still a human being, who may be completely unaware of his or her condition.

Buffy: So tonight we bring 'em back alive.

Cut to that night in a secluded area of the park. The moon is full, and several cars are parked there with couples making out. Giles walks by some cars holding his flashlight out in front of him. Buffy meets up with him.

Giles: (quietly) Anything yet?

Buffy: (quietly) Yes. And you won't believe what I saw. Brittany Podell was making out with Owen Stadel, but he goes with Barrett Williams. (gets a look from Giles) If she ever found... No, um, no, no sign of the werewolf. How about you?

Giles: Uh, the same. (looks around) I thought we might, uh... I thought we might knock on a few windows, uh, ask if anyone has seen anything yet.

Buffy: (gives him a look) Giles, no one's seen anything.

Giles: Oh, yes. No, of-of-of course not, no. Yes.

He goes off to continue looking. She stares after him a moment, and then heads off into the bushes herself. Cut into the bushes. Buffy scans around with her flashlight as she walks into a small clearing. Suddenly she hears a noise like a latch releasing and yelps as she finds herself being pulled up in a net trap. Below her a hunter points his scoped, double-barreled flintlock up at her and pulls back the hammer.

Cain: Gotcha!

Cain takes a closer look at what he's caught.

Cain: What the hell?

Buffy: (yells) Giles! Giles!

Giles: (comes running) Hey! (sees Cain with his gun) Whoa! (holds his arms up)

Cain: Hands are good right about there.

Giles: Who, who are you? What are you doing?

Cain: The name's Cain. I'm the one with the gun, which means I'm the one who gets to do the interviewing.

Buffy: Ahem. Hey, before we get all chummy here, how about we do something about me being in this net thing?

Cain exhales, lowers the flintlock and leans it against a boulder. He pulls out his buck-knife and cuts the rope holding up the net. It falls, and Buffy hits the ground fairly hard. Giles reaches down to untangle the net.

Giles: You alright?

Buffy: Yeah. (gets up)

Cain: (sees Buffy clearly now) Gotta say, I'm impressed.

Giles: Excuse me?

Buffy looks up at Giles, then back at Cain.

Cain: Well, it's good to get the fruit while it's fresh.

Giles: You'd be wise to take that back.

Cain: Hey, what a man and a girl do in lovers' lane at night is nobody's busi...

Giles makes a move toward Cain, but Buffy holds him back.

Buffy: Oh, okay, hey, enough, repulsive brain. It's not what you think. (looks at Giles) We're hunting werewolves.

Cain laughs.

Buffy: Okay, it's funny if you don't believe in werewolves.

Cain: No, it's funny thinking about you two catching one. I mean, this guy looks like he's auditioning to be a librarian, and, you, well, you're a girl.

Giles: I assure you she's quite capable.

Cain: Uh-huh. Lemme ask you something, sweetheart. Exactly how many of these animals have you taken out?

Buffy: As of today?

Cain: I tore a tooth from the mouth of every werewolf that I killed. (holds out his necklace) This next one will bring the total to an even dozen.

Buffy: So you're just gonna kill it?

Cain: Well, see, that's the thing. Their pelts fetch a pretty penny in Sri Lanka, and it's a little hard to skin 'em when they're alive.

Giles: Y-you hunt werewolves f-for sport?

Cain: No, no, I'm in it purely for the money.

Buffy: And it doesn't bother you that a werewolf is a person twenty-eight days out of the month?

Cain: That's why I only hunt 'em the other three. I'd really love to stay and chat, (crouches down to collect the net) but I'm on a tight schedule. Any idea where else the boys and girls like to get together around here?

Buffy: You're looking for a party?

Cain: No, but the werewolf is. They're suckers for that whole sexual heat thing. Sense it miles away. Since this little doggie ain't here, I guess he found another place. (stands up)

Buffy: Sorry. Wish I could help you.

Cain: But you don't know squat? (shakes his head) Gee, what a surprise. (leaves)

Buffy turns and heads back to the car.

Giles: Where are we going?

Buffy: I think I know where to look. We just have to make it there before mein furrier.

Cut to a street. Theresa is walking home. She passes a house with a

fenced in front yard overgrown with weeds. She hears some rustling and stops to look around. Seeing nothing, she continues. Cut to a view of her from the other side of the fence. The camera follows behind her. She

hears more rustling and stops to look again. Something lets out a low growl, and Theresa decides it's time to run. She looks back again and doesn't see Drusilla in front of her. She slams into him and screams.

Drusilla: Everything okay? (twirls a dead daisy)

Theresa: Yeah, I just, uh, I, I thought I heard something... behind me.

She walks around her to have a look, then turns back to her.

Drusilla: No one there.

Theresa: Oh. I guess I was wrong. I could have sworn that...

Drusilla: It can get pretty scary out here, all alone at night.

Theresa: Yeah.

Drusilla: Come with me, I'll get you home.

They walk off together, taking another quick look behind them.

Cut to the Bronze. Lotion is the band tonight. They're playing "Blind For Now" as the camera pans from the mirrors on the far wall of the Bronze and over to the band playing on the stage.

/And then sweep this town into a Monster Truck of shame/ /Carved out of soap and steel and clay and salty fame/

/You are the first to look away and against me/

/You shake the squirrel out your tree/

Cut to Cordelia and Willow sitting on opposite sides of a couch by a low table.

Cordelia: I mean, with Xander it's always, 'Buffy did this', 'Willow said that'. Buffy, Buffy. Willow, Willow. It's like I don't even exist. (leans back and folds her arm)

Willow: I sometimes feel like that. (looks over at Cordelia)

Cordelia: And then when I call him on it, he acts all confused, like I'm the one with the problem.

Willow: (nods) His 'do I smell something?' look.

Cordelia: All a part of his little guy games. It's like he's there, but then he's not there, and he wants it, but then he doesn't want

it.

Willow: He's so busy looking around at everything he doesn't have, he doesn't even realize what he *does* have.

Cordelia: Well, he should at least realize that you have Oz.

Willow: (frowns and raises an eyebrow) Mm, I'm not sure I do.
(confused) Oz and I are in some sort of holding pattern, except without the holding or... anything else.

Cordelia: What's he waiting for? What's his problem? (rolls her eyes)
Oh, that's right, he's a guy.

Willow: (disgusted) Yeah, him and Xander. Guys.

Cordelia: Who do they think they are?

Willow: A couple of guys.

Suddenly the werewolf drops down from above onto the table in front of them. They both scream and run from the couch in opposite directions. Panic sets in around them, and the werewolf just stands there at a half crouch, confused by all the noise.

Cut outside to the alley. Giles and Buffy come rolling up in his decrepit car as patrons flee for their lives.

Giles: Looks as though your hunch was right.

Buffy: Who could resist Sunnydale's own house of hormones?

She opens the door and gets out. Willow sees her and stops.

Willow: The werewolf, it's in there.

Buffy makes a dash for the door as it's about to be shut by the bouncer.

Buffy: Coming through!

She rushes through the door. Cut inside. The door is closed on her and she looks back at it as it slams shut with a thud. She slowly steps into the main area and looks around. The place has been trashed by the panicked people. Tables and chairs are lying everywhere, spilled drinks are splattered on the floor. Buffy sees a shadow behind a bead curtain and makes for it.

As she walks she takes off her backpack and pulls out a chain. Cut to the restroom and backstage area. Buffy sees the bead curtain that leads to the stage office swinging. She climbs the few steps and goes in. She goes through another door to the stage. The chain is wrapped around her forearm, ready to use against the werewolf. Slowly she steps out onto the stage.

When she's passed the drums the werewolf comes out from behind the stage curtains, snarling. Buffy spins around

to face it and drops her backpack. She quickly unravels a length of chain from her arms and gets ready. She throws the chain out, and it

wraps itself perfectly around the werewolf's neck.

It begins to struggle and yanks at the chain, pulling Buffy into and over the drums. The chain falls from the werewolf's neck, and it makes a dash for a window. Cut outside the window. The werewolf comes crashing through and out into the alley. It takes a quick look both ways and runs away.

Cut to later. The Bronze employees are back and begin to straighten things up. Buffy puts her chain back into her backpack as Cain watches.

Cain: You let it get away.

Buffy: I didn't let it do anything. I had the chain around its neck.

Cain: Chain? What were you gonna do, take it for a walk?

Buffy: I was going to lock it up.

Cain: That's beautiful. (approaches her) This is what happens when a woman tries to do a man's job.

Buffy gets up and puts on the backpack as Giles comes up behind Cain.

Giles: Now, you look here, Mr. Cain. This girl risked her life trying to capture a beast that you haven't as yet been able to find. (takes his bag off of his shoulder)

Cain: Uh-huh. And Daddy's doing a great job carrying her bag of milk bones.

Giles throws down his bag, but restrains himself. Cain steps closer to Buffy.

Cain: You know, sis, if that thing out there harms anyone, it's going to be on your pretty little head. I hope you can live with that.

Buffy: (stares him down) I live with that every day.

Cain: (shakes his head) First they tell me I can't hunt an elephant for its ivory... (turns and leaves) Now I've gotta deal with People for the Ethical Treatment of Werewolves.

Giles: (under his breath) Pillock! Right, let's move out.

He grabs his bag and goes. Buffy follows right behind.

Cut to a loading dock area. The werewolf walks into the light next to a trailer and stops to sniff the air. It looks down and sees a large splotch of blood in the gutter. It continues along the side of the trailer. When it reaches the far end Theresa falls to the ground from behind the trailer with a vampire bite clearly visible on her neck.

The werewolf looks down at her, but doesn't make a move to eat her. On the other side of her Drusilla steps up in his game face and

growls at the werewolf. The werewolf bares its fangs and growls more loudly. Drusilla returns the growl with a giggle, baring her own fangs and staring the

werewolf down, warning him away from Theresa's body. She slowly backs away and leaves. The werewolf looks down at Theresa again and growls, but makes no move to touch her.

Cut to the park. Buffy comes walking up behind Giles' car.

Buffy: Giles?

When she doesn't see anyone in it she runs up to it.

Buffy: Giles!

She reaches the open window and looks in. Giles wakes and sits up.

Giles: Uhh! (takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes)

Buffy: I didn't see you there. I thought something had happened.

Giles: Oh, no, I'm, uh...

Buffy opens the passenger door and gets into the car. A newscast is playing on the radio.

Giles: (yawns) I'm okay. I'm just, um, fine... uh, just, uh, I'm, uh.... Uh, any sign of the, uh, werewolf? (puts his glasses back on)

Buffy: No. I'm guessing you didn't see anything either from that vantage point of having your eyes closed.

Giles: It's, uh, it's, it's, uh, gonna be light soon, so we'd better...

Buffy: Wait.

Radio newscaster: Police say that the incident was apparently connected to the animal mutilation which occurred two nights ago. The coroner's office has identified the body as that of Sunnydale High School student Theresa Klusmeyer, age seventeen. The authorities ask that anyone with

further information...

Giles: Buffy, we're gonna get this thing. We have another whole night. (Buffy looks at him) There's nothing more we can do now. It's nearly sunrise. That werewolf won't be a werewolf much longer.

Buffy looks down sadly. Cut to a view of Sunnydale from atop a hill. The sun is coming up in the distance. Cut to the werewolf asleep on the ground in the woods. The

camera pans from its hind paws over to its head.

When sunlight hits the werewolf it morphs back into its human form.

Oz wakes up, opens his eyes and looks around confused. He sits up and stares around at the forest. He looks down at himself and realizes he's naked.

Oz: (confused) Huh.

The dining room at Oz's house. He's on the phone with his aunt.

Oz: Aunt Maureen. Hey, it's me. Um, what? Oh! It's, uh... actually it's healing okay. That's pretty much the reason I called. Um, I wanted to ask you something. Is Jordy a werewolf? Uh-huh. And how long has that been going on? Uh-huh. What? No, no reason. Um... Thanks. Yeah, love to

Uncle Ken.

He lowers the phone and turns it off. He stares off into space as the new knowledge that he is the werewolf sinks in.

Cut to the halls at Sunnydale High. Oz walks slowly among the other students as he makes his way to the library. He looks down and around at everyone, still trying to deal with this new revelation about himself. When he reaches the library he stares at the door for a long moment.

Cut inside the library. Buffy paces. Willow is sitting at the table with Giles behind her, and Xander is leaning against the counter.

Buffy: I can't believe I let that thing get away. Cain was right. I shoulda killed it when I had the chance.

Oz comes in, and has overheard that last comment.

Oz: Killed what?

Buffy: Uh, the, uh, (ahem) the werewolf. It-it-it was out last night.

Oz: Is everybody okay? Did anyone get bitten or, or scratched?

Willow: No, we're fine.

Oz: Gladness.

Buffy: Yeah, but he got someone. Theresa.

Oz: 'Got', as in...

Buffy just looks at him and briefly raises her eyebrows.

Oz: Oh, I'm sorry.

Buffy: And I coulda stopped it. (sits)

Giles: Well, we, we have one more night.

Oz: Another night?

Buffy: Oh, yeah. Believe me, I'm gonna give that wolfie something to howl about.

Oz: Hmm.

Xander: (comes over) But while we hang here doing nothing, there's a human werewolf walking around out there, probably making fun of us.

Willow: (with a hint of sarcasm) The way werewolves always do.

Oz: But there's really no way to tell who it is.

Xander: Oh, sure there is. Giles knows stuff, and I'm practically an expert on the subject.

Willow: On account of once you were a hyena?

Xander: I know what it's like to crave the taste of freshly killed meat, to be taken over by those uncontrollable urges.

Buffy: You said you didn't remember anything about that.

Xander: (chuckles) I said I didn't remember anything about that. Look, the point is, is I have an affinity with this thing. I can get inside of its head. (closes his eyes and begins to *be* the werewolf) I'm a big, bad wolf. I'm on the prowl. (sniffs) I'm sniffing, I'm snarling, I'm a slobbering predator, I'm... (opens his eyes) Wait a second! It's right

in front of us. (Oz's eye go wide with the fear of being recognized) It's obvious who I am. I'm Larry! (Oz breathes a sigh of relief) The guy's practically got wolf-boy stamped on his forehead. You got the dog bite, you got the aggression, not to mention the excessive back hair.

Buffy: And he was awfully gleeful about tormenting Theresa.

Giles: Still, that doesn't necessarily mean that...

Xander: I'm gonna go talk to him. Gonna force a confession out of him. (leaves)

Giles: Good. Go. Uh, in the meantime, we need to cover our bases. Willow, um, check the student files. See if anybody else fits the profile. Uh, Buffy?

Buffy: Where are we going?

Giles: I-if none of that works, I think I may have an alternative. (goes into his office)

Buffy: Yeah, me and the werewolf alone in a cage for three minutes. That's all I ask. (gets up and follows Giles)

Willow: (to Oz) Are you okay?

Oz: (comes back to earth) What?

Willow: You kind of knew Theresa.

Oz: Oh, yeah, I, uh, I'm trying not to think about it. It's... it's a lot.

Willow: It is. But we can do stuff to help. Sometimes it feels good to help.

Oz: Uh-huh.

Buffy comes back to the office door, but holds back, not wanting to interrupt Willow with Oz.

Willow: Well, like... looking up stuff. I'm gonna be doing that most of the night. You could help me, help together?

Oz: (unsure what to do) I can't. Um, uh, I'm busy.

Willow: Oh. So...

Oz: I... I gotta go.

He jogs out of the library. Willow watches him go, confused about his behavior. Buffy looks sadly at her friend from the office doorway.

Cut to the boys' locker room. The camera pans over to the sinks where Larry is splashing some water onto his face. He grabs a towel and dries off as he heads for his gym locker. Xander is there waiting for him and kicks his locker closed to get his attention. Larry takes the towel from

his face and looks at Xander, startled.

Larry: Harris. Sheesh. Next time wear a bell. (opens his locker)

Xander: Why so jumpy, Larry?

Larry: Geeks make me nervous.

Xander: Is that really it or is there something you're hiding?

Larry: (leans on his locker door) I could hide my fist in your face.

Xander: I know your secret, big guy. I know what you've been doing at night.

Larry: You know, Harris, that nosey little nose of yours is going to get you into trouble someday... (grabs Xander by the shirt) Like today.

Xander: Hurting me isn't gonna make this go away. People are still gonna find out.

Larry: (lets go) Alright. What do you want? Hush money? Is that what you're after?

Xander: I don't *want* anything! I just wanna help!

Larry: What, you think you have a cure?

Xander: No, it's just... I know what you're going through because I've been there. That's why I know you should talk about it.

Larry: Yeah, that's easy for *you* to say. I mean, you're nobody. I've got a reputation here.

Xander: Larry, please, before someone else gets hurt.

Larry: (points at Xander's chest) Look, if this gets out, it's over for me. (turns and takes a few paces away) I mean, forget about playing football. They'll run me outta this town. I mean, come on! How are people going to look at me (faces Xander) after they find out I'm gay.

Xander looks at him in astonishment. Larry looks like a heavy burden has just been lifted and smiles.

Larry: Oh, wow. I said it. And it felt... okay. (whispers) I'm gay. (approaches Xander) I am gay.

Xander: I heard you the first time.

Larry: I can't believe it. It was almost easy. I never felt I could tell anyone. (gestures to Xander) And then you, you of all people, you bring it outta me.

Xander: It probably would have slipped out even if I wasn't here.

Larry: (leans on his locker door) No, no, because knowing you went through the same thing, made it easier for me to admit it.

Xander: (wide-eyed) The same thing...

Larry: (puts his arm around Xander) It's ironic. I mean, all those times I beat the crap out of you, it musta been because I recognized something in you that I didn't want to believe about myself.

Xander: (laughs nervously) Larry, no, I am not...

Larry: Of course, of course not. Don't worry. (pats Xander on the shoulder) I wouldn't do that to you. Your secret's safe with me.

He gives Xander a thumbs-up and smiles.

Larry: (to himself) Wow.

He drapes the towel around his neck, closes his gym locker and walks off. Xander stares after him in disbelief.

Cut to the library. Willow is 'Net surfing on her laptop. Buffy comes out of Giles' office and goes over to her.

Buffy: So what's the scuttlebutt? Anybody besides Larry fit our werewolf profile? (sits on the table)

Willow: There is one name that keeps getting spit out. Aggressive

behavior, run-ins with authorities, about a screenful of violent incidents.

Buffy: Okay, most of those were not my fault. Somebody else started 'em. I was just standing up for myself.

Willow: (looks up at Buffy) They say it's a good idea to count to ten when you're angry.

Buffy: One... Two... Three...

Willow: (looks back at her laptop) I'll keep looking. (goes back to work)

Buffy: I, um... noticed you were looking solo.

Willow: Yeah. Oz wanted to be someplace that was (looks up at Buffy) away... from me.

Buffy: I'm sorry.

Willow: (leans back in her chair) I can't figure him out. I mean, he's so hot and cold. Or luke-warm and cold.

Buffy: Welcome to the mystery that is men. I think it goes something like, they grow body hair, they lose all ability to tell you what they really want.

Willow: It doesn't seem like a fair trade. (stands up and puts her laptop in its case)

Buffy: Well, if you wanna up the speed quotient with Oz, maybe you need to do something daring. Maybe you need to make the first move.

She slides off of the table, and Willow follows her as she gets her stuff for class.

Willow: Well, that won't make me a slut?

Buffy: I think your reputation will remain intact.

Cut to the hall. Willow and Buffy come out of the library.

Willow: It used to be so much easier to tell if a boy liked you. He'd punch you on the arm and then run back to his friends.

Buffy: Those were the days.

Xander: (comes up to them) Hey.

They stop. He taps Buffy on the arm. She looks up at him.

Willow: I'll see you guys later. (Buffy looks at her) Cordelia asked me to look over her history homework before class. I think that means I might have to *do* it. (goes off)

Xander: Wow, those two gals are hanging out a lot together. This would be a good time to panic.

Buffy lets out a laugh. They start down the hall.

Buffy: So how'd it go with Larry?

Xander: What's that supposed to mean?

Buffy: I think it's supposed to mean, 'so how'd it go with Larry'?

She stops at her locker and reaches for the combination lock.

Xander: He's not the werewolf. Can't we just leave it at that? Must you continue to *push* and *push*?

Buffy: (opens her locker) I'm sorry. I was just wondering. (takes off her pack)

Xander: Well, he's not.

Buffy: Okay.

Xander: Okay.

Buffy: But there goes our lead suspect. (sticks her pack in her locker) Which then puts us right back at (closes the locker) square boned.

Xander: You're not boned, you're Buffy. Eradicator of evil. Defender of, um... things that need defending.

Buffy: Tell that to Theresa. She could have used my defending before she was ripped apart by that... (stops and considers)

Xander: Werewolf.

Buffy: Nowhere in any of the reports did it say anything about her being mauled. (looks up at Xander) I mean, they were linked to the animal attacks from the other night, so we just assumed werewolf.

Xander: What else should we have assumed?

Cut to the funeral home. Theresa is laid out in her coffin with a scarf around her neck. Buffy pulls it back and sees the bite.

Buffy: Vampire.

Xander: So that's good, right? I mean in the sense of the werewolf didn't get her, and... (gets a look from Buffy) No. There is no good here.

Buffy: No good. Instead of not protecting Theresa from the werewolf, (goes over to the guest register) I was able to not protect her from something just as bad. (looks at all the signatures) She had a lot of friends. (takes the pen to add her own)

Xander: Buffy, you can't blame yourself for every death that happens in Sunnydale. If it weren't for you people'd be lined up five deep waitin' to get themselves buried. Willow would be Robbie the Robot's

love slave, and I wouldn't even have a head.

Xander gives her a hug. She pulls back a bit and looks up at him. He looks back kindly. She lets go, picks up her backpack and goes out. Xander stares after her.

Xander: Oh, no, my life's not too complicated.

He shakes his head and follows her out.

Cut to the woods. Cain's van is parked with the curtains drawn across the cab. Cut inside the van. It's set up like a small hunter's lodge, with hunting equipment and traps hanging from the walls and a lab bench full of reloading equipment. He reaches down, picks up a small iron pan and sets it on the bench. He has a Bunsen burner going. He takes a small long-handled melting cup and holds it over the flame.

When the metal in the cup has become molten he brings it over to a mold that he's holding over the iron pan with his other hand and pours the silver into it. He sets the melting cup aside and breaks open the mold. Inside is a

perfectly formed bullet. He holds it up to inspect it in the dim light.

Cut to a shot of the full moon rising. Cut to Oz's dining room. He has a box full of shackles and locks and

dumps them out. He looks at them and considers a moment, then with a strengthened resolve starts to put one on. He's about to put the lock on when there's a knocking at the door. He ignores it and looks at the lock.

As he moves to put it on there's another knock on the door. He looks at it in frustration and sets the lock and shackles down. The knocking continues insistently as he goes over to the door. When he opens it he finds an irate Willow standing there, ready to knock even more.

Oz: Willow! What are you doing?

She pushes her way inside.

Willow: I had this whole thing worked out. (goes toward the dining room) And I had it written down, uh, but then it didn't make any sense (turns to face him) when I was reading it back.

Oz: Willow, this is not a very good time.

Willow: I mean, what am I supposed to think? First, you buy me popcorn (paces away) and then you're all glad that I didn't get bit. (paces back) (softly) And you put the tag back in my shirt. (harshly) But I guess none of that means anything because instead of looking up names with me, here you are all alone in your house doing nothing by yourself.

Oz: Willow, we'll talk about this tomorrow. I promise.

He tries to take hold of her to lead her out, but she shakes him

off.

Willow: No, damn it! We'll talk about this now! Buffy told me that sometimes what a girl makes has to be the first move and now that I'm saying this, I'm starting to think that the written version sounded pretty good, but you know what I mean.

Oz: I know, I know, it's me. I'm, I'm goin' through some... changes.

Willow: Well, welcome to the world! Things happen. Don't you think I'm going through a lot?

Oz: Not like me.

Willow: Oh, what, so now you're special? (paces away into the dining room) You're special boy... (sees the shackles) With chains and stuff. Why do you have chains and stuff?

Oz doubles over in pain and hugs his chest.

Oz: Willow, please! (heads for the door) Get outta here!

She stares at him confused. He falls behind the couch out of her view. There he begins to rapidly grow hair and mutate into a werewolf.

Willow: Oz? Oz, what is it?

She slowly approaches the couch. Oz's fingers grow longer and hairier.

Willow: What's wrong?

She hears Oz moaning in pain. She looks carefully over the couch, and Oz the werewolf leaps to his feet and growls at her. She screams and jumps backward away from him.

Oz's living room. Willow screams and starts to run through the dining room. Oz the werewolf gives chase. She runs down the hall and out a back door.

Cut to the streets. Willow runs. The werewolf comes around the corner chasing after her. She goes up to a wooden fence, hops up and tries to pull herself over. She's not quite fast enough and only has one leg over when the werewolf catches up. It makes a grab for her leg, but misses as she drops over the other side and manages to land in a crouch on her feet. She sees a couple of metal trashcans there, grabs one and smashes it into the werewolf's face as it tries to climb over after her.

Cut to the street. Cain's van rolls slowly along. He looks up and sees the werewolf trying to get over the fence.

Cain: There you are.

He pulls the van over to the side.

Cut to the library. Giles opens a guncase, undoes the straps and pulls out the stock. He grabs the barrel and scope assembly and

clicks them into place. Buffy comes walking up behind him.

Buffy: Sorry I'm late. We visited Theresa.

He stops his assembling to look at her.

Giles: Buffy, I'm so sorry.

Buffy: (holds up her hand) Not now, Giles. We can all have ourselves a good cry after we bag us a werewolf.

He plugs in the laser sight and holds the tranquilizer gun up to check the scope.

Cut to the woods. Willow runs quickly through the trees with the werewolf not far behind. She hops over a log, but then trips and falls to the ground. She rolls to face the werewolf and looks at it in terror. It doesn't attack, but instead sniffs the air. It looks around for the direction of the scent and rushes off. Willow quickly gets to her feet

and runs the other way.

Cut to the library. Giles checks the trigger mechanism of the gun.

Giles: All set. (grabs a dart) Let's go find this thing. (starts out)

Buffy: One question: how exactly do we find this thing?

Willow comes barging into the library.

Willow: It's Oz! It's Oz!

Buffy: Wh-what's Oz?

Willow: The werewolf.

Giles: Are you certain?

Willow: (frantic) Can't you just trust me on this? He-he said he was going through all these changes. Then he went through all these...changes.

Buffy: Where is he now?

Willow: In the woods.

Giles: Let's go. (starts out again)

Willow: (grabs and stops him) Go where? You're not gonna kill Oz! Yeah, he's a werewolf, but he doesn't mean to be.

Buffy: Don't worry, Willow. We're not going to hurt him.

They all start out of the library.

Giles: I put enough Phenobarbital in this thing to sink a small elephant. It should be enough for a large werewolf.

He grabs his coat from the counter and holds the door open for the girls.

Cut to the woods. The werewolf has found what it's looking for. So has Cain, and he cocks his flintlock's hammer back and lifts it to his shoulder. The werewolf gets closer to the pile of meat Cain has left out for him.

Cain: That's it. Let me see you. Come on, supertime.

The werewolf is on top of the bait now, and Cain takes aim.

Cain: Good, doggy. Now play dead.

He is about to pull the trigger when he gets kicked from the side. He falls to the ground, and his gun fires wild. The werewolf looks up from its meal at the commotion. Buffy grabs Cain's gun and wrestles him for it. She flips the rifle over and he follows, landing on his back and letting go of the gun in the process.

As he tries to get up Buffy swings the butt of the rifle around and knocks him down and out. The werewolf comes at her, and she ducks his lunge. Giles and Willow arrive to see the werewolf grab Buffy and lift her off of her feet. She pushes him back using Cain's gun to keep from being bitten. Giles tries to get a clear shot, but the werewolf turns and holds Buffy up between them.

Willow: Careful!

Giles: (can't get a shot) Damn it!

He keeps looking for an opening, but is quickly getting frustrated. Buffy raises the rifle high and smashes it down on the werewolf's head. It drops her and falls back stunned. It quickly gets up and swipes at her, knocking the gun from her hands. Then the werewolf shoves Buffy away and right into Giles and Willow, bowling them over. It starts to

come at them. Willow scrambles for the tranquilizer gun and brings it up to bear. The werewolf charges, and Willow pulls the trigger. The dart hits it in the chest, and it staggers backward a bit before falling over unconscious.

Willow: (looks up at Giles) I shot Oz.

Giles: You saved us.

He takes the gun from Willow. Buffy walks over to get Cain's gun. He gets to his feet and straightens his coat.

Cain: No wonder this town's overrun with monsters. No one here's man enough to kill 'em.

Buffy: Oh, I wouldn't be too sure of that.

Cain turns to see her with his flintlock. She grabs the end of the barrel and bends it into a nice arc right in front of him and then thrusts it at him. He looks at her in astonishment.

Buffy: How about you let the door hit you in the ass on the way out of town?

Cain makes a move to go but stops to give her another look. She stares back at him, and then he leaves. She looks down at Willow crouched next to Oz the werewolf and gets down with her.

Willow: You think it'll be okay?

They both look up at Giles.

Giles: He'll be a little sore in the morning, but... he'll be Oz.

Cut to Sunnydale High the next day. Cut to the halls. Xander and Buffy walk past the trophy case and into the lounge.

Xander: This is all so weird. I mean, how are we supposed to act when we see him?

Buffy: Well, it's gotta be weird for him, too. Now that we know so much.

Xander: All I know is I'll never be able to look at him the same again.

Buffy: He's still a human being. Most of the time.

They stop at the vending machine.

Xander: Who are we talking about?

Buffy: Oz. Who are you talking about?

Xander: No one.

He sees Larry's jock friends by the stairs knocking a girl's books out of her hands and laughing. Larry comes down the stairs behind her and quickly reaches down to help her pick up her books.

Larry: Hey, let me get those.

Girl: Thanks.

His friends give him a surprised look. So does Buffy. Larry comes over to them.

Larry: Hey! Xander. Look, about what you did. I, I owe you.

Buffy: What'd you do?

Xander: It's really nothing we should be talking about. (to Larry) Ever.

Larry: I know, I know. It's just, well, (pats him on the arm) thanks. (walks off)

Buffy: That was weird.

They go to a table and sit.

Xander: What, it's not okay for one guy to like another guy just because he happened to be in the locker room with him when absolutely nothing happened and I thought I told you not to push.

Buffy: All I meant is that he didn't try to look up my skirt.

Xander: (fidgets with his hands) Oh, oh, yeah, that's, that's the weirdness. (smiles nervously)

Buffy: Weirdness abounds lately. Maybe it's the moon. That does stuff to people.

Xander: I've heard that.

Buffy: (sees Willow walk by) Certainly gonna put a strain on Willow and Oz's relationship.

Xander: What relationship? I mean, what life could they possibly have together? (counts off on his fingers) We're talking obedience school, paper training, Oz is always in back burying their things, and that kind of breed can turn on its owner.

Buffy: I don't know. I kinda see Oz as the loyal type.

Xander: All I'm saying is she's not safe with him. If it were up to me...

Buffy: (interrupts) Xander...

Cut outside to Willow walking over to Oz sitting on a table.

Buffy: It's not up to you.

Willow: Hey.

Oz: Hey.

Willow: Did you want to go first?

Oz: I spoke to Giles. He said I'll be okay. I just have to lock myself up around the full moon. Only he used more words than that. And a globe.

Willow: I'm sorry about how all this ended up. With me shooting you and all.

Oz: It's okay. I'm, I'm sorry I almost ate you.

Willow: It's okay. I kind of thought you would have told me.

Oz: I didn't know what to say. I mean, it's not everyday you find out you're a werewolf. That's fairly freaksome. It may take a couple days getting used to.

Willow: Yeah. It's a complication.

Oz: So... (hops off of the table and they walk) Maybe it'd be best if I just... sorta...

Willow: What?

Oz: Well, you know, like, stayed out of your way for awhile.

Willow: I don't know. I'm kind of okay with you being *in* my way.

Oz: (stops and faces her) You mean, you'd still...

Willow: Well, I like you. You're nice and you're funny. And you don't smoke. Yeah, okay, werewolf, but that's not all the time. I mean, three days out of the month I'm not much fun to be around either.

Oz: You are quite the human.

Willow: (smiles) So, I'd still if you'd still.

Oz: I'd still. I'd *very* still.

Willow: (smiles widely) Okay. (more seriously) No biting, though.

Oz: Agreed.

Willow walks off with a smile on her face. Oz turns around and watches her go. He smiles. Then he looks surprised to see her rushing back. She looks at him for an instant and then plants a kiss right on his lips. He watches her with a smile as she goes off again.

Oz: A werewolf in love.

The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale. This is my take on Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered.

Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered.

This episode was originally broadcast on February 10, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

The cemetery at night. The camera is focused on a heart shaped locket that Xander is dangling in the extreme foreground so that everything in the distance is out of focus and unrecognizable.

Xander: So, what do you think?

The camera shifts its focus onto Buffy sitting on a gravestone.

Buffy: It's nice.

Cut to a full view shot of them. They are waiting near a fresh grave. Xander approaches Buffy, still dangling the locket.

Xander: But do you think Cordelia will like it?

Buffy: I don't know.

She pulls it toward herself with her hand to take a closer look.

Buffy: Does she know what one of these is?

He yanks it out of her hand and puts it and his hands into his jacket pockets.

Xander: (chuckles) Okay, big yuks. When are you guys gonna stop making fun of me for dating Cordelia?

Buffy: I'm sorry. But never. (Xander nods, smiles and looks down) I just think you could find somebody more... better.

Xander: Uh, parallel universe, maybe. (looks up) Here the only other person I'm interested in is, um... unavailable. Besides, Cordy and I are really getting along. We're not fighting as much, and yesterday we just sat together, not even speakin'. You know, just, uh, enjoying comfortable silence. (grins and laughs, then loses the grin and exhales) Man, that was dull.

Buffy: (smiles) I'm glad that you guys are getting along. (facetiously) Almost really. (reassuringly) And don't stress over the gift.

Xander: Well, this is new territory for me. I mean, my valentines are usually met with heartfelt restraining orders.

Buffy: She'll love it.

Xander: I wish dating was like slaying: (steps away) you know, simple, direct, stake to the heart, no muss, no fuss.

He turns to face her again just as a vampire rises from the fresh grave. Xander reacts quickly and jerks back as the newly risen demon comes for him, but he trips and falls backward onto his butt. Buffy hops off of the gravestone and grabs the vampire from behind as he is about to grab Xander and throws him high and away. He hits the ground hard.

His momentum carries him into a reverse somersault, and he rolls to his feet. He starts to come at Buffy. She leaps at him, does a double kick to his chest with both feet in rapid succession and lands upright as the vampire staggers back into the corner column of a small mausoleum. Buffy comes at him, but he blocks her first two punches and ducks a third swing.

Her fourth and fifth punches, however, land on his face, but he isn't fazed. He pushes her aside into the wall of the mausoleum, and after regaining his balance comes at her again. She slides down the wall and kicks out with her leg, making him trip and spin down to the ground. As he gets up she leaps at him with a high kick and knocks him back down again. She reaches into her jacket for a stake, and when the vampire stands back up again and tries to make a grab for her she deftly plunges it into his chest.

He immediately bursts into a cloud of ashes. Buffy yanks the stake back and watches with satisfaction as the ash rains to the ground. Then she heads over to Xander and gives him a hand back up to his feet.

Buffy: Sorry to say, Xand, slaying is a tad more perilous than dating.

They start out of the cemetery.

Xander: Well, you're obviously not dating Cordelia.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

Sunnydale High School the next morning. Cordelia walks up the steps from the street. She sees her friends sitting on a wall and heads over to them. When they see her coming they all stand up and make their way toward the main entrance, ignoring her.

Cordelia: Wait up. Hey, wait up! (jogs to catch up) Excuse me! Where's the fire sale?

They all stop and turn around to face her.

Harmony: Oh, sorry. Didn't see you.

Cordelia: Well, why didn't you call me back last night? We need to talk about our outfits for the dance. I'm gonna wear red and black, (points at Kate) so you need to switch.

Kate: Red and black? Is that what Xander likes?

Cordelia: (confused) Xander? What does he have to do with this?

Harmony: Well, a girl wants to look good for her geek.

Cordelia: Xander's just...

Harmony: (interrupts) When are you two gonna start wearing cute little matching outfits? 'Cause I'm planning to vomit. (to the others) Let's go.

They all turn away and head into the building, leaving Cordelia behind.

Cut to American Literature class. The bell rings.

Ms. Beakman: Papers on my desk. Anybody tries to leave without giving me a paper is looking at a failing grade.

The camera closes in on Xander sitting at the back of his row two seats behind Willow. Buffy is to Willow's right, and they both get ready to go.

Xander: (holding his paper) Ha, ha, ha. This time I'm ready for you. No 'F' for Xander today. No, this baby's my ticket to a sweet D minus.

He stands up with his paper in his hands. The two girls do the same.

Willow steps down the aisle and stops next to Amy.

Willow: Hey, Amy.

Amy: Hey. (pulls on her backpack) Are you guys going to the Valentine's Day dance at the Bronze? I think it's gonna be a lot of fun.

Willow turns to look at Buffy with a huge smile on her face.

Buffy: Go ahead. You know you wanna say it.

Willow faces Amy again, grinning broadly.

Willow: My boyfriend's in the band!

Amy: (smiles and laughs) Cool.

Willow looks back at Buffy.

Buffy: I think you've now told everybody.

Willow: Only in this hemisphere. (pulls on her pack)

Amy: (to Buffy) What about you?

Buffy: (waves her off) Oh, Valentine's Day is just a cheap gimmick to sell cards and chocolate.

Amy: Bad breakup, huh?

Buffy: Closer to him leaving the country for my safety. Still sucks.

They all walk up to the teacher's desk, and Buffy hands in her paper.

Mrs. Beakman: Thank you.

Buffy heads out of the room as Willow holds up her paper as well. Xander is just making his way down the aisle behind Amy.

Mrs. Beakman: (to Willow) Thank you.

Willow follows Buffy out. Amy stands in front of Mrs. Beakman and stares her down. There is a long silence as Amy concentrates on staring into the teacher's eyes. Xander, standing behind Amy, slowly loses his smile as he sees what's going on. A moment later Mrs. Beakman smiles at Amy and gestures as though she's accepting a paper from her.

Mrs. Beakman: Thank you, Amy.

Amy smiles and starts out of the classroom. Xander comes up to the desk staring openmouthed after Amy and hands his paper in also.

Cut to the stairs. Buffy and Willow come walking down. Amy hops down past them with a big smile on her face and heads into the lounge.

Willow: I just hate to think of you solo on Valentine's Day.

The two of them head down the hall. Xander reaches the bottom of the stairs behind them and follows as he watches Amy go off in the other direction.

Buffy: I'll be fine. Mom and I are gonna have a pigout and vid fest. It's a time-honored tradition among the loveless.

Xander: (catches up) Did you guys see that? (points at Amy)

Buffy: See what?

Xander: In class. I think Amy just worked some magic on Ms. Beakman.

Buffy: You mean like witchcraft?

Willow: You know, her mom's a witch.

Buffy: And an amateur psycho. Amy's the last person that should be messing with that stuff.

Xander: Maybe I should go talk to her.

Giles sees them coming his way and calls out.

Giles: Buffy! (approaches them) Buffy... Might I have a word?

Buffy: Have a sentence, even.

Giles: (gets the joke) Oh. Good. Well, uh...

He happens to glance off into Jenny's classroom as she's talking to a student by the door.

Jenny: (to the student) Back it up before you leave.

She steps into the hall and stops. She and Giles exchange looks with each other. Buffy notices the exchange and looks down sadly. Jenny shrugs and smiles thinly at Giles.

Jenny: Rupert.

Giles: Ms. Calendar. (looks down)

She glances down briefly and backs up, then steps toward him.

Jenny: I'm glad we ran into each other, actually. I was hoping that we could, uh... (gestures toward her room) Do you have a minute? (fidgets with her hands)

Giles: Um... (making excuses) Actually, not, not just now. Um, (ahem) I, uh, have a matter to discuss with, with Buffy.

Buffy: (calmly) Right. Let's go.

She gives Jenny a quick glance and squeezes between her and Giles, heading for the library. Xander and Willow watch in silence. Giles looks up at Jenny for a moment, then slowly turns to follow Buffy.

Jenny drops her arms in despair, looks at Xander and Willow, and then starts down the hall the other way.

Cut to the library. Buffy is sitting at the table hugging her knee while Giles comes toward her slowly with his hands in his pockets.

Buffy: Are you okay?

Giles: (looks at her) Me? I, I I'll be fine. (scratches his nose, then pockets his hand again) Um, I was more concerned about you, actually.

Buffy: Why?

Giles: I finally got a letter from Angel. He is somewhere in Asia. He won't be back in time for Valentine's Day.

Buffy: (looks down) Oh. I kinda had that figured, but you just dashed what little hope I had.

Giles: He was terribly upset about it, and when he found out his departure didn't stop the Judges rising. (to himself) He's on his way back.

Dissolve to Spike's warehouse. Drusilla opens a jewelry case, and inside is a gold necklace with rubies set into an integrated pendant. The camera pans up from it over to Spike in his wheelchair.

Spike: Fancy it, pet?

Drusilla: Ahhh. It's beautiful. Mm.

Spike: Nothing but the best for my girl.

She pulls her hair back and away so he can close the clasp behind her neck.

Drusilla: Do you think we should send the nasty Slayer a Valentine's Day present? In Daddy's tradition?

Spike: Why don't you rip her lungs out? It might make an impression.

Drusilla: It doesn't rhyme.

Spike: It doesn't have to. (inhales and thinks) What rhymes with lungs?

Drusilla: Don't worry, Spike. I know what speaks to a girl's heart.

Cut to the Bronze for the Valentine's Day dance. Oz and Devon's band Dingoes Ate My Baby (Four Star Mary) are playing "Pain". Xander is at a table with Willow, turning a jewelry box around in his hands. The camera pans up to Willow watching the band play and bobbing her head to the beat. It pulls back to show Xander staring off in another direction, oblivious to the music. The camera focuses on the band as Devon sings.

/Feeling I've been lost for years/

Oz smiles over at Willow and then looks down at his guitar.

/You can never understand me/

/Unless you've seen those tears/

/But you never get to sleep/

Willow looks up at Oz and smiles. Oz smiles back as he plays.

/When I'm away/

/I don't mind/

/The deeper.../

Willow: (to Xander, smiling) Oz has his cool hair today.

/...that you lay/

Willow: (excited) I think I'm a groupie! (looks back at the band)

/Out of time/

Cut to Cordelia coming out of the restrooms.

/Pain, I can't sleep/

She looks around and sees her friends.

Cordelia: (smiles) Oh, hey!

They all give her looks of disgust.

/Pain, I can't sleep/

Harmony: Let's get outta here.

Cordelia just stands there and watches them go.

/Running.../

Cut to Buffy's house. She and her mother are lounging back on the couch watching TV. The coffee table in front of them is full of plates of cookies, cheese puffs and other snacks. Buffy has a bowl of popcorn in her lap. They hear a knock at the door and look over in that direction. Buffy looks back at her mom, exhales and hands her the popcorn.

Buffy: Here.

Joyce starts to munch on it. Buffy gets up to answer the door. Cut to outside. The camera pans over to the door as Buffy opens it and looks out. She is puzzled when there's no one there. She looks further out and in both directions. She shrugs with her eyes, goes back inside and closes the door. When she steps back into the living room her mother is gone. She looks back behind her, through the foyer and into

the dining room beyond. Joyce is nowhere to be seen.

Buffy: (concerned) Mom?

She walks through the dining room and into the kitchen.

Buffy: Mom?

She walks around the island, looking around all the while, then quickly out the window when she hears a noise, but sees nothing and continues toward the kitchen door. She looks back into the dining room. When she reaches the kitchen door she is startled by her mother coming back in from outside and gasps.

Joyce: Buffy, it's me.

Buffy: Yeah. You just startled me a little.

Joyce: I was just checking the back door. (closes the door) Somebody, um, left these for you.

She sets a long black box with a red bow on the island for Buffy to see. She looks up at her mother and raises her eyebrows for an instant before lifting the lid off the box. Joyce looks down, curious to see what's in it. Buffy stares down at it and sees a dozen red roses along with a card bearing a words in Angel's delicate script: Wishing I Was There. Soon. Her mother looks up at her with a little smile, and Buffy weakly returns it.

Cut to the Bronze. The band continues playing.

/Pain, I can't sleep/

/Pain, I can't sleep/

Xander looks around and spots Cordelia sitting alone at a table.

/Pain, I can't sleep/

He slowly gets to his feet and walks over to her. She notices him coming, looks at him and stands up to meet him. The song is over now.

Xander: Hey.

Cordelia: (looks him up and down) Your clothes... You look so good.

Xander: (looks down at himself) Oh. I let Buffy dress me. (gets a confused look from Cordelia) Well, not physically.

Cordelia: (upset) Perfect. You had to make this harder, didn't you?

Xander: Okay, clearly the fact that I please you visually has got us off on the wrong foot here.

Cordelia: Xander...

Xander: (stops her with a gesture) Let me finish. I've been thinking a lot about us lately... the why and the wherefore. You know, once, twice, a kissy here, a kissy there. And you can chalk it all up to hormones. (Cordelia looks puzzled) and maybe that's all we have here. Tawdry teen lust. But maybe not. Maybe something in you sees something special inside me. (Cordelia looks down, then back up) And vice versa. I mean, I think I do. See something. So...

He pulls out the jewelry box and hands it to her. She takes it and looks up at him.

Cordelia: Xander... (opens the box) Thank you. (holds up the necklace and pendant) It's beautiful. (exhales and looks at him) I wanna break up.

Xander: (looks at her in disbelief) Okay, not quite the reaction I was looking for.

Cordelia: (shaking her head) I know. I'm sorry. It's just... Who are we kidding? (Xander looks down at the necklace) Even if parts of us do see specialness, we don't fit.

Xander: (looks up suddenly) Yeah! Okay... (very upset) Do you know what's a good day to break up with somebody? Any day besides Valentine's Day! I mean, what, were you running low on dramatic irony?

Cordelia: (apologetically) I know. I didn't mean to do it this way. I...

Xander: (interrupts) Well, you did.

Cordelia gives him a sorry look. Xander stares back for a moment, then turns and goes away. Cordelia looks down at the pendant.

Cut to the halls at school the next day. Xander comes moping around the corner. A boy passes him in the halls.

Jack: Dude. (pats Xander's shoulder) Way to get dumped.

He continues down the hall, and Xander does the same. He looks up and sees Buffy coming the other way.

Xander: Ooo, Buffy, my bud, (takes her hand and stops her) you will not believe...

Buffy: (looks at him) Can't talk right now. Angel.

Xander: (lets go of her hand) Do you need help?

Buffy: It's alright.

She quickly resumes her rapid trek to the library. Xander watches her go, then continues down the hall. A group of girls passes around him, staring and giggling at him. He exhales and watches them go. A few steps further along he hears Harmony address him, and looks over at her.

Harmony: Gee, Xander, maybe you should learn a second language so that even more girls can reject you.

Xander just keeps moping along. A moment later he notices Amy heading toward the stairs in front of him. He looks back for an instant and then rushes over to her, takes her by the arm and pulls her aside.

Amy: What are you doing?

Xander: Amy. Good to see you. (takes a quick look around) You're a witch.

Amy: (glances around) No, I'm not. That, that was my mom, remember? (smiles)

Xander: Yeah, I'm thinking it runs in the family. I saw you working that mojo on Ms. Beakman. (gestures) behind himself Maybe I should go tell somebody about...

Amy: That's not even... (angrily) That is so mean!

Xander: (glares back) Blackmail is such an ugly word.

Amy: I didn't say blackmail.

Xander: Yeah, but I'm about to blackmail you, so I thought I'd bring it up.

Amy: (folds her arms) What do you want?

Xander: (chuckles) What do I want? I want some respect around here. I want, for ****once****, to come out ahead. I want the Hellmouth to be working for me. You and me, Amy... (He looks back at Cordelia sitting with Harmony now) we're gonna cast a little spell.

Amy looks past him at Cordelia as well, then turns her eyes up at him.

An empty classroom. Xander closes the door behind himself as he follows Amy in.

Amy: A love spell?

Xander: Yeah. You know, just the basic can't eat, can't sleep, can't breathe anything but little old moi.

Amy: Well, that kind of thing is the hardest! I mean, to make someone love you for all eternity?

Xander: (waves his hand and shakes his head) Whoa! Whoa, back up. Who said anything about eternity? A man can only talk self-tanning lotion for so long before his head explodes.

Amy: Well, then I don't get it. If you don't wanna be with her forever, then what's the point?

Xander: The point is I want her to want me. Desperately. So I can break up with ****her**** and subject her to the same hell she's been puttin' ****me**** through.

Amy: (turns and steps away) Oh, I don't know, Xander. (turns back)

Intent has to be pure with love spells.

Xander: Right. I intend revenge. Pure as the driven snow. Now, are you gonna play, or do we need to have another chat about invisible homework?

Amy: (considers) I'll need something of hers. (steps closer) A personal object.

Xander: Alright. (smiles and leaves the room)

Cut to the library. Giles is at the table studying a book. Buffy comes striding in and up to the table. She slaps the card that came with the roses into the book in front of him. Giles startles a bit and looks up.

Buffy 'Soon' what, Giles?

Giles: (tries to look innocent) I have no clue what you are talking about.

Buffy: (smiles) I bet you're in on this. Angel is good, but even he couldn't manage to send me flowers from Asia.

Cut to the hall. Xander sees Cordelia coming and waits for her. She spots him, pivots around and hurries

the other way. Xander does a fast walk to catch up and passes her, then spins around to stop her in her tracks.

Xander: Oh, come on, don't flatter yourself. I'm not gonna make a big scene. I just want the necklace back.

Cordelia: (in disbelief) What? I thought it was a gift.

Xander: No. Last night it was a gift. Today it's scrap metal. Figure I can melt it down and sell it for fillings or something.

Cordelia: You're pathetic!

Xander: Come on, I'm not gonna add to the Cordelia Chase castoff collection.

Cordelia: (glares at him) It's in my locker.

Xander: (points to her locker with his eyes) I can wait.

She gives him another look, then goes over to her locker. Xander steps to the side of the hall and leans against the lockers about ten feet from her. He watches the people passing by as she works her combination. She opens the locker and sets down a book. She glances over at him to see if he's looking.

Satisfied that he's not paying close attention she leans in behind the door, exhales, reaches under the collar of her blouse and pulls the necklace and pendant out. Xander just keeps looking around the hall. She undoes the clasp, takes it off and lets out a deep breath. She closes her locker, steps over to him and hands him the necklace.

Cordelia: Here. It's a good thing we broke up. Now I don't have to pretend I like it.

Xander just gives her a look and leaves.

Cut to the school that night. Cut to the science lab. Xander is holding a candle and sitting bare chested and cross-legged on the floor inside a large red symbol for woman painted on the floor. Three red vertical stripes are painted on his chest. Amy is at a lab table where she's waving the locket over her witch's brew, which is boiling in a beaker over a Bunsen burner.

Amy: Diana... goddess of love and the hunt... I pray to thee. Let my cries bind the heart of Xander's beloved. (lowers the necklace into the brew) May she neither rest nor sleep the brew sparks until she submits to his will only.

The flame of the burner becomes huge as the power of the spell emanates from the beaker and swirls above it and between her hands.

Amy: Diana, bring about this love and bless it.

The swirls of energy begin to return to the beaker and disappear.

Amy: (to Xander) Blow out the candle now!

The spell's power has dissipated. Xander blows out the candle and the screen goes black.

Cut to the school the next morning. Cut to the hall outside the lounge. Xander sees Cordelia and her friends sitting at a table and goes over to them with confidence. He rests one hand on the table and leans over it next to Cordelia, looking around at all the girls and giving them a smile. Cordelia looks up at him.

Cordelia: What?

Xander: (confidently) Morning, ladies. (to Cordelia) Some kind of weather we've been having, huh?

Cordelia: What do you want? You can't be sniffing around for more jewelry to melt, because all you ever gave me was that Smallmartlooking thing. (looks back down at her notebook)

Xander: (chuckles and leans in to) Cordelia, is this love? 'Cause maybe on you it doesn't look that different.

Cordelia: (pushes him away) What are you doing? Are you going, like, stalkerboy on me now?

Xander: (confused) Sorry. My mistake.

Cordelia: Yeah, I should say so.

He walks away. She looks at the other girls at the table.

Cordelia: What is his deal?

Cut to the library. Giles is sitting on the table looking through a book. Buffy is sitting in a chair across

from him. He gets off of the table and heads into his office. Xander walks in and up to the table.

Xander: I have a plan; we use me as bait.

Buffy: You mean make Drusilla and Spike come after you?

Xander: No, I mean chop me into little pieces and stick me on hooks for fish to nibble at 'cause it would be more fun than ****my**** life.

Buffy: Yeah. (gets up) I heard about you and Cordy. That's her loss. (leans on the table)

Xander: Yeah. Not really the popular theory.

Buffy: (looks up at him) You know what I'd like? Why don't you and I do something together tonight? Just the two of us.

Xander: (does a double take) Really?

Buffy: Yeah. We can comfort each other.

Xander: Well, would lap dancing enter into that scenario at all? 'Cause I find that very comforting. (grins)

She stands up, stares into his eyes and takes a step closer to him.

Buffy: (smiles) Play your cards right...

Xander: (stops her with his hand) Okay, uh... You do know that I'm Xander, right? I think the Angel message has sent you off your rocker.

Buffy: (looks down) I don't know, I just... (looks up) heard that you and Cordy broke up, and I guess I was just surprised how glad I was. (plays with his shirt) It's funny, leans into him how you can see someone every day but not really see them. You know?

Xander: (smiles and chuckles nervously) Yeah, it's funny. And it's just gettin' funnier.

She puts her finger to his lips to quiet him and slowly leans toward him for a kiss. Behind them Amy walks into the library.

Amy: Xander, can I talk to you for a minute?

Buffy pulls back slightly Xander looks at Amy, back at Buffy, then at Amy again.

Xander: Yeah, okay.

Cut to the hall outside the library. Amy comes out with Xander right behind her. He makes sure the door is closed, looks in through the window at Buffy for a second, and then gives his attention to Amy.

Amy: Xander.

Xander: Yeah.

Amy: I don't think the spell worked out right.

Xander: Oh, yeah, it bombed. No biggie. (grins)

Amy: Well, we can always try again.

He looks back through the window and sees Buffy looking out at him.

Amy: I am still pretty new at this.

Xander: Oh, no, no, no. It's okay. You know what? It was wrong to meddle with the forces of darkness. I see that now. I think we've all grown. I gotta go. (moves to go back in Amy stops him with her hand) Oh, we don't have to cast any spells.

He sees Buffy staring out at him with her finger between her lips.

Amy: We can just... hang out.

Xander: Sure. (looks at Amy) What?

Amy: (smiles) Well, I liked spending time with you. You're so sweet. You know, it's funny how you can... you can see a person every day and...

He starts to realize what's going on.

Xander: Not really see them.

He looks in at Buffy again. She's still staring out at him, playing with her hair between her lips.

Amy: Exactly. So, anyway, I thought it might...

Another girl approaches them in the hall.

Cordette: Hi, Xander.

Xander: What?

Cordette: You're in Mr. Baird's history class, right?

Xander: Yeah.

Cordette: I thought maybe we could study together tonight.

Amy: (interrupts) Do you mind? We were talking.

The two girls look at stare each other. Xander begins to worry.

Xander: Uh, I really gotta go. Right now.

He heads down the hall away from them. They both just watch him go.

Cut to Xander's room at home. He barges in and slams the door behind him. He calms down a bit, takes the few steps over to his bed and sits on it. Behind him Willow sits up from under the covers wearing one of his shirts and touches him on the back. Xander jumps up in surprise and stares at her in shock.

Willow: Sorry. I wanted to surprise you.

Xander: (grins nervously) Good job! High marks.

Willow: Don't be so jumpy. I've been in your bed before.

Xander: Yeah, but Will, we were both in footy pajamas.

Willow: Xand, I've been thinking.

Xander: Will, I, I think I know what you've been thinking. But this is all my fault. I cast a spell, and it sort of backfired.

Willow: (rubs the sheets) How long have we been friends?

Xander: (very nervous) A long, long time. Too long to do anything that might change that now.

Willow: (moves to the edge of the bed) Well, friendships change all the time. People grow apart. They grow closer. (smiles up at him)

Xander: Uh, this is good! How close we are now. I feel very comfortable with this amount of closeness. In fact, (points behind himself) I can even back up a few paces and still be happy. steps back See? (smiles, still nervous)

She gets up from the bed and approaches him. His shirt is the only thing she's wearing.

Willow: I want you, Xander... (smiles) to be my first!

Xander: (extremely nervous) Baseman. Please tell me we're talking baseball.

He starts to back up when she reaches him. She puts her hands up against his chest.

Willow: Shhh.

He backs into the door. She rubs her hands up and down his chest.

Willow: We both know it's right. (leans into him for a kiss)

Xander: (backs his head away) It's not that I don't find you sexy.

Willow: (leans away to look at him) Is it Oz? (shakes her head) Don't worry about him. He's sweet, but... he's not you. (rubs his chest more)

Xander: Yes, he is. And you should go to him. 'Cause he's me.
(grins)

She leans up to the side of his face and starts to suck on his earlobe. Xander is sweating bullets now, having

no idea how to handle this.

Xander: I, I don't wanna use force.

She lets go of his ear and leans back to face him again with a wide smile on her face.

Willow: Mm. Force is okay!

She tries for his ear again, but he takes her by the arms and pushes her away. She stares at him in confusion.

Xander: Th, that's it! This has gotta stop. It's time for me to act like a man. (opens the door behind him) And hide. (rushes out)

Cut to the hall at school. Cordelia comes in at the far end and walks up to her friends standing there in a huddle. They all cross their arms and face her when she arrives.

Cordelia: Ha. Very funny. What did I do now, wear red and purple together?

Harmony: You know what you did. Xander is wounded because of you.

They all walk past her in disgust. She turns around, and they face her when she speaks.

Cordelia: Are you tripping? I thought you wanted me to break up with him!

Harmony: Only a sick pup would let Xander get away, no matter what her friends said.

They all give her a huff and leave.

Cordelia: What does it take to make you people happy?

Cut to a pair of doors in the halls. The camera is at a low angle for a shot of Xander's shoes as he pushes open the doors and walks into the hall in slow motion to the tune of "Got the Love" by The Average White Band.

/Hey, yeah/

/Got the love, got the love/

Cut to Xander staring at all the girls looking at him with love in their eyes, some giggling, some giving him sexy looks, some just watching him walk.

/Mm, yeah/

/Got the love, got the love/

He looks over at the other side of the hall, and it's more of the same.

/Got the love, got the love/

/Sugar baby/

/Got the love, got the love/

Xander keeps walking up the hall. The guys are clearly not happy that he has the attention of all the girls.

/Oh, now, babe, you've been gone such a long time/

Behind him the girls start to gather and follow.

/Been thinkin' 'bout what it is we got/

Several girls cross in front of him and check him out.

/Not all the time in the world/

/Whoo!/

/But got a lot/

Xander looks around in disbelief.

/Now, there's much more than a ghost of a chance/

More girls stare at him walking by, and he gets looks and shakes of heads from the guys.

/We can make it right this time/

A group of four girls starts to tail him down the hall.

// 'Cause you've got to stay mine/

Cut to the library. Xander comes in, closes the door behind him and checks to see if any of the girls are following him in.

/Yeah, I got the love/

/Got the love, got the love/

Satisfied he has no stalkers, he heads into the library to find Giles as the music fades out.

/We got to make it work/

/Got the love, got the love/

Giles: (comes down the stairs) Xander. (looks at him) What is it?
(sets his books down)

Xander: It, it's me... throwing myself at your mercy.

Giles: What? Why? (takes off his glasses to clean them)

Xander: I made a mess, Giles. See, I found out that Amy's into witchcraft, and I was hurt, I guess, so I... made her put the love whammy on Cordy, but it backfired, and now every woman in Sunnydale wants to make me her cuddle monkey, which may sound swell on paper, but...

Jenny comes into the library behind them and strides up to Giles.

Jenny: Rupert, we need to talk. Hey, Xander. Nice shirt. (rubs his shirt) Look, Rupert, I know that you're angry at me, and I don't blame you, but I am not just gonna go away. (keeps rubbing Xander's arm) I mean, I care far too much about you to...)looks at Xander's arm) Have you been working out?

Xander gives Giles a 'see what I mean?' look. Giles grabs Jenny by the arms and pulls her away and behind him.

Jenny: Oh!

She stares at Xander with a look of desire in her eyes. Giles looks at her, at Xander, back at her, and finally back at Xander.

Giles: I cannot believe that you are fool enough to do something like this!

Xander: Oh, no, I'm twice the fool it takes to do something like this.

Jenny keeps staring at him while she plays with her necklace.

Giles: Has, uh... Has Amy tried to reverse the spell?

Xander: I get around Amy and all she wants to do is talk honeymoon plans.

Jenny: (steps toward Xander) Rupert, maybe I need to talk to Xander alone.

Giles: (pushes her back) Do you have any idea how serious this is? People under a, a love spell, Xander, are, are deadly. They lose all capacity for reason.

He looks at Jenny who has begun rubbing her hands over her face and neck, then down her body.

Giles: (to Xander) And if what you say is true and the entire female population is affected, I... (sternly) Don't

leave the library. (Jenny keeps staring) I'll find Amy and see if we can put a stop to this thing.

He starts to leave the library. Jenny rubs her fingers together, alone at last with Xander, and sashays up to him. He steps back away from her. Giles walks back up to them, takes Jenny by the hand and pulls her out of the library behind him. Jenny moans and reaches her arm out to Xander as Giles drags her off.

Jenny: No!

Xander realizes he's finally alone without any girls around, and quickly moves to push the mobile card catalog in front of the doors in an attempt to keep it that way. As he heads back toward the table Buffy pulls the door out and open and steps in wearing only a short black raincoat that reaches barely down to mid thigh and black high heels.

When Xander hears the door swing shut and smack the card catalog behind him he spins around and stares at Buffy in shock. She is standing there with one hand on the catalog and the other propped up on top of the theft detector and smiles at him as she raises her right ankle and rubs it against her left calf.

Buffy: Alone at last.

Xander: (stares openmouthed) Buff, give me a heart attack!

Buffy: Oh, (starts a sexy walk toward him) I'm gonna give you more than that. (grabs her raincoat belt to untie it.)

Xander: (backs away, gesturing with his hands) Buff, for the love of God, don't open that raincoat.

Buffy: Come on! It's a party! Aren't you gonna open your present? (undoes a button)

Xander: (keeps backing toward the stairs nervously) It's not that I don't want to. Sometimes the remote impossible possibility that you might like me was all that sustained me. But not now. (trips and falls backward onto the stairs) Not like this. Deadboy would kill me, and this isn't real to you. (Buffy steps up and puts her leg over him) You're only here because of a spell. (gets a confused stare from her) I mean, if I thought you had one clue what it would mean to me... (shakes his head) But you don't. So I can't.

Buffy: (starts to get upset) So you're saying this is all a game?

Xander: A game? I... No!

Buffy: (angry) You make me feel this way, and then you reject me? What am I, a toy?

Xander: Buffy, please calm down.

Buffy: I'll calm down when you explain yourself!

Amy: (appears behind them) Get away from him. (Buffy turns to her) He's mine.

Buffy: (steps toward Amy) Oh, I don't think so. (looks back at him) Xander, tell her.

Xander: What? I, uh...

Amy: He doesn't have to say. (Buffy looks back at her) I know what his heart wants.

Buffy: Funny, I know what your face wants.

She swings and punches Amy in the face. She falls to the floor. Buffy confronts Xander.

Buffy: What is this, you're two timing me?

Xander doesn't know what to say. Amy gets up. Her nose is bloody and her eyes have become pitch black. She begins to weave a spell with her hands.

Amy: Goddess Hecate, work thy will.

Xander: Uhoh.

The spell's energy swirls around her.

Amy: Before thee let the unclean thing crawl!

She thrusts her arms out at Buffy, and the power of the spell leaps from her hands and envelops the Slayer. The energy soon dissipates.

Xander: Buffy! (stares in utter disbelief) Oh, my God!

Xander looks down at Buffy's empty raincoat lying on the floor, then back up at Amy. Giles comes back into the library with Jenny.

Giles: What, what just happened?

Xander indicates the raincoat Buffy. Jenny smiles broadly when she sees Xander and tries to go to him, but Giles holds her back.

Giles: Where is she?

They both look down at the raincoat. Cut to a shot of a sleeve. Buffy has been turned into a rat, and she

comes crawling out.

Giles: Oh, my God!

Amy: (steps over to Xander) Why is she here? (gestures at Jenny)

Xander: Can you focus for a minute? You just turned Buffy into a rat.

Buffy starts to scamper across the floor. Giles follows her with his gaze.

Amy: (to Xander) Buffy can take care of herself. (takes his arm) Why don't we go someplace private?

Jenny puts her hands on her hips and gives Amy a haughty look. Giles looks around for where Buffy went.

Xander: (jerks his arm away) Can you... I'm not going anywhere until you change her back.

Jenny: (steps over to Amy) You heard him. So why don't you undo your little magic trick and get lost?

Amy: Who made you Queen of the World? Well, you're old enough to be.

Jenny: Well, what can I say? (grabs Xander by the arm) I guess Xander's just too much man (pulls him closer) for the pimple squad.

Amy puts her arm between them and pushes Xander away from Jenny. She waves her hands before her and begins to cast another spell. Her eyes turn pitchblack, and energy begins to swirl around her as she speaks.

Amy: Goddess Hecate, to you I pray, with this...

Xander: (puts his hand over Amy's mouth) Would you quit with the Hecate?! (pulls her back and away)

Cut to the halls. Cordelia is at her locker and closes it. She starts down the hall, but runs into Harmony and friends waiting to confront her.

Cordelia: Okay, what now? You don't like my locker combination?

Harmony: (hands on her hips) It's just not right. You never loved him. You just used him. You make me sick.

Cordelia: (sarcastically) Okay, Harmony, if you need to borrow my Midol, just ask.

Harmony slaps Cordelia across the face. She holds her hand to her face and looks at Harmony in surprise.

She turns to go the other way, but Cordette blocks her way and pushes her up against the lockers. Then she and another girl pull her away from the wall and shove her down to the floor.

Cut to the library. Giles has had enough and talks sternly to Amy and Jenny.

Giles: You two, sit. (Amy goes to the table) And be quiet. (Jenny joins her) We have to catch the Buffy rat. (takes off his coat)

Xander: (spots) Buffy Ooo, there!

Buffy squeezes behind a bookcase as he rushes to try to catch her. Amy and Jenny sit down at the table across from one another, each staring at the other.

Xander is too late to get Buffy, but he sees her crawl along the space behind the case toward the other end. He quickly crawls along the front of the case to head her off. Giles watches at the end that Xander just left. Xander peeks around the other end of the bookcase to wait for Buffy to come out.

Xander: Good Buffy. Just...

He sees someone come up next to him and looks up. There he sees Oz standing over him, and the next thing he knows Oz has punched him in the face. He stumbles backward into the shelves. Giles is startled and looks up as well. Oz shakes out his hand. Buffy makes her escape from behind the bookcase and goes out of the library doors into the hall.

Oz: (still shaking his hand) That kinda hurt.

Xander: (rubbing his cheek) Kinda?! What was that for?

Oz: I was on the phone all night, listening to Willow cry about ****you****. Now, I don't know exactly what happened, but I was left with a very strong urge to... hit you. (offers his hand to help Xander up)

Xander: (takes Oz's hand and gets up) I didn't touch her. I swear.

Giles: (upset) Xander! Where's Buffy? (starts looking again)

Xander: (to Oz) Amy turned her into a rat.

Oz: (looks around) Oh.

Giles and Xander get on their knees and look around while making squeaking noises. Oz crouches down to look as well.

Giles: I don't see her. If anything happens to her, I'll... (looks at Xander in disgust) Oh, just go home. (stands up) Lock yourself away. You're only going to cause more problems here. Now, Amy, Jenny and I will, uh... try and break the spell. (the women stand up) Oz, if, if you could aid us in, in finding, um... Buffy.

Oz: Sure. Absolutely.

Xander starts to say something, but Giles cuts him off before he can even get out a word, doing his best to control his anger.

Giles: Just go. Get out of my sight.

Xander doesn't take it very well and stares at Giles for a moment with his mouth agape, but then goes with his head hung low. Oz crouches back down to look for Buffy.

Oz: Buffy...

Cut to the hall. Xander comes out of the library, still looking down, when he hears Cordelia cry out and looks down the hall toward her voice.

Cordelia: What are you doing?! You guys are crazy!

He sees a group of girls apparently involved in a catfight.

Harmony: You thought you could do better, is that it?

Cordelia: No, I...

Cordette: We'll knock that snotty attitude right out of you!

The crowd of girls opens a bit, and Xander sees that it is indeed Cordelia that they are attacking. He starts running toward them, and when they see him coming several of them break off and come at him, screaming and shouting. In their lust they try to grab him as the others push Cordelia to the floor. He fights his way through them and over to Cordelia, where one girl has begun pulling at her hair.

Cordelia: Ow! Stop!

When he reaches her, he pushes the hairpulling girl aside, picks up Cordelia from the floor into his arms and shakes the girls off as he runs from the hall. They all chase after him.

Cut to the library. Jenny paces while Giles sits at the table and goes through some books. Amy, seated opposite him, wipes the blood from her nose.

Giles: You must have botched the ritual so that Cordelia's necklace actually protected her from the spell. Th, th, that one should be easily reversible. Ww, where did you learn animal transformation?

Amy: (looks up at Giles) Why did you send Xander away? Giles puts his hands to his eyes in despair He needs me.

Jenny: (chortles) That's a laugh.

Amy: (to Jenny) He loves me. We look into each other's souls.

Jenny: No one can love two people at once. What ****we**** have is real.

Giles: Instead of making me ill, why doesn't one of you try to help me?

Amy: (looks back into her pocket mirror) You have no idea what I'm going through.

Giles: (gets up to Amy, sternly) I know it's not love. It's obsession. Selfish, banal obsession. (Jenny starts out of the library) Now, Xander has put himself in very great danger. If you cared at all about him, you'd help me save him, rather than wittering on about your feelings. (Amy looks away from him. Jenny goes out the door.) Giles pokes his fingers into the book in front of Amy.

Giles: Now, let's get on with some work. (turns to Jenny) Now, Jenny... (sees she's gone) Great!

Cut to an exit from the halls to outside. Xander and Cordelia come running out.

Xander: I think we... (sees a crowd of girls waiting for them) lost 'em.

Willow is at the front of the crowd holding a large fire ax.

Willow: I should've known I'd find you with her.

Xander: Will... Come on, you don't wanna hurt me.

Willow: Oh, no? You don't know how hard this is for me. I love you so much! I'd rather see you dead than with that bitch.

She raises the ax and advances toward him. The others start toward him as well. Harmony and her friends come running out of the hall now, too, and confront the crowd. The girls all scream and yell as they fight. Harmony grabs Willow's ax and wrestles her for it.

Harmony: Get away from him! He's mine!

As the girls all fight Xander and Cordelia make their escape. When the girls realize they've gone they start to give chase. Cut to the school basement door standing ajar. Buffy scampers in and hops down each step. She makes her way over to the boiler room. Oz has managed to track her and comes down the steps behind her with a flashlight. When he reaches the bottom of the steps he scans around, looking for where she went.

Buffy goes into the boiler room, and Oz soon follows. A cat sees Buffy and meows meanly at her. Buffy squeaks and runs off. The cat chases after her. Cut to Buffy's street. Xander and Cordelia come running down it and slow to a walk.

Xander: Okay, now I really think we've lost them.

Cordelia: Damn it, Xander, what's going on? Who died and made ****you**** Elvis?

Xander: (sees the house) Buffy's house. Let's get inside. I'll explain later.

They run up to the door and Xander knocks fast and loud, looking back to see if the crowd of girls has found them yet. Cordelia joins in the knocking.

Cordelia: (frantic) Come on!

Joyce: (opens the door) Xander, Cordelia, what...

They push their way in past her.

Cordelia: Yeah, hi.

She slams the door shut behind her, and she and Xander look out the small windows in the door to make sure there's still no one following them. Cut inside the kitchen. Xander walks in with Joyce and Cordelia close behind.

Joyce: What happened? Why are you all scratched up? Where's Buffy?

Xander: She's, um... around.

Joyce: (gestures to a stool) Well, sit down and tell me about it.
(Xander sits) (to Cordelia) Why don't you run upstairs and grab some

bandages out of the bathroom?

Cordelia goes down the hall toward the stairs. Joyce looks at Xander again.

Joyce: Let me, uh, get you something to drink. You in the mood for cold or hot?

Xander: I, uh... (shrugs with his hands)

Joyce: (walks around behind him) I think it's (starts rubbing his shoulders) more of a ****hot**** night, don't you? (leans in and giggles)

Xander: (drops his head to the table) Whatever.

Joyce: (massages his shoulders) Ooo, you are so tense. (kisses his neck) Mm.

Cordelia: (comes back) What are you doing? Make me yak!

Joyce: (defensive) Cordelia, go back upstairs. This is between us.

Cordelia: Gross! I think not.

She grabs Joyce by the arm and pushes her back toward the door and opens it.

Joyce: What are you doing? Hey! Get your hands off me!

Cordelia pushes her out of the door, slams it shut and locks it.

Cordelia: And keep your mom-aged mitts off my boyfriend. Former! (to Xander) Why has everyone gone insane?

Xander: Insane? Is it so impossible for you to believe that other women find me attractive?

Cordelia: The only way you could get girls to want you would be witchcraft.

Xander: That is such a... (concedes) Well, yeah, okay, good point.

Joyce breaks one of the kitchen door windowpanes.

Cordelia: Oh, my God!

Joyce reaches in and feels around for the lock.

Joyce: Xander, honey, let Joycie in. Hon, let Joycie in!

Xander gets up, takes hold of Cordelia and leads her out of the kitchen at a run.

Xander: Upstairs! Buffy's room!

Joyce: (finds and works the lock) Sweetheart...

Cut to Buffy's room. They run in, and Cordelia slams the door shut. Xander goes to the window and checks outside.

Xander: Good. The mob still hasn't found us. We should be safer up here.

Just as he looks back from the window Drusilla grabs him from outside. Spike is downstairs, just outside the window. She pulls Xander out onto the roof.

Cordelia: (terrified) Xander!

The boiler room at school. The cat has apparently gone or been chased away. Buffy crawls around, trying to find the source of a scent. The camera pans behind some crates over to a trap baited with cheese.

Cut to the roof outside of Buffy's window. Cordelia comes up to the window and looks out at them.

Xander: Cordy, get outta here!

Drusilla: Don't fret, kitten. Mummy's here.

Spike: I don't know what you're up to, Dru, but it's not funny!

Drusilla: If you harm one hair on this boy's head... (strokes his hair)

Spike: You've gotta be kidding. Him?

Drusilla: Just because I finally found a ****real**** man... (turns Xander to face her)

Spike: It figures the great poof isn't even here to see you finally completely snap.

Drusilla: (runs her fingers over Xander's lips) Your face is a poem. (moans) I can read it.

Xander: (terrified) Really? It doesn't say 'spare me' by any chance?

Drusilla: Shhh. (kisses him) How do you feel about eternal life?

Xander: (trembles with fear) We couldn't just start with a coffee? A movie, maybe?

She grabs his hair and jerks his head to the side, exposing his neck. She moves in to bite him, but gets distracted by the screams of the mob of women running at them. Willow leads them with her ax. Jenny and the rest are right behind. Some of the others have weapons as well.

Girl: There he is! Get them!

Jenny: He's mine! Get off!

Drusilla lets go of Xander. Willow shoves her aside. Jenny jumps onto Xander and knocks him to the ground. All the girls are screaming. Several of them including Harmony begin to paw at him. Willow stands over him with her ax. Cordelia comes out of the house and rushes toward the mob. Xander gets pinned down, and Willow raises her ax to strike.

Willow: All you had to do was love me!

Cordelia: No!

She grabs the ax and shoves Willow over and onto the ground, then tries to free Xander.

Cordelia: Get out of the way! Move it! Get off him!

She pushes the one that has him pinned down off of him, grabs his hand and pulls him up.

Cordelia: Back off!

She pushes him ahead of her, and they start to run back to the house. They just manage to slam the door in the faces of their pursuers. Cut to outside the door to the kitchen. Drusilla hits it with both hands, and it goes crashing to the floor. Two girls rush in beside her.

Girl: I love you!

When Drusilla tries to follow an unseen force prevents from entering the house. Spike makes an attempt to calm her.

Spike: Sorry, Dru. (she turns to face him) I guess you're not invited.

Cut to Xander and Cordy inside the front door. Joyce comes up behind them holding a large knife.

Joyce: It's never gonna work for us, Xander. We have to end it.

The other two girls come up behind her. Cordelia yells out in fright as Xander pulls her away from the door. Cut inside the basement. Xander and Cordelia rush in. He pulls the door closed behind him and hooks it shut.

Cut to the boiler room. Oz continues scanning with his flashlight.

Oz: Here, Buffy.

Cut to the trap. The camera pans up from it over to a pile of rags. Buffy climbs over the pile and heads for the trap.

Cut to the science lab. Giles and Amy have a beaker of brew going over a Bunsen burner. Giles checks everything and is satisfied.

Giles: Right. (to Amy) Go on. You first.

Cut to the basement at Buffy's house. The door is being yanked at violently. Xander has hammered a couple of boards across the doorframe and looks back at Cordelia.

Xander: Gimme a nail!

She hands him a nail and he goes back to hammering.

Cordelia: If we die in here I'm gonna kick your ass! I mean it!

Xander: (looks back at her) None of this would've happened if you hadn't broken up with me. But no, you're so desperate to be popular! (hammers)

Cordelia: Me? I'm not the one who embraced the black arts just to get the girls to like me. Well, congratulations, it worked!

Xander: (looks at her) Would've worked fine, except your hide's so thick, not even magic can penetrate it! (hammers)

She is surprised by that, and reaches out to him. He turns to face her again.

Cordelia: You mean the spell was for me?

They look at each other for a moment, then a knife blade stabs through the door. Cordelia screams, and they both run down the steps. Once at the bottom they hear glass breaking and see a hand reach in through the basement window.

Girl reaching in: Oh, please let me touch you!

Cut to the boiler room. Buffy crawls onto the trap.

Cut to the science lab. Amy begins her chant.

Amy: Goddess of creatures great and small, I conjure thee to withdraw.

Cut to the boiler room. Oz continues looking for Buffy. Cut to the lab.

Amy: Hecate, I hereby license thee to depart.

Giles sprinkles a powder into the beaker and it sparks. Cut to the boiler room. A bright light begins to flash from behind the crate where Buffy is. Oz holds up his flashlight and squints against the light. In a few seconds it's over.

Oz: Buffy?

She raises her head and looks around from behind the crate. Cut to the basement at the Summers house. Cordelia screams as she and Xander run into the area where the washer and dryer are. Willow finally gets the door open.

Cordelia: Oh, my God!

Xander spots a large pipe wrench and grabs it to use as a

weapon.

Xander: Stay behind me.

Willow ducks under the boards Xander nailed across the doorframe and starts down the stairs. Joyce is right behind her with her knife. A crowd of girls follows them. Cordelia and Xander retreat into the corner by the water heater.

Cut to the lab at school. Giles takes a pinch of an herb from a jar.

Giles: Um... Diana, goddess of love, be gone.

He puts the herb into the brew and it sparks.

Giles: Hear no more thy siren's song.

Cut to Buffy's basement. Willow leads the way in. When they find Xander and Cordelia they all charge them, screaming and shouting. They knock Xander and Cordelia to the floor. The two of them have to fight off the girls' grabbing hands.

Cordelia: Get off!

Willow has dropped her ax and paws at them like the others. Xander struggles to keep from being torn apart. Cut to the lab. Giles waves Cordelia's pendant over the brew and drops it in. Suddenly a cloud of energy appears above them, and they have to hold on to the lab table to keep from being knocked down. The energy draws in from the windows and spirals down into the beaker. As quickly as it was there it's gone.

Cut to the basement. The gang of girls stops struggling. Cordelia pushes one of them away.

Cordelia: Get off me!

They all stand up and look around at each other.

Girl: What's going on? Where am I? What's going on?

Cut to the boiler room. Buffy stands up and Oz raises his flashlight and shines it on her. She looks down at herself. He immediately raises the light away from her and turns it off. She hugs her arms around herself to cover up.

Buffy: (smiles) Hi, Oz!

Oz: Hi.

Buffy: I seem to be having a slight case of nudity here.

Oz: But you're not a rat. So call it an upside.

Buffy: You think maybe you could get me some clothing?

Oz: Yes, I can. Just, uh... don't go anywhere. (leaves)

Buffy: (looks around) Really not an issue.

Cut to Joyce's basement. Everyone is still confused. Joyce looks around at all the people in her basement.

Joyce: What... What did we...

Cordelia: (thinking quick) Boy, that was the best scavenger hunt ever.

She and Xander smile at everyone lamely.

Cut to the halls at school the next day. Xander and Buffy come walking around the corner and continue toward the library.

Buffy: Scavenger hunt.

Xander: Your mom seemed to buy it.

Buffy: So she says. I think she's just so wigged at hitting on one of my friends that she's repressing. She's getting pretty good at that. I should probably start worrying.

Xander: Well, I'm back to being incredibly unpopular.

Buffy: It's better than everyone trying to ax-murder you, right?

Xander: Mostly, but, uh... Willow won't even talk to me.

Buffy: Any particular reason she should?

Xander: How much groveling are we talking here?

Buffy: Oh, a month, at least. (they stop and face each other) Xander, come on, I mean... this is worse for her than anyone. She loved you before you invoked the great Roofie spirit. The rest of us...

Xander: You remember, huh?

Buffy: Oh, yeah. I remember coming on to you, I remember begging you to undress me... And then a sudden need for cheese. I also remember that you didn't.

Xander: Need cheese?

Buffy: Undress me. It meant a lot to me what you said.

Xander: C'mon, Buffy, I couldn't take advantage of you like that. Okay, for a minute, it was touch and go there...

Buffy: You came through. There might just be hope for you yet.

Xander: Well, tell that to Cordelia.

Buffy: You're on your own there.

She goes off down the hall leaving Xander alone.

Cut to the colonnade. Cordelia, Harmony and friends come walking around under the balcony and head toward the foot of the stairs.

Harmony: Cody Weinberg called me at home last night.

Cordelia: Cody Weinberg? The one with the 350sl?

Harmony: The very one. Said he's thinking of asking me to the pledge dance on Thursday.

Cordelia: That's so huge!

Harmony: Yeah, there's just two other girls he's gonna ask first, and if they refuse, then I'll...

Xander bumps into Harmony as they round the corner to the stairs.

Harmony: Watch it!

Xander: Sorry.

Harmony: God! (looks him up and down) Y'know, I'm glad your mom stopped working at the drive-through long enough to dress you. (to Cordelia) Oh, that reminds me. (Xander starts away) Did you see Jennifer's backpack? It is ****so**** a crying...

Cordelia: (interrupts) Harmony, shut up. (Xander looks back) Do you know what you are, Harmony? You're a sheep.

Harmony: I'm not a sheep.

Cordelia: You're a sheep. All you ever do is what everyone else does just so you can say you did it first. And here I am, scrambling for your approval, when I'm ****way**** cooler than you are 'cause I'm ****not**** a sheep. I do what I wanna do, and I wear what I wanna wear. And you know what? (Xander smiles) I'll date whoever the hell I wanna date. No matter how lame he is.

Xander's smiles fades at that. Cordelia leaves the group and goes over to him. He smiles again. When she reaches him she takes his arm and they start walking together along the colonnade.

Cordelia: (breathing hard with anxiety) Oh, God! Oh, God!

Xander: (pats her hand) You're gonna be okay. Just keep walkin'.

Cordelia: Oh, God, what have I done? They're never gonna speak to me again!

Xander: Oh, sure, they are. If it helps, whenever we're around them you and I can fight a lot.

Cordelia: You promise?

Xander: (takes her hand in his) You can pretty much count on it.

They both smile as they continue walking.

4. Default Chapter Title

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Authors Notes: Well, things have gotten beyond complicated. I'd like to thank the 100 of you who are my steady readers, and of course Alexander Thompson whom without this story would be impossible. Last time, Angel returned. Some things happened of screen that night, and will be posted in a side story called Sleep some day.

Go Fish This episode was originally broadcast on May 5, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

Sunnydale State Beach at night. There is a large party going on with about fifty students in attendance. "Mann's Chinese", by Naked, plays in the background. The camera pans from a few parked cars through the crowd of students laughing and celebrating and stops at a fire, where Xander, Cordelia and Willow are warming themselves.

Xander: All I'm saying is, it's a stupid idea to have a victory party at the beach. It's officially nippy. (looks down at himself) So say my nips.

Willow: I think it's festive. A party with nature.

Cordelia: Well, it's the team's choice. It was their victory.

Xander: Team? Swim team. (chuckles) Hardly what I'd call a team. The Yankees. Abbott and Costello. The 'A'. Now, those were teams.

Cordelia: Jealous?

Xander: No. Y-yes, but 'no' more than 'yes'.

A member of the swim team staggers by with a girl under each arm.

Xander: I mean, look at that. (indicates them) Dodd McAlvy. Last month he's the freak with Jicama breath who waxes his back. He wins a few meets and suddenly inherits the cool gene?

Cordelia: Well, all I know is, my cheerleading squad wasted a lot of pep on losers. It's about time our school excelled at something.

Willow: Hmm. You're forgetting our high mortality rate.

Cordelia smiles at that.

Xander: (pumps his fist) We're number one! (looks around) Huh?

He gets a few positive responses from nearby students. The camera

pans from them over to Buffy sitting by herself behind a pile of sand and staring out over the ocean with a tuned-out look on her face. After a moment another member of the swim team approaches her from behind.

Cameron: Beautiful. (stands behind her) Isn't it?

Buffy: (still staring at the ocean) Yeah. It's just so...

Cameron: Eternal. A true mother, giving birth to new life and devouring old. (sits behind her) Always adaptable and nurturing... yet...constant... and merciless.

Buffy: (looks at him) Boy. I was just gonna go with big and wet.

Cameron: (laughs) Me and some of the other guys on the team, we come out here once a week to train in it. See, we swim against the current.

Buffy: Funny. That's how I feel most of the time. (turns to him) So, Cameron Walker, you just won the state semifinals. What are you going to do next?

Cameron: I'm going to hang out with Buffy Summers. Get to know her.

Buffy: (looks down for an instant) Hey, pause that tape for a second.

Cameron: Hey. No pressure. I just like being around you. That's all.

They both look out over the ocean for a moment. Then behind them a lot of shouting and laughing starts.

Jonathon: Somebody help me!

Buffy and Cameron both turn to look. Cut into the drink tub looking up through the ice floating on the surface. Jonathon's face gets pushed into the water and shaken around. Cut to Dodd harassing him. He pulls Jonathon's head back out of the tub and holds him back by the hair.

Dodd: Come on, Jonny, you gotta hold your breath longer than that if you ever wanna make the team! Hey, somebody time him!

He shoves Jonathon's head back into the tub. Suddenly a hand appears on his shoulder and pulls him up, raising his short sleeve in the process. He has a tattoo of a mean-faced shark smoking a cigar on his upper arm.

Dodd: Hey!

Buffy: Nice tat. What, they ran out of Tweety bird?

She shoves him down to the ground. Jonathon coughs at the side of the tub.

Dodd: Hey, what's your problem?

Cameron: (chuckles) You had it coming to you, bro.

Dodd gets up and starts to confront Buffy, but Gage gets between them.

Gage: Chill, dude. A bunch of us are gonna take a little night dip down on the beach. You in?

Dodd: Whatever.

They start to go. Buffy turns her attention to Jonathon.

Buffy: Hey, let's, let's get you a towel.

Jonathon: (waves her off) No. Why don't you mind your own business? I can handle this without your help. (leaves)

Buffy: (sighs) See? It's fun to hang out with me.

Cut to Dodd and Gage walking further down the beach.

Dodd: I can't believe Buffy. Man, that girl gives me the creeps.

He lags behind a bit and then stops, staring out over the ocean as Gage continues to walk. He looks back and forth with his eyes between the ocean and Gage walking ahead of him. After a long pause he continues to walk as well.

Cut to Gage. He smells something and stops in his tracks. He takes another sniff of the rank-smelling air.

Gage: Oh! Dude! What is that foulness?

He looks behind him and sees that Dodd has disappeared.

Gage: Hey, Dodd! (looks around the other way) Dude! (gives up) Huh.

He goes on to the group of people gathered under the pier. The camera stops following him and pans up the beach. A muffled scream can be heard followed by some tearing sounds and painful moaning. Finally a deep growl is heard as the camera reaches Dodd, or at least what's left of him. It's just a pile of ripped-up clothes and torn and bloody skin steaming in the cold night air. The camera stops on his shark tattoo for a moment, then pans up to a large storm drain coming out of the hillside. A hunched-over creature walks into it.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

Computer science class at Sunnydale High School. The camera focuses on a pie chart appearing on a student's screen. Jenny walks up the aisle, and the camera follows her through the classroom as she looks around at the students' work.

Jenny: Okay! Good pie charts, everyone. (looks at another) Good. (looks at another) All good.

Girl: Thanks.

Jenny: (continues on) Nice. (walks around another) Good. (looks at Gage's PC) Gage. Your pie chart is looking a lot like solitaire... (looks closer) with naked ladies on the cards.

Gage: (looks up at her) What's your point?

The bell rings, and Gage gets up to go.

Jenny: No point.

Principal Snyder walks into the room past the leaving students. He spots Gage and stops.

Snyder: Nice work in yesterday's meet, son. Now, let's go for it. (pumps his fist)

Gage gives him an acknowledging nod and continues out of the classroom. Snyder turns his attention to Jenny.

Jenny: Hello, sir.

Snyder: Calendar. How's the class? Everything in order?

Jenny: (worried) Well, actually...

Snyder: Isn't that nice. You're a team player, and I like that. A team player wants everyone on the team to succeed. Wants everyone to pass.

Jenny: Of course I do. (goes to her desk)

Snyder: (follows her) I understand there's a problem with Gage Petronzi.

He stops at one of the PC's and looks at it with his back to Jenny.

Jenny: Oh, good, then you know. Well, yeah. Besides the behavior problem, he won't do homework, and his test scores are...

Snyder looks up exasperated, not wanting to hear this.

Jenny: Well, actually, he doesn't have any test scores because he never shows up when we have...

Snyder: (turns to her and interrupts) I'm not interested in any of that. I'm interested in why, when this school is on the brink of winning its first state championship in fifteen years, you slap a crucial member of that team with a failing mark that would force his removal. Is that how you show your school spirit?

Jenny: Yes. I'm trying to grade fairly.

Snyder: Gage is a champion. He's under more pressure than the other students. And I think we need to cut him some slack.

He starts to leave the classroom. Jenny considers his words for a moment.

Jenny: You're asking me to change his grade? (faces him)

Snyder: (stops and turns back) I never said any such thing. (steps over to her) All I'm suggesting is... that you recheck your figures, and I think we'll find a grade more fitting to an athlete of Gage's stature. Perhaps something in a 'D'.

He turns and leaves. Jenny is unsure of how to deal with what he just told her.

Cut to the halls. Xander, Cordelia and Willow come down the stairs and walk down the hall.

Xander: Just like that? He actually told Miss Calendar to alter his grade?

Willow: Exactly. Except for actually telling her to. But he made it perfectly clear of what he wasn't telling her. I mean, I was in the hall, I heard him.

Xander: That is wrong, a big, fat, spanking wrong. It's a slap in the face to every one of us who studied hard and worked long hours to *earn* our D's.

Cordelia: Xander, I know you take pride in being the voice of the common wuss, but the truth is, certain people are entitled to special privileges. They're called winners. That's the way the world works.

Xander: And what about that nutty 'all men are created equal' thing?

Cordelia: Propaganda spouted out by the ugly and less deserving.

Xander: I think that was Lincoln.

Cordelia: (exhales) Disgusting mole and stupid hat.

Willow: Actually, it was Jefferson.

Cordelia: Kept slaves. Remember?

Xander: You know what really grates my cheese? That Buffy's not here to share my moral outrage about swim team perks.

Cut to Cameron's Mustang pulling up to the school. Buffy is in the passenger's seat.

Xander: She's too busy being one of them.

Cameron: I don't know, a dolphin. A dolphin in the ocean. Because, you know, when I'm in the vastness of the ocean, it's... (they pull to a stop) it's like I'm never alone.

He turns off the engine and leans against his door to face Buffy. She leans her elbow against her door with her head propped up on her hand.

Cameron: You ever hear of a woman named Gertrude Ederle?

Buffy: No. No, I can't say that I have, Cam.

Cameron: First woman to swim the English Channel. (Buffy nods slowly, bored) Same thing. I mean, she would talk to it. I mean, she'd carry on entire conversations with it. Sometimes I do that. I mean, once I was out in...

Buffy: (sits up) You know what, Cam? Thanks. I'd forgotten how nice it is to just talk, or, in my case, listen, without any romantic pressure.

Cameron: Hey... I'm not about pressure. I just want you to be comfortable.

Buffy: (smiles) I'm comfy! I'm so comfy, I'm nodding off actually, which is why...

Cameron: (interrupts) Are you wearing a bra? (looks at her suggestively)

Buffy: (in disbelief) What?

Cameron: (grins) Come on. I mean, tell me you haven't been thinking about this ever since last night.

Buffy: What I'm thinking about is that I should probably get out of this car...

She reaches for the door lever, but Cameron quickly hits the master lock button, locking her in.

Cameron: Relax. I'm not gonna hurt you.

Buffy: Oh, it's not me I'm worried about.

Cameron: (snickers) You like it rough!

He reaches over to put his arm around her, and she grabs it and pulls him down toward her.

Cameron: Ow!

With her other hand she grabs the back of his neck and jerks him up.

Cameron: Oh!

She smashes his head into the steering wheel. The horn honks.

Cameron: Oh!

He sits up and holds his nose in pain.

Cameron: Ah!

Buffy: You think that's bad, you wait and see what my boyfriend is gonna do to you.

Buffy notices Principal Snyder outside of the car. He walks up to the

front and looks in through the windshield at her.

Cameron: Oh, you broke my nose!

Buffy cringes at the sight of Principal Snyder.

Cameron: Ah!

Snyder raises his hand and motions with his finger for her to come with him. Cameron groans in pain.

Cut to Nurse Greenleigh's office. She slams a cold pack onto a table to start the chemical reaction and kneads it a little before holding it up to Cameron's nose and gently laying it on.

Cameron: Ow!

He takes hold of it, and the nurse leaves him alone. The camera pans over to Buffy.

Buffy: I wasn't the attacker, Principal Snyder. I was the attacked.

Snyder: That's not how it looked from where I was standing.

Cameron: I don't know what happened. I mean, first she leads me on, then she goes schizo on me.

Buffy: (steps over to him) Lead you on? When did I lead you on?

Cameron: Oh, come on. (to Snyder) I mean, look at the way she dresses.

She looks down at herself. The door opens, and the swim team coach, Carl Marin, comes in. Buffy steps back and leans against a table.

Snyder: Coach.

Coach Marin: How we doing, Cameron? (goes to him)

Snyder: (follows) Coach Marin, how bad does it look?

Coach Marin: Well, luckily, it's not broken, but sure as hell it's gonna sting for a few days.

Snyder: (leads the coach away from Cam) I mean our chances of winning the state championship.

Coach Marin: Oh.

Snyder: Can we still do it?

Coach Marin: I'm gonna need Cameron back at a hundred and ten percent. Uh, he's my best swimmer, now with Dodd, uh...

Buffy: What happened to Dodd?

Snyder: That's none of your concern. You'd better hope that boy's nose heals before the meet this Friday.

Coach Marin: (goes to Cam) Walker, I want you to hit the steam room as soon as you're done here and try to keep those sinuses clear. (to the nurse) Take care of my boy, Ruthie.

Nurse Greenleigh: I always do.

Coach Marin: (steps over to Buffy) And you... try to dress more appropriately from now on. This isn't a dance club.

He leaves the office. Snyder gives Buffy a look and follows the coach out. Cameron looks over at her and grins.

Cut to the library. Buffy stands between the cage and the table and talks toward the table behind the camera.

Buffy: So I'm treated like the baddie just because he has a sprained wrist and a bloody nose. (considers) And I don't have a scratch on me, which, granted, hurts my case a little on the surface, but meanwhile he gets away with it because he's on the 'aren't we the most' swim team...

The camera cuts to show Xander, Giles and Willow studying a number of books at the table. They all look up at her.

Buffy: ...who, by the way, if no one's noticed, have been acting like real jerks lately...

She notices their expressions of impatience and tries to find some sympathy there. They have none to give.

Buffy: So, (giggles nervously) anything new with you guys? (sits)

Giles: Thank you for taking an interest. Apparently, some remains were found on the beach this morning. Some human remains.

Willow: Dodd McAlvy's remains.

Buffy: Vampire?

Giles: No. No, he was eviscerated. Nothing left but skin and cartilage.

Xander: In other words, this was no boating accident.

Buffy: So something ripped him open and ate out his insides?

Willow: Like an Oreo Cookie. (Xander shoots her a look) Well, except for, you know, without the chocolatey *cookie* goodness.

Giles: Yes. Um, Principal Snyder has, has asked the faculty to keep the news quiet for now, um, so as not to unduly upset the students.

Xander: For 'students': read 'swim team'.

Willow: So, we're looking for a beastie.

Giles: That, uh, eats humans whole... except for the skin. (looks into his book)

Buffy: This doesn't make any sense.

Xander: Yeah. The skin's the best part.

Buffy: Any demons with high cholesterol?

Giles slowly turns to her and gives her a look.

Buffy: (points at Giles) You're gonna think about that later, mister, and you're gonna laugh.

Cut to the steam room in the boy's locker room. Cameron sits in it alone. Cut to another view of the locker room. The camera pans around it. The place is deserted. Cut to the steam room. Cameron feels his nose and groans. Cut to the locker room. The camera slowly moves through it and looks around. Cut to the steam room. Cameron hears a noise and looks up and around. Cut to the locker room. The camera has reached the steam room. On the adjacent lockers a shadow can be seen approaching the door. Cut inside the steam room. Cameron ignores the noise and goes back to relaxing. Suddenly the door to the room opens, and he looks up startled and sees the coach come in.

Coach Marin: Okay, son, I think you've had enough. Time to hit the shower. (walks off)

Cut to the student lounge. Xander walks down the hall counting out change in his hand.

Xander: Too much research. Need beverage.

He walks through the doors to the lounge area and is practically run over by Cameron coming down the other hall at a fast pace, knocking Xander's change onto the floor.

Cameron: Hey! Watch it.

Xander: Oh, forgive me, your Swim Teamliness.

He makes a bowing gesture as he bends down to pick up his change. Cameron turns to go.

Cameron: Loser.

Xander: Likin' the nose, Cam. Good look for you. (stands back up)

Cameron: Meaning what? (faces Xander)

Xander: (steps over to Cam) Meaning Buffy must not be on your list of privileges after all. (chuckles while Cam crosses his arms) Man, I love it when you guys mess with her.

Cameron: (shakes his head) You're lucky I'm hungry.

Xander: (in mock sympathy) Oh, the cafeteria's closed.

Cameron: Not to me. (leaves)

Xander guffaws as he watches him go.

Cut to the cafeteria. The camera pans past the empty steam table. Cameron walks in the door and starts toward the kitchen. Halfway through the dining area he stops and sniffs the air.

Cameron: God, what is that?

Cut to the hall. Xander stands in front of the vending machine and contemplates his choice of beverage, pointing at the buttons on the front panel.

Xander: Grape, orange. Orange, grape.

Suddenly he hears screaming and loud crashing noises coming from the cafeteria and turns to look, then starts to run.

Cut to the cafeteria. Xander comes rushing in. He slowly walks through while looking around. The place is a shambles, with tables and chairs knocked over everywhere. He sniffs the air and looks down as he passes a table. There he sees Cameron's remains, just a pile of torn clothes and steaming skin.

Xander: Oh, my God.

He puts his hand over his mouth in shock and fights back his urge to vomit. He straightens back up and turns to go. Standing there blocking his way is a dark green humanoid sea monster with catfish whiskers, sharp teeth and three scaly ridges across the top of its head, roaring loudly. Xander screams and backs away.

The library. Xander is standing behind Cordelia sitting at the table and watches her sketch the monster he saw.

Xander: No, no, no! The mouth's a lot bigger! And downward. Like this.

She looks at him make a face with the corners of his mouth turned down, and she sighs.

Xander: With more teeth!

She's had enough. She puts the sketchpad down, gets up and goes over to Giles at the counter.

Cordelia: I'm doing the best I can.

Giles takes off his glasses and looks up from his book over at Xander.

Giles: Is that what you saw, Xander?

Xander: (picks up and looks at the sketch) Y... yeah! (considers) I think so. (considers some more) Pretty much.

Giles: Aaaaare you sure?

Cordelia faces Xander and crosses her arms.

Xander: Well, it was dark! And the thing went through the window so quick, and I was a... little shocked when I saw it, and...

Cordelia: Go ahead. Say it. You ran like a woman. (grins)

Xander: Hey, if you saw this thing, you'd run like a woman, too.

Willow and Buffy come into the library and head for the counter.

Willow: Buffy was right. According to the statistics, Dodd and Cameron were the best swimmers on the team. (hands Giles the figures)

Buffy: First and second, actually. Which means if my theory's correct, Gage Petronzi, the third-best swimmer on the team, would be the next item on the menu.

Cordelia: God, this is so sad. We're never gonna win the state championship. I think I've lost all will to cheerlead.

Xander: (goes to the counter) Raise your hand if you feel her pain.

Cordelia gives him a disgusted look.

Giles: If you're saying these killings aren't random, it would suggest someone's out for revenge.

Buffy: And raise the possibility that someone brought forth this sea monster from whence it came to exact that revenge. (reconsiders her words) 'From whence it came'? (Willow smiles) (to Giles) I'm spending *way* too much time around you.

Xander: Who would hate the swim team that much, though? (gets looks from Buffy and Cordelia) Besides me, I mean.

Willow: (raises her hand) Ooo!

Buffy: Willow?

Willow: Jonathon! He was bullied by Dodd the other day on the beach, remember?

Buffy: He did say he could take care of things himself. It's a good call. You should question him.

Willow: (smiles) Really? Me? (menacingly) I'll crack him like an egg.

Giles: Meanwhile, I think, uh, swimmer number three might benefit from your... watchful eye and protection. Discreetly, of course.

Buffy: I'm on it. (leaves)

Xander: What about me? What can I do?

Cordelia: Well, you could go out to the parking lot and practice running like a man.

Xander hugs his arms around himself to protect against the sting of her words.

Cut to the student lounge. Gage is sitting and playing with his GameBoy on one of the couches with his feet up on the table. The camera pulls back until Buffy is also in view, sitting in a chair and watching him while pretending to read a magazine. Gage can feel her eyes on him and shoots her a glance. Buffy quickly jerks her head back to stare into her magazine. Gage shakes the feeling off and goes back to his GameBoy. Buffy slowly turns her head to watch him again.

Cut to Willow's classroom. Jonathon is sitting in a chair at the front of the room. Willow aims a reading lamp at him. The camera pans from it up to her face, determined to get what she wants out of him.

Willow: So, Jonathon. (crosses her arms) You tried out for the swim team twice and never made it?

Jonathon: (fidgets) I'm asthmatic. I couldn't keep up.

Willow: You resented it, didn't you?

Jonathon: Maybe.

Willow: (approaches him) You hated being pushed around by Dodd and the others.

Jonathon: So?

Willow: (walks around to his other side) So, you wanted revenge. Didn't you? (leans in suddenly) (sternly) Didn't you?!

Jonathon: (nervously) Yeah! Okay? I did!

Willow: (smiles and straightens back up) So... You delved into the black arts and conjured up a hellbeast from the ocean's depths to wreak your vengeance.

Jonathon: Huh?

Willow: Didn't you?

Jonathon: (confused) What? No! I snuck in yesterday and... peed in the pool.

Willow: (disappointed) Oh. (disgusted) Eww!

He looks down in shame.

Cut to the halls. Principal Snyder and Coach Marin walk in from outside and walk into the student lounge.

Coach Marin: This is such a blow. Sooner or later, the rest of my

boys are gonna find out. How can I ask them to swim?

Snyder: (quietly) It's a terrible, terrible tragedy. We all feel your pain, coach. I don't know two finer boys than Cameron and... that other one. (they stop) But I know they'd want their friends to go on and win that state championship. It's time to think about the team.

Coach Marin: Well, I don't have a complete team as it is. If we don't find someone by this afternoon's tryouts, we won't be eligible to compete.

Snyder: You'll find someone. (they continue) All he has to do is wear a bathing suit, right?

The camera follows them for a moment and then stops on Xander. He overheard, and he looks back and watches them go.

Cut to the Bronze. There's a DJ tonight and no cover charge. People come and go. Cut inside. The DJ is playing "If You'd Listen", by Nero's Rome. Buffy is at the bar sucking on a drink and watching Gage at a pool table practicing shots by himself.

/If you'd listen, we wouldn't have to go through this/

Gage takes a shot and makes it. He walks around the table for his next one.

/If you'd just let me finish/ /Stop cuttin' and jumpin' ahead/

Gage bends down and makes his next shot.

/Yeah, if you'd just shut your pretty mouth/ /You'd save yourself some tears/

Buffy is bored at the bar, and gets up. She looks around nonchalantly and walks closer to the table, then gets behind a pillar and peeks out from behind it at Gage. Her change of position is not lost on Gage, and he stiffens up, frustrated at being watched so closely. He shoots her a look, and she quickly looks away. Gage has had enough. He puts down his pool cue and walks around behind the pillar.

/You came back from the bathroom/

Buffy peeks back at the pool table and sees he's gone. She steps around to the other side of the pillar to look around and practically runs into Gage.

/With somethin' on your shoe/

She steps back over to the pool table side of the pillar, and Gage follows her around the other way and leans against it.

/Yeah, draggin' it behind you/

Gage: This me-and-my-shadow act? It's getting old. What do you want from me?

Lyrics: Lookin' kinda foolish

Buffy: Well, um... (exhales nervously) It's a little embarrassing. You see, I'm a swim groupie.

Gage: (unconvinced) Aha.

Buffy: Oh, yeah. (smiles and exhales) You know, there's just something about the smell of chlorine on a guy. Oh, baby.

Gage: (disbelieving) Hmm. (turns to go)

Buffy: (runs around him) Uh, okay, okay, okay. (stops him) Obviously, my sex appeal is on the fritz today, so I'll just give it to you straight. There's something lurking out there, and it's making fillets of the populace, and I think you might be next.

Gage: Uh-huh. And you think that because?

Buffy: Well, it's already attacked. It's already killed some people.

Gage: You're one twisted sister, you know that? Cam told me about your games. Go find someone else to harass.

He bumps her as he walks past her and out of the Bronze. Buffy sighs and looks down in defeat.

Cut outside the Bronze. Gage comes striding out.

Gage: What a psycho bitch, man.

Spike comes out from behind a pile of crates.

Spike: Gotta be talking about Buffy.

Gage: (stops and faces him) How'd you know?

Spike: She's dating my older brother. Biggest mistake of his life. She's got him pretty much castrated.

Gage: Yeah. My condolences, dude. (turns and goes)

Spike: (follows) She's a real head-tripper.

Gage: Tell me about it. Girl acts like she's God's gift or something.

Spike: Who is she? The Chosen One?

Gage: Exactly.

Spike: You know, what she really needs is for someone to really knock her down off her notches.

Gage: Yeah, that'd be sweet. Anyone in mind?

Spike: You're in luck, my friend.

Gage turns to look at Spike and sees that he has disappeared.

Spike: Just so happens...

Gage turns back quickly and sees Spike standing there in front of him in his game face.

Spike: ...I'm recruiting.

Gage looks horrified as Spike grabs him and bites his neck.

Gage: No!

Buffy strolls out of the Bronze and hears Gage's screams.

Gage: Ah! Somebody! Help! Ah! Help! Ah! Ah! Get him off me! Help! Ah!

She rushes to his aid. Cut to Spike. He drops Gage and begins to spit out his blood. He wipes his mouth and spits some more. Buffy comes running around the corner, and just as he looks up she does a roundhouse kick to his face. He isn't fazed, and just looks at her. She pulls out the stick holding her hair up and holds it ready to stake him as her hair falls down around her face.

Spike: Why, Miss Summers! You're beautiful!

He quickly bends down, picks Gage up and throws him at her, knocking her to the pavement. He spits a few more times and leaves smiling.

Buffy scrambles to her feet and watches him go. Gage gets up also and rubs his neck.

Gage: Oh. Was that the thing that killed Cameron?

Buffy: No. That was something else.

Gage: (confused) S-something else?

Buffy: Yeah. Unfortunately, we have a lot of something else's in this town. Good night. (goes)

Gage looks back and forth between Buffy and the direction Spike went.

Gage: Hey!

Buffy stops and looks back at him. He goes over to her.

Gage: (laughs nervously) Walk me home?

She motions for him to follow, and they leave. The camera pans to Angel standing in the shadows, checking the blood spot where Gage was attacked. His face wrinkles as if he's disgusted.

Cut to the pool at Sunnydale High School. Six members of the swim team are on the blocks ready to start a heat.

Coach Marin: Swimmers! Take position!

They all bend down to dive in. The coach blows his whistle, and

they're off. He walks along the edge of the pool past the stands as they swim. Willow, Buffy and Cordelia are watching from the stands. In the middle of the pool Gage stops, stands up and lifts off his goggles.

Coach Marin: Keep the stroking up. Alright. Keep it going, keep it going all the way to the end. All the way to the end. Breathe deep.

Gage sees Buffy in the stands and waves to her. The coach blows his whistle. Buffy waves back to Gage discreetly, but Willow notices and gives her a smile. Buffy looks back at her with a smile.

Coach Marin: Gage! You with us or not? (Gage swims off) C'mon, let's go!

Cordelia: (to Buffy) So he spit it out? I thought Spike liked blood.

Buffy: He used to.

Willow: Maybe his eyes were too big for his stomach.

Buffy: Or maybe there was something in Gage's blood that Spike didn't like. Say, for example, steroids.

Willow: That would explain all their behavioral changes.

Cordelia: And their winning streak.

Willow: So maybe whatever's in their blood is what's attracting this creature to them.

Buffy: Any luck researching our fish monster?

Cordelia: Zippo. We couldn't find any sea demon that matched the description that Xander gave us. Not that Chicken Little's much of a witness, but...

Her eye is caught by a swimmer coming out of the locker room.

Cordelia: Oh.

The camera cuts to a shot of the swimmer's knees and pans up along his athletic legs, past his crimson Speedo's and tight abs and up to his hairless chest.

Cordelia: Oh! Oh, my! Now, that, girls, is my kind of...

The camera reaches the swimmer's face.

Willow: Xander? (stares in wide-eyed shock)

Cordelia: (shocked) Xander?!

When he hears their voices he scrambles over to a pile of kickboards, grabs the one off the top and hides himself behind it. The girls all get up and come down from the stands. Xander scrambles over to them.

Cordelia: What the hell are you doing here?

Xander: Shh! I'm undercover.

Buffy: Not under much. (grins)

Cordelia: Get out of here before someone sees you impersonating a member of the swim team!

Xander: I don't do impersonations. I tried out for the team last night. I made it.

Cordelia: (intrigued) Really?

Xander: Yeah. I figured I can keep an eye on Gage and the others when Buffy can't.

Willow: (eyes wide) When you're nude? (gets a nudge from Buffy) I-I meant to say 'changing'.

Coach Marin: Harris! You can flirt on your own time!

Xander: Okey-dokey, coachie.

He backs away and goes to join the rest of the team, covering his butt with his free hand. He lamely tosses the kickboard back onto the pile, but it just falls off. He reaches the others and listens in on what the assistant swim coach is saying.

Cordelia: (smiles proudly) I'm dating a swimmer from the Sunnydale swim team!

Buffy: You can die happy.

She and Willow watch as Xander gets up on a starting block and puts on his swim cap.

Buffy: (to Willow) What about Jonathon? Is he involved?

Willow: Oh, no. He just... sort of... peed in the pool.

Buffy: Oh.

The girls look back at Xander to watch as he dives in. His dive is a bit sloppy, but not at all bad. The girls all look on in wide-eyed shock as they realize what he just dove into.

Buffy: (cringes) Oh!

Cut to the steam room after practice. The camera looks in through the window from the locker room. Xander joins the others and finds an available spot.

Xander: Don't you guys get claustrophobic in here? (sits) I mean, what's the deal? You perspire a lot. You can't breathe. O-or read. I mean, I guess you could, but the pages would probably get all wet.

The camera pans down from the window to a grate in the floor of the

locker room. Several green, clawed fingers poke through and lift up the grating.

Cut to the halls outside of the locker room. Buffy waits for Xander and Gage to come out. She leans against the wall and exhales. A moment later Xander comes out with a towel over his head, rubbing his hair dry.

Xander: You gotta love this undercover deal. Twenty minutes in a hot room with a bunch of sweaty guys...

Buffy: Where's Gage?

Xander: I don't know. He was right behind me, putting his sneakers on. But it's not the Velcro kind, so give him a couple of extra minutes. (taps her on the shoulder) Tag. You're it. (leaves)

Buffy sighs and resigns herself to waiting.

Cut to the locker room. Gage is tying his shoes on a changing bench. He sniffs, smelling something foul. He sniffs at his own armpits to see if it isn't himself he smells. It's not, and he gets up to investigate. He walks through the locker room looking around, passing the steam room and the whirlpool bath. The smell gets stronger as he goes down a row of lockers. He sniffs deeply outside of one and opens it.

Cut to the hall. Buffy is still waiting for Gage to come out. Suddenly she hears him scream.

Gage: OH, MY GOD!

She wastes no time running into the locker room.

Cut to the locker room. One of the monsters stands before Gage. It roars as he screams.

Gage: Help me! Help me! Ah! Help me!

Buffy comes rushing in and pushes the terrified Gage away from the monster. The creature roars, and Buffy confronts it with a look of disgust, but it just stands there and doesn't move to attack her. Behind her Gage has collapsed to the floor and continues to scream, not in fear anymore but instead in agony, and writhes on the floor in pain. Buffy looks back at Gage, concerned.

Buffy: Gage?

He reaches out to her for help, but can't get up and continues to convulse. Buffy takes a step closer, but then stops and stares at him in shock. He has managed to get to his knees and pulls open his shirt. Then he grabs at his chest and begins to tear open his skin. Beneath is the chest of another monster. Gage holds up his hand and watches as the skin tears along the back and a green, clawed hand emerges. Buffy takes a quick look behind her at the other monster, but it's not advancing, so she turns back to Gage and continues to watch, dumbfounded.

The monster that was Gage now stands up, and what's left of Gage's clothes and skin fall away from him. Buffy stares up at it in horror

and starts to back off. It roars, advances on her and takes a swipe at her with its sharp claws. The first monster advances on her from behind now, and she finds herself trapped between them.

Buffy is trapped between the two sea creatures. She does a roundhouse kick to the one behind her and uses her angular momentum to follow up with a high kick to the other one, knocking it to the floor. She grabs a trashcan and throws it at the first one, but it just deflects the can. Buffy grabs a mop leaning against the wall and thrusts it at the second monster as it gets up, spins around with it to hit the first one in the face, knocking it down, and then jabs the other one again in the side.

It is momentarily stunned, and Buffy follows up with another swing of the mop to its back and a kick to its chest, making it fall to the floor. The first creature is back up, grabs Buffy from behind, turns her around and sinks its sharp teeth deeply into her arm. She screams out in pain. The monster shoves her away into a bank of lockers, and she falls to the floor. Coach Marin suddenly appears and quickly helps her to her feet. The two monsters give up the fight and launch themselves across the floor and slide one after the other into the still-open grate.

Cut to the school nurse's office. She finishes bandaging Buffy's arm. Giles and the coach are standing behind her by the window.

Nurse Greenleigh: I don't think that this is going to need stitches, but you might wanna have your family physician take a look at it.
(walks off)

Giles: (approaches Buffy) How are you?

Buffy: I'm definitely feeling the burn.

Giles: (to Coach Marin) Well, the, uh, good news is that it would appear that none of your team actually died.

Buffy: But the bad news is... they're monsters.

Coach Marin: How could this happen?

Giles: Are you saying you don't know?

Coach Marin: Well, you work so hard, you start to win suddenly. You think it's just you. You're inspiring the boys to greatness. But in the back of your mind, you start to wonder.

Giles: You never asked any of the boys if they were taking anything?

Coach Marin: Maybe I was afraid to.

Buffy and Giles exchange a look.

Cut to Willow's classroom. She, Buffy and Xander are at the computer surfing through the school medical files.

Buffy: There.

Willow: Dodd McAlvy: torn tendon. Gage Petronzi: fractured wrist,

depression, headaches.

Buffy: It's all there in the school medical records.

Willow: All symptomatic of steroid abuse.

Xander: But is steroid abuse usually linked with, 'hey, I'm a fish'?

Willow: There must be something else in the mix. But the point is, these boys were obviously drugged.

Buffy: And Nurse Greenleigh treated every one of them. She must have known.

Willow: If steroids are that dangerous, why would they do that to themselves?

Buffy: They needed to win. And winning equals trophies, which equals prestige for the school. You see how they're treated. It's been like that forever.

Xander: Sure. The discus throwers got the best seats at all the crucifixions.

Buffy: Meanwhile, I'm breaking my nails every day battling the forces of evil, and my French teacher can't even remember my name.

Xander: So what's the drill? Get Nurse Greenleigh?

Willow: (stands up) (sternly) Let's throw the book at her!

Buffy: She probably went home for the day. I think it can wait.
Xander, why don't you see if you can find out what these boys are taking, or at least how they're taking it? Powders, pills, syringe?

Xander: I'm Lookin'-Around Guy.

Willow: What about you?

Buffy: Giles loaded up the tranquilizer gun. We're going fishing.

Cut to the sewers. It's dark and very wet. Buffy comes around a corner with a flashlight, scanning as she goes. Behind her Giles follows with his dart gun held ready. They hear a noise ahead of them, and Giles raises the gun to take aim. Buffy shines the flashlight, and they see it was only a rat. She puts her hand on his arm to stop him, and he lowers the rifle. They continue on and come to an intersection in the tunnels.

Buffy shines her light down one of them, and gestures to Giles that they should go that way. She takes another quick look in the other directions and begins down the adjacent tunnel. Giles looks around again also, and then follows Buffy. They both walk down past the camera, then it focuses on the tunnel opposite the direction they came, and one of the creatures pokes its head around the corner to watch them as they go around a corner further down the tunnel. Buffy runs straight into Angel.

Buffy: Will you cut the stealth already? Do you want me to stake you or something?

Angel: (shrugs) Its a hard habit to break. Listen, that kid Spike attacked last night was on something.

Cut to the boys' steam room. The entire swim team is relaxing in the fog.

Xander: I feel good! Lovin' the swimmin'. Had some carrot juice this morning... A little wheat germ mixed in with it. Woke me right up. Nothin' like it, huh? Breakfast of state champions. You betcha. Okay. So... when do we get our next dose?

Sean: What do you mean?

Xander: Who's carrying? I need a little something to improve my performance. Give me an edge. Rrr! (chuckles)

Sean just looks away.

Xander: The steroids. Where are they?

Sean: (chuckles) You're soakin' in it, bud.

Xander: Huh?

Sean: (inhales deeply and exhales) Aromatherapy. It's in the steam.

Xander gives him a stunned look.

Cut to the pool. The nurse follows the coach at a brisk pace.

Nurse Greenleigh: This has *got* to stop, Carl. Those poor children.

Coach Marin: What, are you a quitter? We got no room for quitters on *this* team.

Nurse Greenleigh: Do you even understand what's happening? Listen to yourself.

Coach Marin: I'm very close to perfecting this. We just need to adjust the mix.

They head down some stairs to the pool equipment room below.

Nurse Greenleigh: Carl. You can't be thinking of continuing to expose these boys.

Coach Marin: They're gonna be the best. I don't accept anything less.

Nurse Greenleigh: They're gonna be monsters. Carl, please. Don't make it any worse. You've already lost three.

The coach stops and looks at the nurse.

Coach Marin: Lost? Why, they're not lost.

He grabs her by the arms, pulls her around and shoves her down into a hole to a pool of water in the sewers below. She screams as she falls. The water is not deep, and she quickly gets to her feet, wipes the water from her eyes and looks up at him through the hole.

Nurse Greenleigh: Carl! What are you doing?!

Coach Marin: I'm just lookin' after my boys. They may be out of the game right now, but they're still a team. And a team's gotta eat.

He lifts the grating back into place.

Nurse Greenleigh: Carl!

Coach Marin: You quitter.

He stands there to watch. Nurse Greenleigh looks around and begins to panic. Suddenly she screams and gets pulled under the water.

The library. Xander paces. Giles gets up from cleaning his glasses and heads for the table, where Willow and Buffy are sitting. Cordelia is on the stairs to the mezzanine level behind the table.

Giles: They're absorbing the steroid mixture through the steam.

Xander: (follows him) Not they. We. Me! We have to find an antidote, don't you think? The clock is ticking, people!

Buffy: I wouldn't break out the tartar sauce just yet. I mean, it's not like you were exposed more than once. (gets a worried look from Xander) Twice?

Xander: Three times a Fish Guy. (crosses his arms)

Buffy and Willow: Oh...

Cordelia: Whoa.

Xander: What am I gonna do?

Cordelia: You, you, you. What about me? It's one thing to be dating the lame unpopular guy, but it's another to be dating the creature from the Blue Lagoon.

Xander: (paces over to her) Black Lagoon. The creature from the Blue Lagoon was Brooke Shields. And thank you *so* much for your support! (sits by her)

Buffy: (quietly to Giles and Willow) I think we'd better find the rest of the swim team and lock them up before they get in touch with their inner halibut.

Giles: Yes. Yes, good. Uh, we also need to know exactly what's in this, this steroid gas so that the hospital's toxicology lab can develop an antidote.

Willow: (stands up) Well, I'll talk to Nurse Greenleigh.

Buffy: You're really getting into this interrogation thing.

Willow: The trick is not to leave any marks. (leaves)

Buffy: (gets up) On that note, I think I'm gonna go have a little talk with our coach. Somehow, I doubt all he's been giving these boys is inspiration. (leaves)

Cut to the pool equipment room. The coach leads Buffy to the same hole through which he shoved Nurse Greenleigh.

Coach Marin: You got some imagination, missy.

Buffy: Oh, well right now, I'm imagining you in jail. You're wearing a big, orange suit, and, oh, look, the guards are beating you up.

Coach Marin: You don't have any proof.

Buffy: (stops following) (sternly) Tell me what's in the steam.

Coach Marin: (faces her) After the fall of the Soviet Union, documents came into light detailing experiments with fish DNA on their Olympic swimmers. Tarpon... mako, shark... But they couldn't crack it.

Buffy: And you did... sort of. Why?

Coach Marin: What kind of question is that? For the win! To make my team the best they could be! Do you understand we have a shot at the state championship?

Buffy: Do you understand that I don't care? It's over. There's not gonna be any swim team.

Coach Marin: Boy, when they were handin' out school spirit, you didn't even stand in line, did you?

Buffy: No. I was in the line for shred of sanity.

The coach reaches into the desk behind him and pulls out a Beretta 9mm semi-automatic pistol. He pulls back the hammer and points the gun at Buffy.

Buffy: Which you obviously skipped.

Coach Marin: Get in the hole! (indicates with the gun)

Buffy looks down at the hole and back up at the coach.

Coach Marin: In! Now!

She sits down on the edge with her legs dangling in and looks up at him.

Buffy: This isn't over.

Coach Marin: In!

She gives him one last look and drops herself into the water below. It's about a fifteen-foot drop, so she submerges completely and comes back up soaked through and wiping the water from her eyes. She looks up at the coach leaning over the hole.

Coach Marin: You think I don't care about my boys. But I do. They count on me.

Buffy understands now, and looks around for the monsters. When she turns back around she screams at the sight of what's left of Nurse Greenleigh's body as it floats by. She looks back up at the coach.

Buffy: So, what, you're just gonna feed me to 'em?

Coach Marin: Oh, they've already had their dinner. But boys have other needs.

Cut to the pool. Xander and Cordelia come walking in looking for other members of the swim team. Xander is rubbing his neck, expecting to find gills growing there.

Cordelia: No one. Willow and Giles must've rounded up the rest of the swim team.

Xander: Does my neck look scaly to you?

Cordelia: Well, of course it looks scaly, the way you've been rubbing it dry like an idiot.

Xander: I need to look in a mirror. Wait here. But feel free to come in if you hear me scream.

He runs off into the locker room. Cordelia keeps walking around the pool. She hears a door close and glances behind her, but sees no one. She continues along the side of the pool. She hears a door open, and assumes it's Xander.

Cordelia: Any gills yet?

Behind her a creature comes in and jumps into the pool. She looks into the pool, but at first can't make out the monster because of the splash on the surface.

Cordelia: Xander, what are you doing? (giggles) Xander?

The creature swims beyond the splash, and Cordelia can see it clearly now.

Cordelia: Oh, my God! Xander!

She walks along the edge of the pool, following the monster as it swims under water.

Cordelia: (very upset) It's me, Cordelia? I know you can't answer me, but... God, this is all my fault. You joined the swim team to impress me. You were so courageous. And you looked really hot in those Speedo's. (chuckles) And I want you to know that I still care about

you, no matter what you look like. And... and we can still date. Or, or not. I mean... I understand if you wanna see other fish. (crouches by the edge) I'll do everything I can to make your quality of life better. Whether that means little bath toys or whatever.

Xander walks up behind her.

Xander: Uh, Cordy?

Cordelia spins around quickly, startled, and draws a frightened breath.

Xander: (points into the pool) That's not me.

They both look at the creature. It suddenly makes a lunge for them from the water, and Cordelia screams. Xander pulls her up and away, and they run from the pool area.

Cordelia: Oh, my God!

Cut to the library. Giles leads the other swim team members into the cage.

Giles: I-in you go.

They are all a bit confused, but obey none the less.

Giles: Stay calm, chaps. (closed the door) Either we'll find an effective antidote, or, or, uh... S-stay calm. (goes to Willow)

Willow: Everyone's accounted for except Sean.

Xander and Cordelia come into the library.

Cordelia: I think we can safely say we've found Sean. He was in the pool skinless-dipping.

Xander: Where's Buffy?

Willow: She hasn't come back yet.

Cut to the sewers. The camera pans around the pool of water. One of the monsters pokes its head out of the water behind a pillar and observes Buffy. The camera continues until it stops on her.

Buffy: Great. This is just what my reputation needs: that I did it with the entire swim team.

Another one of the creatures pokes its head up to look at Buffy. She makes a tentative jump to see about getting out of there. She hears them growl, and looks around. The one by the pillar submerges again and begins to swim. Buffy looks into the water to try to see where they are. Cut underwater. One of them swims right past her legs. She sees its head emerge further away from her, and draws a frightened breath.

Cut to the pool equipment room. Xander walks in and spots the coach leaning over the hole and gloating.

Xander: What's up, coach?

Coach Marin: (looks back, startled) Oh! Harris. Uh... (stands up) how you feelin'?

Xander: Little dry. Nothing a lemon butter sauce won't cure.

They both chuckle nervously.

Xander: Where's Buffy?

The coach's eyes focus on his gun laying on a barrel just behind Xander.

Cut to below. Buffy keeps looking for the sea monsters. One suddenly rises up behind her and lunges at her. She quickly grabs it and throws it aside. Another one comes for her, and she deflects it into the wall, but loses her balance and falls underwater. One grabs her leg, and she kicks out. She grabs it and throws it off of her. Standing again, she grabs another one's arm as it attacks her and flips it over into the wall.

Cut above. Coach Marin makes a grab for his gun, but Xander grabs his arm, pounds it into the barrel and makes him drop it. He elbows the coach in the face, who falls over unconscious.

Cut below. Buffy knocks and flips the monsters away as they each come for her in turn. Soon they've had enough, and the three of them surround her and slowly close in.

Cut above. Xander steps over to the hole and looks down. When he sees what's going on below he quickly lies down and reaches into the hole with his arm.

Xander: Buffy, hurry! Your hand!

Buffy looks up and sees him there. She takes a breath, crouches down into the water and leaps up the ten feet to grab Xander's hand.

Xander: Hold on!

He starts to pull for all he's worth. Below the creatures paw at Buffy's legs, trying to pull her back down. Two of them grab hold, and she kicks and flails to shake them off. The monsters can't keep hold of her, and fall into the water.

Buffy: Pull!

Xander: Hold on!

He pulls again, but he's not as strong as he thinks and it goes slowly. One of the monsters leaps up and grabs Buffy's leg again. She kicks it with her free leg and it goes tumbling down. Xander pulls again as Buffy raises her legs up out of the creature's reach. Slowly she emerges from the hole and climbs onto the floor, coughing and panting.

Buffy: Thanks.

Xander: Just doin' my part for our team.

Behind him the coach has regained consciousness, and hits Xander across the back with a large pipe wrench.

Buffy: Oh!

He starts to take a swing at Buffy with it, too, but she ducks away and trips him with her leg. He falls and screams as he rolls into the hole. Buffy reacts fast and grabs his ankle.

Coach Marin: Don't let go! Don't let go of me! Hold me!

Buffy can't maintain her grip, and he falls into the water below. The coach stands up in the water, shaking it out of his face and coughing.

Buffy: (reaches down) Grab my hand!

He's too busy being worried about his sea monsters surrounding him to listen to what Buffy is saying.

Coach Marin: Boys! Boys, uh, now, now, boys! No! I...

They attack him.

Coach Marin: No, boys!

He screams and struggles as they pull him under. Buffy pulls her arm back up.

Buffy: Those boys really love their coach.

Cut to the school lounge. Willow and Buffy are sitting on one of the couches opposite Xander and Cordelia on the other.

Xander: Let's see. I gotta take a make-up chem test at three. And then I'm meetin' some of the guys for plasma transfusions at five. It's turned into quite the busy afternoon.

Buffy: The fun never stops with you, does it?

Willow: Giles seems pretty confident that the treatments are gonna work.

Xander: Well, turning into a creepy-crawly wasn't on my top ten list of things to do before I turn twenty.

Cordelia: (to Xander) I want you to know that you've really proven yourself to me. And you don't have to join the new team next year if you don't want. I'd be just as happy if you played football. (smiles)

Buffy and Willow exchange an amused look. Giles comes up the steps to them.

Giles: The... people from animal control have just left. Our creatures have apparently made a, a dash for it. Um... so to speak.

Willow: Does that mean we're gonna have to hunt them again?

Buffy: No, I don't think so. I don't think we'll be seeing them anymore.

Giles: Where do you think they'll go?

Buffy: Home.

Cut to the beach. The camera pans over the waves rolling in. The three monsters are in the surf and begin to swim out to sea.

5. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe

Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe. I give him thanks, because I honestly haven't seen much of late season two. As per normal, I own nothing, don't sue me. Everything was going along just fine in my rewrite until I came upon Passion. I thought long and hard, and was unable to figure out a way to make this work with any other character. So, for the sake of my sanity, I want to cut it short, and just write this from Jenny's view point.

The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I began my tale. This is my take on Passion.

Passion

This episode was originally broadcast on February 24, 1998.

Jenny: Don't forget, I need your sample spreadsheets by the end of the week.

The bell rings, and she walks around behind her desk.

Jenny: Oh, and I want both a paper printout and a copy on disk. Thank you.

She looks down at her desk for a second, then back up and reaches her arm out to get Willow's attention before she goes.

Jenny: Willow.

Willow: (approaches the desk) Yes?

Jenny: Um, I might be a little late tomorrow. Do you think you could cover my class till I show?

Willow: (smiling brightly) Really? Me? Teach the class? Sure!

Jenny: Cool.

Willow: (suddenly worried) Oh, wait. W-what if they don't recognize my authority? What if they try to convince me that you always let them leave class early? What if there's a fire drill? What if there's

a fire?

Jenny: (reassuringly) Willow, you're gonna be fine. And I'll try not to be too late, okay?

Willow: (calmer) Okay. Good. Earlier is good. (smiles) Will I have the power to assign detention? Or make 'em run laps?

Buffy and Giles appear at the door.

Buffy: Hey, Will.

Jenny and Willow look over at her.

Jenny: Hi, Buffy. Rupert.

Giles looks down.

Buffy: (ignoring Jenny) Willow, I thought I might take in a class. Figured I could use someone who knows where they are.

Willow glances over at Jenny with her eyes and then starts to walk out of the classroom.

Willow: (to Buffy) Sorry. I have to talk to her. She's a teacher, and teachers are to be respected, (they exit the room) even if they're only filling in until the real teacher shows up, because otherwise chaos could ensue...

Giles has let the girls go, and now steps into the classroom. His hands are in his pockets.

Jenny: How have you been?

Giles: Uh, not so good, actually. Uh, since Angel's been gone, Buffy's been patrolling non-stop and some one has to keep an eye on her.

Jenny: Well, that sounds bad. (crosses her arms)

Giles: I'm just thankful he'll be back soon.

Jenny: So, how's Buffy doing?

Giles: (closes and lowers the book) How do you think?

Jenny: (faces away) I know you feel betrayed.

Giles: Yes. Well, that's one of the unpleasant side effects of betrayal.

Jenny: (looks down at her desk) Rupert... I was raised by the people that Angel hurt the most. (looks up at Giles) My duty to them was the first thing I was ever taught. I didn't come here to hurt anyone, (looks away) a-and I lied to you because I thought it was the right thing to do. I... I didn't know what would happen. I didn't know I was gonna fall in love with you.

She pauses for a moment before looking back up at Giles. They exchange a meaningful look, but then she looks away again.

Jenny: Oh, God. Is it too late to take that back?

Giles: Do you want to?

Jenny: (looks at him) I just wanna be right with you. I don't expect more. I just want so badly to make all this up to you.

Giles: I understand. But I'm not the one you need to make it up to.

She looks at him, understanding. He gives her a little smile. He turns and walks out of the room. She just watches him go.

Cut to a tarot shop. The camera pans across a display table with a skull in a covered glass bowl, a small gong hung between two horns, a pig fetus in formaldehyde, what looks like a large crab also in formaldehyde and another jar. A pricing gun waves into view and puts prices on the last two jars. The shopkeeper continues on to price other things.

Cut outside. Jenny walks around the railing in front of the shop and takes the steps down to the entrance. Cut inside the shop. She comes in the door and looks around. The shopkeeper looks up from his work.

Shopkeeper: (with a Rumanian accent) Welcome. How may I serve you today?

Jenny: (faces him) Uh...

Shopkeeper: Love potion? Perhaps a voodoo doll for that unfaithful...

Jenny: (interrupts) I need an Orb of Thesulah.

Shopkeeper: (drops the accent) Oh, you're in the trade. Sorry about the spiel, but around Valentine's Day, I get a lot of tourists shopping for love potions and mystical revenge of past lovers. (goes behind the sales counter) Sad fact is, Ouija boards and rabbits' feet, that's what pay the rent around here. (goes into the back) So how did you hear about us?

Jenny: (checks out a few things) My Uncle Enyos told me about you.

Shopkeeper: (looks out at her) So you're Janna, then. (she looks at him) Sorry to hear about your uncle.

Jenny: Thank you.

Shopkeeper: (comes back with a round wooden box) He was a good customer. Well, no, there you go. (sets it down and opens it) One Thesulan Orb. Spirit vault for the rituals of the undead. (Jenny reaches into her purse) I don't get many calls for those lately. (she pulls out her wallet) Sold a couple as new age paperweights last year. (she hands him a credit card) Yeah, I just love those new-agers, boy. They helped to (imprints the card) send my youngest to college. (fills in the form) By the way, you do know that the transliteration annals for the ritual of the undead were lost. (hands

her the form and a pen) Without the annals, the surviving text is gibberish.

Jenny: And without a translated text, the Orbs of Thesulah are pretty much useless. (signs) Yeah, I know. (hands him his copy)

Shopkeeper: Well, I only mention it because I have a strict policy of no refunds. (puts the lid on the box)

Jenny: It's okay. I'm working on a computer program to translate the Rumanian liturgy to English based on a random sampling of the text.

Shopkeeper: Yecchh. I don't like computers. They give me the willies.

Jenny: Well, (takes the box) thank you.

Shopkeeper: You're welcome.

She takes the lid off of the box as she slowly walks toward the door.

Shopkeeper: By the way... (she looks back) Not that it's any of my business, really, but, uh, what are you planning on conjuring up? If you can decipher the text?

Jenny: A present for a friend of mine. (lifts the Orb)

Shopkeeper: Really? What are you gonna give him?

She looks into the Orb and it begins to glow.

Jenny: His soul.

Buffy: Hey.

Jenny: Hi.

Buffy looks at Jenny a moment, then averts her eyes.

Jenny: Uh, is there something that... Did you want something?

Buffy: Look... I know you feel badly about what happened, and I just wanted to say...

Jenny looks at her expectantly.

Buffy: Good. Keep it up.

Jenny: (not surprised) Don't worry, I will.

Buffy: (holds up her hand) Oh, wait. Um... (looks at her) He misses you. He doesn't say anything, I mean, but I know he does. And I don't want him to be lonely. I don't want anyone to.

Jenny: Buffy, you know that if I have a chance to make this up...

Buffy: (interrupts) We're... good here. Let's just leave it.

She walks away. Jenny watches her go.

Cut to Jenny's classroom. She's at her desk working on the translation program. She takes a sip of coffee from her mug and sets it back down. She types a few keystrokes, then stares at the screen. Behind her Giles appears and stands in the doorway.

Giles: Hello.

She startles and looks at him. Quickly she types a few keystrokes, and the screen changes. She turns back to him.

Jenny: Oh! Hi.

Giles: (steps into the room) You're working late.

Jenny: Special project.

Giles: Oh.

Jenny: I spoke to Buffy today.

Giles: Oh! Yes? (sits on her desk)

Jenny: Mm. (looks away) She said you missed me. (plays with a pencil)

Giles: Well, uh, she's... a meddlesome girl.

Jenny: (looks at him) Rupert... Okay, I don't wanna say anything if I'm wrong, but I may have some news. Now, I need to finish up here. Could I see you later?

Giles: Y-yes, yes. You could stop by my house.

Jenny: Okay. (smiles)

Giles: (smiles and gets up) Good. (smiles wider, then goes)

Jenny turns her attention back to her computer.

Cut to the tarot shop. The Shopkeeper turns out the light by the front entrance and heads toward the back. A woman holding a puppy opens the door and steps in.

Shopkeeper: Sorry, honey. (blows out some candles) We're closed.

He looks up and sees Drusilla standing there.

Shopkeeper: (nervous) W... What do you want?

Drusilla: (looks at the puppy) Miss Sunshine here tells me you had a visit today. (stares up) But she worries. (looks at the shopkeeper) She wants to know what you and the mean teacher talked about.

Cut to later in Jenny's classroom. She's still working at her computer. She taps a few keys, then looks up at the screen. A percent complete window appears over the Rumanian text, and the bar zips

across it.

Jenny: Come on, come on...

The bar disappears, and a translation scrolls up next to the original text.

Jenny: That's it! (exhales and smiles) It's gonna work! (saves the result) This... will work.

She pops out an unlabeled yellow floppy disk and sets it aside by some books near the edge of her desk. In the mean time a hardcopy has started to print out. She wheels her chair over to the printer and stares as the pages come through.

Cut to Giles' apartment. He arrives at his door looking at his keys. He looks up and sees a red rose on the door and can hear the music of the opera "La Boheme", by Puccini, coming from inside.

(Voice Over): Passion. It lies in all of us.

He takes the rose, inhales its aroma and smiles. He opens his door and goes in. Cut inside.

(Voice Over): Sleeping...Waiting... And though unwanted...

Giles pokes his head in.

(Voice Over): Unbidden... it will stir...Open its jaws, and howl.

Giles: Hello?

He sees no one there, so he steps in and closes the door behind him.

(Voice Over): It speaks to us... guides us...

Giles: Jenny?

(Voice Over): Passion rules us all. And we obey.

He puts his briefcase aside and steps over to his coat rack.

(Voice Over): What other choice do we have?

Giles: It's me!

(Voice Over): It hurts sometimes more than we can bear.

He takes off his coat and hangs it up. He looks around again and sees a chilled bottle of champagne and two long-stemmed glasses on his desk. On top of the crystal ice bucket is a folded piece of paper leaning against the bottle.

(Voice Over): If we could live without passion, maybe we'd know some kind of peace.

He sets down his keys and the rose and takes the note. He unfolds it and on it is one word: Upstairs. He smiles and looks up toward the

loft. He takes off his glasses and sets them and the paper down.

(Voice Over): But we would be hollow.

He runs his fingers through his hair, takes the bottle, looks at it, takes the two glasses and starts up the stairs. The opera music gets louder as he nears the loft. The camera follows his footsteps as he climbs the stairs.

(Voice Over): Empty rooms, shuttered and dank...

There is a rose on each step. When he reaches the top, he is smiling. He sees Jenny on the bed, and the opera reaches a crescendo. The screen fades to black.

(Voice Over): Without passion, we'd be truly dead.

Author's Notes: Without the transcripts provided by Alexander Thompson, I would be unable to have gotten this far. At first, the rewrite was easy. I just wrote out Angelus, and wrote in Spike and Dru in his place when necessary. That's no longer possible, because any one who read Flipside knows I didn't kill Jenny. That's why rewriting Passion was a bitch, and it ended up told solely from Giles and Jenny's view points.

The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale. Welcome to my version of Killed by Death.

Killed by Death This episode was originally broadcast on March 3, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

The cemetery. The camera closes in on the top of the perimeter wall. A pair of hands hook over the top, and Buffy pulls herself up. She coughs while she pulls her legs over. She jumps down the other side. When she hits the ground she can't keep her balance, and has to use her hands to keep from toppling over.

She breathes heavily through her mouth because her nose is stuffed up. Every now and then she snuffles. She pulls a stake out of her jacket. She puts her hand on her forehead and moans as she stands up. Slowly she starts to make her way across the graveyard.

Cut to in front of her. The camera follows her as she walks, still snuffling and rubbing her nose. She senses something and tries to concentrate while she slowly approaches a small mausoleum. She raises her stake and jumps around the corner, swinging it to strike at whatever's there. Xander screams and reflexively jumps back, holding on tightly to his own stake. Cordelia lets out a high-pitched scream behind him. Willow is there, too, and the girls both reflexively hold up crosses at Buffy.

Buffy: Non-vampire. Plus two.

Willow: (sternly as she puts her cross away) Hi.

They all step out into the open.

Xander: Man, Buffy! My whole life just flashed before my eyes!
(glances over at Willow) I gotta get me a life!

Buffy: What are you doing here?

Willow: What are **you** doing here?

Buffy: Well, I'm patrolling!

Willow: (concerned) Buffy, you're sick.

Buffy: No, I feel fine. I mean, I'm... the world's spinning a little bit, but I like it, it's kinda like a ride.

Cordelia: Half the school's out with this flu. It's a serious deal, Buffy. We're all concerned about how gross you look.

Buffy: (with a hint of sarcasm) I'm touched. Really. But I have work to do.

Willow: Buffy, come on, one night of rest is not gonna kill you.

Buffy: No, but it might kill somebody else.

Xander: (points at her with his stake) You mean they might. (Buffy turns away) Buffy, this is not the time to challenge Spike and Drusilla for the ultimate fighting championship. (Gestures with his stake) They're at full strength, you're only half a Slayer.

Buffy: Yeah, but I'm still the Slayer. And as long as I am, They're not gonna kill anybody else.

Spike: (behind her) Aw, one more?

When Buffy had said Spike had returned to full strength, she hadn't been lying. Apparently, you can't paralyze a vampire for long.

He attacks, and the girls scream. He runs right past Buffy straight for Cordelia and tackles her to the ground. Buffy grabs him by the back of his coat and pulls him off of her. She turns him around, takes him by the coat collar and swings at him with her stake. He blocks her with his arm, grabs hers and makes her drop the stake.

Spike: Not feeling well?

Buffy looks up at him and punches him in the jaw. He glares back at her and tries to kick her, but she grabs his foot and shoves his leg up, making him fall hard onto his back.

Buffy: That helps.

Spike scrambles to all fours. She comes at him from behind and tries to kick him, but he kicks out with his leg into her chest, and she staggers back a ways until she regains her balance. He gets up and

comes toward her. She takes a couple of swings at him, but he evades them easily. He blocks a third, grabs her arm and takes her by the throat.

Spike: I've killed two slayers, and they put up a hell of a bigger fight than this.

He punches her in the face, and she stumbles backward again.

Spike: But it's still fun!

He punches her in the gut, then grabs her by the neck and shoves her around and into a corner column of the small mausoleum. She is dazed and tries to regain her balance, but doesn't get a chance because Spike wastes no time punching her in the face and knocking her flat on her back. He gets on top of her and pins her arms down.

Spike: In your own words, sucks to be you.

He starts to bend down to bite her, but just then Willow throws Xander's jacket over Spike's head. As she backs away, Xander grabs his head under the jacket, punches him and knees him twice in the face. Spike falls over onto his back. Willow and Cordelia pull out their crosses and hold them out at him as he gets up, and he has to back off.

Xander: Take a walk, overbite.

Buffy gets to her feet. Spike slowly backs away.

Spike: We'll have to do this again sometime.

He turns and walks off. Buffy just watches him go.

Xander: Buffy, are you okay?

Buffy: (puts her hand to her forehead) I told you guys to leave, I... (getting dizzy) I... Oh...

She falls to the ground unconscious.

Xander: Buffy!

Willow and Cordelia turn to look.

Willow: Buffy?

Xander kneels next to her and looks at the fallen Slayer.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

The Sunnydale Hospital Emergency Room. The camera pans from an empty gurney past the admissions desk and over to the entrance. Xander rushes in with Buffy in his arms. Willow and Cordelia are right behind him.

Xander: We need help!

Willow: Somebody, please, now!

Intern: (approaches them) What happened?

They all speak at once.

Xander: She fell.

Willow: The flu.

Cordelia: She fainted.

A nurse brings over the gurney.

Xander: The flu, fainted and fell. She's sick, make it better!

Intern: (pulls the gurney up) It's gonna be okay. Let's get her up.

Xander lays Buffy out on the gurney. The intern takes out his pocket light and checks Buffy's eyes for a response. The nurse takes notes while he speaks as they start to wheel her into the emergency room. They all follow.

Intern: Patient's unconscious... Pupils are unequal and unresponsive.

Cordelia: What does that mean?

Willow: Is she gonna be okay?

Intern: Please, you gotta give us some room.

Dr. Wilkinson: (arrives) What do we have?

Intern: High-grade fever, possible fractures.

Dr. Wilkinson: Get her into Trauma 1, give her a CBC, Chem 7, type and screen.

Intern: Right.

The Intern and nurse take her through the doors to the emergency room beyond. They all try to follow, but Dr. Wilkinson blocks their way.

Dr. Wilkinson: I'm sorry, you can't go any further.

Xander: Someone should be with her!

Dr. Wilkinson: I'm sorry! You can't go any further.

She backs in and closes the door in their faces. They look through windows for a couple of seconds. Willow reacts first.

Willow: I'll call Giles, tell him what happened. (to Cordelia) You call Buffy's mom, tell her, n-not what happened, just get her here.

The two of them go to find the phones. Xander keeps looking in through the emergency room door, where he can see the doctor and

intern still working on Buffy. He looks away as they wheel Buffy into Trauma 1.

Cut to later. Cordelia, Xander and Willow are sitting on a row of chairs in the waiting room with worried looks on their faces. The camera pans over to the door where Giles is also waiting and nervously cleaning his glasses. The camera continues to pan over to the elevator. The door opens and Joyce comes out. She sees them sitting there.

Joyce: Where is she?

They all get up. Giles comes over also.

Giles: She's still in the emergency room.

Joyce: I wanna see her. (Starts out of the waiting room)

Cordelia: They won't let us in there.

Joyce stops and looks back at her. Just then Dr. Wilkinson comes to the door.

Dr. Wilkinson: Mrs. Summers?

Joyce: (faces her) Yes?

Dr. Wilkinson: I'm Dr. Wilkinson.

Joyce: Is Buffy okay?

Dr. Wilkinson: We were able to stabilize and...

Joyce: (interrupts insistently) Is she okay?

Dr. Wilkinson: (reassuringly) She's going to be fine.

Joyce: (with relief) Thank you. (puts her hand to her face)

Xander: Good. Good. (rubs his hands) That's good.

Dr. Wilkinson: I wanna keep her here a few days, though. She still has some healing to do.

Giles and Joyce look at her anxiously.

Cut to a hall upstairs near Buffy's assigned hospital room. They are all waiting for her to be brought up. When they see her coming they all approach the bed. She has an IV in her right hand. Her left forearm is wrapped in an elastic bandage.

Joyce: Buffy? (Reaches the bed) Hi, sweetheart.

They all accompany her toward her room.

Xander: Hey, Buffy, we're all here.

Buffy: (groggy) Hey. Here we are. It's all of we. Are we taking me home? (Tries to get up)

Dr. Wilkinson: (pushes her back) No. Buffy, you need to lie down, honey.

Buffy: (groggy) Yeah? Lie at home. My bed is better than any bed that's... not my bed.

Dr. Wilkinson: (looks at Joyce) She's still a little out of it.

Joyce nods back.

Buffy: (to Xander) Shhh! (points at him) Hospital zone. No singing.

Dr. Wilkinson: She'll feel better after (Buffy looks at her) she's been here a while.

Buffy: No! (tries to get up again) Lemme go. Look, I wanna go.

The orderly pushing the bed, two nurses and Dr. Wilkinson struggle to get her to lie back down. Buffy puts up a fight.

Willow: Buffy, what's wrong?

Buffy: No! No! Let me go!

Cordelia: I think she wants to go.

They manage to get her pushed back down on the bed.

Buffy: No, don't do that! Stop it!

Dr. Wilkinson: Hold her steady!

Buffy: (delirious) Giles, tell them!

Orderly: I got her.

Buffy: The vampires! I need to kill the vampires!

Dr. Wilkinson: This'll help you relax.

She puts a needle against Buffy's inside elbow and injects her with a sedative. Xander throws Giles a concerned look. Cordelia cringes and looks away.

Buffy: Ow! (Winces in pain) No!

When the doctor pulls the needle back out she lies back and breathes heavily.

Xander: It's gotta be the fever.

Willow: Yeah, it made her delusional.

Buffy: (to Giles insistently) They're out there!

Giles: (smiling reassuringly) Yes, uh, well, we'll, uh, we'll get those, uh, vampires later. (Laughs lightly, looks at Joyce) I hear it's best t-to play along. (Keeps smiling)

The sedative takes effect and Buffy begins to relax. One of the nurses checks her IV. Her mother leans in and strokes her hair.

Joyce: Honey, listen...

Buffy: I wanna go home.

Joyce: It's gonna be okay. I promise.

They start to wheel her away again.

Buffy: Please don't make me stay here...

Joyce: I *promise*.

They all follow as Buffy is taken to her room. They wait outside. The door closes and Xander looks in through the narrow window. After a moment he looks over at Giles.

Xander: That was a new experience. I'm not used to seeing Buffy scared like that.

Joyce: Yeah, she just *hates* hospitals. Ever since she was a little girl.

Willow: What happened?

Joyce: When she was eight her cousin Celia died in a hospital. Buffy was alone with her at the time.

Cordelia: Yuk!

Joyce: Yeah, they were very close.

Willow: Wow, and she was eight?

Joyce: (looking in at Buffy) Well, it looks like she's asleep. I should go call her father. (heads toward the nurse's station)

Giles: (accompanies her) Um, I-I think there's a, a phone...

The camera follows them.

Joyce: Thank you for coming. I-I *really* appreciate the way you look out for her.

Giles: Oh...

Joyce: *All* of you.

Giles: Well, we're, uh, we're very fond of her. (they stop at the nurse's station) The, uh, the telephone. (Starts away)

Joyce: (exhales) Buffy's been so down since that Angel boy left. I mean, she never gets sick.

Giles: (looks down) Well, I'm sure she'll be, uh... (Looks up, smiles reassuringly) She'll be fine.

Joyce: I'm sorry, I, I babble when I'm nervous, I just wanted to...

Giles: (nods) Thank you. (Quietly) Thank you. (Walks off)

Joyce turns to the nurse to ask to use the phone.

Cut to outside Buffy's door.

Xander: Do you think she's gonna be okay in here?

Cordelia: (pacing) I don't know, Lysette got her nose done here, and she came in looking for the Gwyneth Paltrow, and it looked more like the Mr. Potatohead.

She steps over to the door and looks into Buffy's room.

Xander: Cordy...

Willow: Buffy's not here for cosmetic surgery.

Cordelia: No, but while she's in here, she might as well get that thing done.

Willow gives Xander a look.

Cordelia: You know, that thing on her face? (Faces them) You know that thing.

Willow: (to Xander) Do you think Spike and Drusilla will attack Buffy in here?

Xander: They can come in, it's a public building.

Willow: (worried) That's true.

Cordelia: Am I the only one that's noticed that thing?

Cut to the hospital at night. Cut to Buffy's room. She stirs in her bed.

The clock on the nightstand changes to read 2:27am. Cut to her IV slowly dripping in. The LED on the heart monitor next to the IV blinks steadily.

The camera pans down from it to Buffy's face. She takes a deep breath as she wakes up. She blinks her eyes several times before looking over at the door. It's standing open, and a young boy is there just silently staring in at her. A few moments later he starts away down the hall. She continues to look out the door, and a man in a black suit and hat walks by.

Cut to a close-up of the man. He glances into Buffy's room as he walks by. She sees his face. It's all disfigured; his nose is long and bent down to a point, his teeth are all long fangs, and his fingers are grossly elongated. He looks back after the boy and continues to follow him out of view. Buffy raises her head in disbelief. She pushes her hair back with her bandaged hand and slowly sits up. She gets out of bed and steadies herself to a stand. She

ties her robe closed as she walks out of the room.

Cut to the hall. It's deserted except for the janitor mopping the floor behind her. As she walks she has a flashback to her youth, and the corridor is suddenly brightly lit.

Little Buffy comes walking down the bright but deserted hall. The camera closes in on her face. Cut to her view of a cart of surgical instruments.

Cut to her again, looking around nervously as she walks. Cut to a shot from behind her as she approaches Celia's room. Sunlight is pouring brightly from the door. She edges up to it and goes in.

Cut to inside the room. Little Buffy comes in and slowly goes over to the curtain pulled around Celia's bed.

Cut to Buffy in her hospital bed. The clock on the nightstand changes to read 2:27am. She stirs and wakes from her dream. Her door is open, but there's no one there. She pushes her hair back with her bandaged hand and slowly sits up. She feels the IV in the back of her right hand and looks at it. She pulls the tape off and the needle out. She covers her face with both hands, draws them back through her hair and starts to get out of bed.

Cut to her walking down the hall, holding her robe closed with her hands. It's deserted except for the janitor mopping the floor behind her. She hears coughing coming from a room and looks in. A woman is tucking in an old man and comforting him.

Woman: You'll be fine. Is that better?

She continues down the hall and looks into the next room. An old woman is sitting on the edge of the bed with her face in her hands. She continues, hears the old woman cough and lets out a little cough of her own. She passes another doorway and walks past the camera. A security guard looks out from the doorway and watches her go.

Cut to another part of the hall near the children's ward. Buffy comes walking toward the door as two orderlies wheel a child covered with a sheet out of the ward.

Orderly: Man, I hate it when you lose the young ones.

They go down the hall past Buffy. She looks at the gurney as they go by. She turns back to the children's ward door and slowly approaches it. She can hear Dr. Wilkinson and Dr. Backer arguing inside in hushed tones, so she doesn't go in.

Dr. Wilkinson: I'm just saying, step back on the dosage until we can analyze the results.

Dr. Backer: There isn't time. I should think that would be clear to you by now.

Buffy peeks into the room and sees them arguing.

Dr. Wilkinson: The normal course of treatment...

Dr. Backer: (interrupts) They *aren't* responding to the normal

course of treatment. (gestures to the kids) Look, they're getting worse.

Dr. Wilkinson: Raising their temperatures is poten...

Dr. Backer: (interrupts) Dr. Wilkinson! I have the consent of the parents.

Dr. Wilkinson: They're desperate! They don't understand what you're...

Dr. Backer: (interrupts) You know what, if-if you have a problem with my methods, just take it up with the board.

Dr. Wilkinson: I have!

Buffy has heard enough, and turns away to go. There in front of her is the little boy she saw in her dream and a little girl. She stops and they look at each other.

Ryan: He comes at night. The grownups don't see him. He was with Tina. He'll come back for us.

Buffy: Who?

Ryan: Death.

Buffy looks back and forth between the two kids in disbelief. Sunnydale General. Xander is sitting on a chair outside the waiting room across from the nurses' station that is down the hall from Buffy's room. There are two police officers talking to a security guard. Nurses and orderlies are going about their tasks.

Spike comes walking out of the waiting room from the elevator bearing some white flowers and whistling some thing. Xander hears him and looks to see who's coming. When he sees Spike he quickly gets up and faces him down in the hall.

Xander: Visiting hours are over.

Spike: Well, I'm pretty much family.

Xander: (trying hard to stay cool) Yeah. Why don't you come back during the day? Oh, gee, no, I guess you can't.

Spike: (threateningly) If I decide to walk into Buffy's room, do you think for one microsecond that you could stop me?

Xander: Maybe not. Maybe that security guard couldn't either. Or those cops... or the orderlies... But I'm kinda curious to find out. You game?

Spike: (pauses) Buffy's White Knight. You still love her. (leans in close) It must just eat you up that Angel got there first.

Xander: (fighting his nervousness) You're gonna die. And I'm gonna be there.

Spike slaps the flowers against Xander's chest.

Spike: Tell her I stopped by.

He gives Xander one final look and then goes back through the waiting room to the elevator. Xander shudders, covers his mouth and lets out a breath of relief.

Cut to a flashback of Little Buffy and Celia. Celia is on the bedroom floor covered with pillows and writhing around, pretending to be trapped under a pile of snow and ice.

Celia: Help me, help! Avalanche! Help! Help! I'm trapped! Avalanche! Help! Help!

Little Buffy comes in through the door and stops in a heroic stance with her hands on her hips.

Little Buffy: Power Girl to the rescue!

She kneels down and starts to heave off the pillows as though they're huge, heavy blocks of ice and snow and thuds them aside.

Celia: Help me! Help! Help! Please, help!

Buffy gets the last pillows off of Celia's face, and she sits up.

Celia: You saved me! Thank you, Power Girl!

The two girls embrace.

Little Buffy: You're safe now.

Cut to a flashback of Little Buffy coming into Celia's hospital room. She slowly approaches the curtain around the bed and opens it enough to look in at her cousin. She steps through. Celia is lying there peacefully asleep.

Cut to Buffy in her hospital bed. She wakes with a start.

Dr. Wilkinson: (coming in) Good morning.

Buffy moans, rubs her eyes and sits up.

Buffy: Could've fooled me.

Dr. Wilkinson: How are you feeling? Looks like your fever's gone down.

Buffy: Well, good! Thanks for having me. Let's try and keep in touch. (Tries to get out of bed)

Dr. Wilkinson: (pushes her back) Not so fast. (Inspects Buffy's bandaged arm) Hmm.

Buffy: Good 'hmm' or bad 'hmm'?

Dr. Wilkinson: Swelling's... gone! (Looks up) Does this hurt?

Buffy: Nope.

Dr. Wilkinson: Amazing. (Gets the chart)

Buffy: Well, then I should probably go, right? (Tries to go again)

Dr. Wilkinson: (stops her again) No. Soon. We have to make sure that fever is gone. That's a strong virus you have. Maybe not as strong as you, but...

Buffy: I-is that the same virus the kids have?

Before Dr. Wilkinson can answer there's a knock on the door.

Giles: May we come in?

Dr. Wilkinson: Please! (They all come in) Maybe you can keep our patient from bolting. (To Buffy, sternly) Rest! Hmm?
(Leaves)

Xander: (presenting five balloons) Flowers for milady.

Buffy: (looks up at them) I think they call those balloons.

Xander: (looks up) Yeah, stick 'em in water, maybe they'll grow.

Willow: Not to be outdone... (sets school books on the bed)

Buffy: Homework!

Willow: It's my way of saying, 'get well soon'.

Buffy: You know, chocolate says that even better.

Willow: I did all your assignments. All you have to do is sign your name.

Giles munches on a grape.

Buffy: Chocolate means *nothing* to me.

Willow steps back and looks up at Cordelia.

Cordelia: Nobody told me I was supposed to bring a gift. (Looks at Giles) I was out of the loop on gifts.

Giles: It's, it's tradition among, um... people. Um... (Walks up to the bed) Grapes. (Sets down the bag) Well, did you, uh, pass the night well enough?

Jenny stands outside the door, unsure if she should come in. Buffy gives her a weak motion to enter.

A nurse comes into the room and walks around the bed.

Buffy: Not really. Something happened I thought you...

The nurse checks Buffy's IV.

Buffy: You know what? Let's take a walk.

Cut to outside the hospital main entrance. The camera pans over to Willow pushing Buffy along in a wheelchair while the others walk along side.

Buffy: Now, this part I could get used to.

Willow: Do you want me to go real fast? (gets a look from Giles) Not that I would.

Giles: We were discussing, um, stuff.

Buffy: Yes, stuff. Um, you know, a girl died here last night.

Willow: How?

Buffy: Well, the flu.

Xander: Flu doesn't exactly sound monsterrific.

Buffy: I know. But there's this Dr. Backer, and he's been giving them these experimental treatments.

They stop by a bench and Jenny and Giles sits.

Buffy: I-I'm not sure what he's up to, but he's a little creepy. A-and then there was this kid, Ryan. He said he saw something.

Giles: Saw what?

Buffy: Death.

Cordelia: Death?

Willow: *The* Death? As in, 'it is your time'?

Giles: Buffy, a-a-a frightened child...

Buffy: Yeah, but I thought I saw something. I'm not sure, I was really out of it, but...

Cordelia: But you do know that you saw death.

Willow: Did it have an hourglass?

Xander: Ooo, if he asks you to play chess, don't even do it. The guy's, like, a whiz.

Buffy: Maybe it wasn't death. Maybe it was something else.

Cordelia: So this isn't about you being afraid of hospitals 'cause your friend died and you wanna conjure up a monster that you can fight so you can save everybody and not feel so helpless?

Giles: Cordelia, have you actually ever heard of tact?

Cordelia: Tact is just not saying true stuff. I'll pass.

Willow: Your mom did tell us about your cousin.

Cordelia sits also.

Buffy: This has nothing to do with that. This little boy Ryan is afraid of something, something real. As long as I'm forced to stay here, I'm gonna find out what.

Xander: So, is this the part where we say, what can we do to help?

Cut to the hospital records room after hours that evening. The place is deserted. Cordelia and Xander quietly come in.

Cordelia: (whispers) You had to ask that, didn't you?

They walk over to a records cabinet.

Xander: (quietly) Pft! It'll be cake. Just gotta figure out what killed this little girl Tina, we'll be out. Five minutes tops. (opens a cabinet door)

Cordelia: (leans against the wall) This is what happens when you're compassionate towards sick people. They take advantage of you.

Xander: (gives Cordelia a look) Uh-huh. Buffy almost died just to put you out.

Cordelia: I didn't wanna be the first one to say it.

He finds nothing and points over to the cabinet to his right.

Xander: You there. (points to his left) Me here.

Cordelia: Right.

He goes on the next one around the corner. She reluctantly goes back to the one on the other side of the door where they came in. She opens the cabinet and looks in. Suddenly a security guard appears next to her, and she jumps and gasps.

Guard: What are you doing here?

She gives him a worried smile and lets out a breath.

Cut to the library. Willow and Giles come walking in.

Willow: So, where do we start?

Giles: Hmm? Oh, I don't know. Maybe look into the history of the hospital, bizarre incidents, that sort of thing.

Willow: I'm sensing a little less than full committal here.

They stop by the counter.

Giles: Oh, I-I suppose so. Cordelia may be (inhales) homerically insensitive, but she may also be right. Death and disease are, are

things, possibly the **only** things that, that Buffy cannot fight. It's only natural for her to try to create a-a defeatable opponent.

Willow: (gives Giles a sad look) That's true. But on the 'we live on the Hellmouth' side, these kids may have seen a monster.

Giles: (starts toward the stacks) What, a monster that grown-ups can't see? Doesn't ring a bell. (pauses) Unless...

Willow: (sits on the table) Unless?

Giles: Well, sometimes small children **do** see something we adults don't: us. Our true selves, our, our... our hidden faces.

Willow: So the kids might be afraid of a regular person? (realizes) Like the weird doctor!

Giles: Stanley Backer was his name, no?

Willow: Let's look him up. (goes to get her laptop)

Jenny sits down next to Buffy's hospital bed, and hands her a folder.

Jenny: You told me to fix it. I can, but I need your help.

Buffy looks at the Latin and English pages. The words swirl, but she gets the gist of it.

Buffy: Will this actually work?

Cut back to the hospital records room. Cordelia has the guard wrapped around her finger. She smiles sweetly at him and pretends to be interested as he leans against the wall and talks.

Guard: You know, most people think that security guards are just guys that failed the police exam. But that's not me. This is my career.

Cordelia: Stereotypes are so unfair.

Guard: I did take the fireman's exam, though. I didn't do so good.

Cordelia: Oh, well, you know, I think that security guards (plays with his badge) are **way** sexier than firemen. They're all sooty.

Guard: Well, this is where all the action is anyhow. I'm all the time restraining people.

Cut to Xander behind the other storage cabinets. He's found the file he wants and is waiting and listening for an opportunity to get out.

Cordelia: Mm, how thrilling. (cut to her) Do you ever get scared?

Guard: 'Fear is for the weak.' That's my motto. Either that, or 'Live

in the now.' I haven't decided yet.

Cordelia: I bet you see a lot of tragedy. You know, like that little girl?

Guard: Oh, one of Dr. Backer's patients. Dr. Backer's a great man. He understands...

Cut to Xander. He cringes at what he's hearing and thuds lightly back into the cabinet.

Guard: ...the real truth about children.

Cordelia: (cut to her) What's that?

Guard: Sometimes they die.

Cordelia closes her eyes. Xander makes another bumping noise, this time loud enough that the security guard hears it.

Guard: What was that? (Draws his baton)

Cordelia: Uh, you know, I didn't hear anything. (Tries to get his attention) You know, you have the most... perfect nose I've ever seen. He turns to face her. She giggles and reaches up her finger to run it over his forehead and down the length of his nose. Behind the guard Xander steps over to the door, quietly opens it and goes out.

Cordelia: You must work out.

Guard: (gives her a little growl) Yeah.

Cordelia: (smiles and nods her head) Mm-hm.

Cut to the hall outside the records room. Xander waits around the corner for Cordelia. She walks around it and lets out a surprised gasp when she runs into him there.

Xander: Could you make just a little more with the touchy-gropey?

Cordelia: Jealous?

Xander: Of Rogaine boy? (chuckles) I don't think so. (hands her the file) Here, take this to Giles, okay?

Cordelia: What about you?

Xander: I'm gonna stay here.

Cordelia: Oh, right. Your obsession with protecting Buffy. Have I told you how attractive that's not?

Xander: Cordelia, someone's gotta watch her back.

Cordelia: Yeah, well, I've seen you watch her back.

Xander: What is that supposed to mean?

Cordelia: Well, I was using the phrase 'watch her back' as a euphemism for 'looking at her butt.' You know, sort of a pun.

Xander: Oh! Right. (gets the insult) Hey!

Cordelia: Well, you do.

Xander: Jealous?

Cordelia: Fine. Watch **my** back.

She walks past him and down the hall. He turns around and watches her go. He tilts his head to check out her butt, but quickly straightens back up again.

Cut to the hall outside the children's ward. Buffy comes along, stops by the door and looks into the room. Ryan is sitting at a table drawing a picture with crayons. Buffy walks over to him.

Buffy: Hey. Remember me?

Ryan: You shouldn't be here.

Buffy: Why not?

Ryan: Contagious.

Buffy: Nah. I already got what you got.

She sits down by the table. Ryan goes back to drawing his picture.

Buffy: Oh, what, you think because I'm a grown-up? Believe me, I'm not that grown up.

She takes a look at his picture. It's of the monster that he's seen coming after the other kids. Buffy briefly flashes back to when she saw it walk past her door in her dream.

Ryan: He'll come again tonight.

Buffy: Ryan, listen to me. (he looks at her) I'm not gonna let this thing hurt you. Any of you. Grown-ups don't believe you, right? Well, I do. We both know that there are real monsters. But there's also real heroes that fight monsters. And that's me.

He looks away and goes back to drawing his picture.

Ryan: Can't fight death.

Cut to the library. Willow is sitting at the table surfing for information on her laptop. Jenny, who has left Buffy is reading over her shoulder with Giles. Dr. Backer's medical database file comes up on the screen.

Giles: Our Dr. Backer has something of a rap sheet.

Jenny: Reprimands for controversial experiments, risky procedures...

Willow: Not to mention a malpractice suit. Looks like it was dropped suddenly.

Giles: (takes off his glasses) Factor in Buffy's observation that he gives her the, um, uh, wiggins... (turns away and thinks)

Willow: This may be our death guy?

Giles: (turns back to her) I just wish I knew what he was doing to these children.

She looks up at him.

Cut to a deserted hall in the hospital. Cut to Dr. Backer's office. He's deep into his research and mutters under his breath. He looks up from his printouts and steps over to his refrigerator. He opens it, pulls a specimen from a rack, checks the label and marks it. He puts the test-tube back, closes the fridge and reaches for a reference volume on his desk.

He sits back down as he quickly leafs through it and finds the page he wants. He reads it back to himself and jots some notes onto his papers.

Dr. Backer: Yes. Yes.

Cut to the hall. Xander is sitting on a chair, waiting out his self-imposed sentry duty. He nearly nods off, but jerks his head back up. Cut to the table between his chair and the next one. A bag of Krispy Kreme doughnuts plops down onto it.

The camera pulls back, and Cordelia walks in front of it and sets down a tray with two cups of coffee. Xander looks up at her as she sits down.

She looks back at him, then turns her attention to a copy of Cosmopolitan that she brought with her. Xander reaches for one of the coffees. He gives Cordelia another look and takes the bag of doughnuts also. He takes a long sip of coffee and then opens the bag.

Cut to the hall outside Dr. Backer's office. He walks out, and the camera precedes him as he makes his way to the children's ward. He goes through one of a pair of doors. The camera stops, pans over to Buffy waiting behind the other door and closes in on her suspicious face.

Cut to the children's ward. Dr. Backer comes in and looks around at the various beds as he makes his way over to a particularly sick child. The boy is asleep. He checks his watch and looks at the child for a moment.

The boy lets out a labored breath. Dr. Backer raises a syringe, taps it twice to get the air bubbles to the top and depresses the plunger until the fluid starts to squirt out.

He takes the IV line and pushes the needle into the drug administration stopper. Behind him he hears a muffled laugh and turns to look, but sees nothing. He looks back at the boy again. Suddenly

he gets hit in the back and spun around by something unseen.

Dr. Backer: Uhh!

He is hit again in the chest and yells out in pain. Ryan sees what's happening from his bed and cowers in fear. Dr. Backer is choking. Four slashes appear on his lab coat that go deep and draw blood. He grabs his wound, but is bent backward onto the bed, still being choked. On the wall a shadow can be seen swinging its arm for another slice at the doctor. He screams, and blood sprays onto the wall. Ryan cowers further under his covers.

Cut to the hall. Buffy slowly approaches the door to the ward and looks in, but she quickly has to step back and out of the way as Dr. Backer comes flying out and onto the floor. He groans, and she bends down to help him, but something pushes her away and throws her back into the wall. She hits it hard and slides down to the floor unconscious. Dr. Backer's arms are lifted by the unseen being, and his body is pulled around and dragged down the hall. Further down the hall he is dragged around a corner and out of sight.

Sunnydale General. Cut to Buffy's room. She's in her bed looking at the picture Ryan drew. The grapes Giles gave her are on a plate on the table. Giles appears in the doorway and knocks. Buffy looks up as he, Xander and the girls come into the room. Willow closes the door behind her.

Giles: Uh, well, it looks as if you, uh, were on to something.

Buffy: I know.

Giles: (walks around the bed) The, uh, the, the girl Tina, um, it's apparent that she, she died of the fever, (sits) simple enough, but, but her records show her improving and then suddenly deteriorating w-w-w-without any apparent cause.

Willow: So we checked Dr. Backer out. This guy was *not* a solid citizen.

Buffy: It wasn't Backer. He was clean.

Cordelia: What do you mean 'clean'?

Xander: What do you mean 'was'?

Buffy: He's dead. This thing killed him, and not with kindness. (hands Giles the picture)

Willow: You saw it?

Giles looks at the rough child's drawing.

Buffy: No, it's invisible. I saw Backer nearly shredded and the thing knocked me down. But it's real. Which means I get to fight it.

Giles: Um, (takes off his glasses) this is your work? (indicates the picture)

Buffy: No, one of the kids.

Giles: Oh. Um... Well, it would help if-if we knew what it was.
(exhales) I-it's invisible to you, but the, the children can see it.

Cordelia: But you said you did see something the other night.

Buffy: Uh, yeah, but I was pretty delirious. I mean, it doesn't make any sense. Why would I see it then and not last night?

The door to the room opens, and Buffy's mother comes in.

Joyce: Good morning.

Giles puts his glasses back on. She sets down the bag she brought with her.

Joyce: Ooo, looks like I interrupted a secret meeting.

They all let out forced laughter.

Cordelia: (smiling widely) You sure didn't!

Joyce: Honey, I, I just talked to the doctor, and she said I can take you home.

Buffy: (considers a moment) No. I should stay here.

Joyce: (confused) But, honey, I thought you'd be raring...

Buffy: I think my symptoms are flaring up.

Willow: She doesn't look well.

Buffy: 'Cause I'm not well. Uh, I feel all oogy.

Xander: Increased ooginess. That's a danger signal.

Joyce: Are you sure?

Buffy: Oh, yeah, but just for a day... or s-so.

Joyce: Okay, well, I'll, uh, I'll talk to the doctor.

She goes back out of the room. Cordelia closes the door behind her.

Xander: So what's the drill?

Buffy: Giles, see if you can get a mug shot on that guy. I need to know what I'm fighting.

Giles: Right. Yes. (walks around the bed)

Buffy: I'll check Backer's office. See if I can find any post-its marked 'why a monster might want me dead.'

Xander: Sounds like a plan.

Buffy: Course, if I find anything, I won't know what it means,
so,

Will...

Willow: Oh, yeah, I'm good at medical stuff since Xander and I used
to play doctor all the time.

Xander: (chuckles) No, she's being literal. (gets a look from
Cordelia) She used to have all these medical volumes, uh, and
diagnosed me with stuff. I didn't have the heart to tell her she was
playing it wrong.

Willow: (to Xander) Wrong? Why? (to Buffy) How did *you* play
doctor?

Buffy: (evasively) I never have.

Cordelia raises her eyebrows at Buffy and clears her throat. Giles
picks up on the hint.

Giles: Um, fascinating though this is...

Buffy: Yeah, right. Go!

Giles: W-w-we'll call you if we... know something.

He starts out with Cordelia and Xander close behind.

Buffy: Know something soon.

Cut to the hall. The three of them start toward the waiting
room.

Giles: I'd best head for the library. Research beckons.

Xander: I'm on sentry duty. Spike won't show till sundown if at
all,

but maybe I'll get lucky with this death guy.

Cordelia: He's invisible.

Xander: Yeah, but if I see a floating pipe and a smoking jacket, he's
dropped.

Giles: Well, you two, stay alert.

They stop outside the waiting room.

Xander: Finding out who this thing is takes priority. Cordy, you
should go with Giles.

Giles: Why do I have to have... (looks at Cordelia) Uh, good
thinking.

I-I-I could do with a research assistant.

Cordelia: (to Giles) Let's go, tact-guy.

Giles: Yes. (goes to the elevator)

Cordelia: (to Xander) Be careful. (follows Giles)

Xander sits down on the chair across from the nurse's station. Cut to the children's ward that evening. Ryan opens the door and looks out into the hall. The only person there is the security guard checking things. Ryan steps back into the ward and closes the door.

Cut to the library. Jenny places an Orb of Thesulah in a sacred

circle surrounded by candles.

Jenny: Time to make up for my Elder's mistakes.

Cut to Dr. Backer's office. The camera closes in on his nameplate on the door. Cut inside. Buffy opens the door and pokes in her head. Seeing that it's empty she opens the door further to let Willow in, checks the hall and closes it behind her. She starts to look around and checks out the reference volumes on the shelves by the fridge. Willow looks over the papers on his desk.

Willow: It's weird going through his things. (Buffy opens the fridge) Look, he didn't finish his coffee. Guess he won't. (looks at the printouts)

Buffy: (closes the fridge) Yep, another person I wasn't in time to save. (comes to the desk) It's too bad Spike didn't put me in the hospital sooner. There's something I never thought I'd hear myself say.

The two of them keep looking.

Willow: Hey, wait, I think I have something.

Buffy: Hmm. Sherlock.

Willow: Okay, this makes sense. Dr. Backer was trying to inoculate the kids with a controlled dosage of the same virus they already had. (gets a confused look from Buffy) Oh, raising their temperatures to burn the fever out of them.

Buffy: Would that work?

Willow: According to this it was starting to. So he really was trying to help the kids.

Buffy: Till that thing stopped him.

Cut to the library. Giles and Cordelia are going through a stack of books on the table. He has Ryan's drawing for comparison. She turns a page and finds a picture of a demon. He takes a sip of his tea.

Cordelia: Eww, what does this do?

Giles: (puts his mug down) What?

Cordelia: What does this do? (Pushes the book toward him)

Giles: Uh, it, uh, extracts vital organs to replenish its own mutating cells.

Cordelia: Wow! (Leans over to look at his book) What does this one do? (Points to a drawing)

Giles: (looks up at her) Um, i-it elongates its mouth to, uh, engulf its victim's head with its incisors.

Cordelia: Ouch. Wait, what does this one do? (points to another)

Giles: (frustrated) It asks endless questions of those with whom it's supposed to be working so that nothing is getting done.

Cordelia: Boy, there's a demon for everything.

He slaps down Ryan's picture and gets up from the table in disgust. He takes off his glasses and rubs his forehead.

Giles: I don't even know if we're on the right track. Since this, uh... miscreant has only been seen by select individuals, there's a chance we won't ever... find a picture of it.

Cordelia: Well, it's not in here.

She closes her book, and on the cover is a drawing of the monster they are seeking. Giles looks down at it and puts his glasses back on. She notices his gaze and looks at the book's cover also.

Cut to Giles' office. Cordelia is on the phone with Buffy.

Cordelia: It's called Der Kindestod.

Buffy: (cut to her on her bed) Who is this?

Cordelia: (cut to her) It's me. I've got your monster!

Buffy: (cut to her) Where's Giles?

Cordelia: (cut to her) Looking up stuff.

Buffy: (cut to her) Well, can you put him on?

Cordelia: (cut to her) Hey! (closes the book and heads for the desk) I found your guy, (cut to Buffy) okay? Just listen.

Buffy: Right.

Cordelia: (cut to her at Giles' desk) The name means 'child death'. (cut to Buffy listening intently) This book says that he feeds off of children by sucking the life out of them. (cut to her) Eew! But anyway, afterwards, it looks like they died because they were sick.

Buffy: (cut to her) So it did kill Tina.

Cordelia: Yeah, that's my take. (cut to her) 'Cause it would be looking at the children's ward as basically an all-you-can-eat kind

of thing, y'know.

Buffy: (cut to her) Backer was curing the kids and taking away the
(cut to Cordelia, nodding) Kindestod's food.

Cordelia: Hence, the sliceage.

Giles: (comes into his office) I found a picture of how it kills. Let
me talk to her.

Cordelia: (takes the book and looks) Oh! Eww!

Buffy: (cut to her) What?

Cordelia: (cut to her) Oh! (cut to Willow, looking concerned) Uh, you
should see this thing! The way it does its thing, (cut to her) I
mean, eww! (hands the phone to Giles and gets up) Why do I let you
guys drag me into this stuff? (leaves)

Giles: (into the phone) Uh, uh, Buffy? (cut to Buffy) Are you, are
you still there?

Buffy: Hanging on every (cut to Giles) eww.

Giles: (sits) Uh, the, um, the Kindestod gorges by sitting atop his
prey, (cut to Buffy listening closely) pinning it down, uh,
helplessly. Then he slowly draws out the life. I-it must be, uh,
h-horrifying for the victim.

Buffy just stares off into space.

Giles: Buffy? Hello?

Cut to a flashback of Little Buffy pulling aside the curtain around
Celia's bed.

Little Buffy: Celia?

Celia wakes and starts to scream. She holds her hands in front of her
as if trying to push something away.

Little Buffy: What's wrong?

Celia keeps screaming at the top of her lungs in complete
terror.

Little Buffy: I don't know what to do, Celia!

Celia continues screaming and swats with her hands at something
unseen.

Little Buffy: (toward the door) Help! Help! Help! Somebody
help!

Celia: Get it off of me! (screams)

Little Buffy: Come on, Celia!

Celia: Get it off of me! (screams)

Cut to the bright and empty hall outside Celia's room. No one is coming in spite of all the screaming.

Cut back to Buffy holding the phone to her ear and staring off into space.

Giles: (cut to him) Buffy, w-what is it?

Willow: (cut to her) (takes the phone) Thanks. (hangs up)

Buffy: It killed Celia.

Willow: Your cousin?

Buffy: (looks at Willow) We have to get this thing, Willow, before it gets any more kids.

Willow: You will. We will.

Buffy: But how? I-I can't even see it.

Willow: You saw it once.

Buffy: Did I? Uh, maybe my mind was playing tricks on me. I mean, I was crazed with that fever. Who knows...

Cut inside Dr. Backer's refrigerator. The door opens and the light goes on.

Willow: Buffy, think about this.

Buffy: I have. Lots of thoughts. (crouches down)

Willow: It's crazy.

Buffy: (searches the test-tubes) The fever. That's how you see the Kindestod. That's why Celia could see it. That's why Ryan still can. (finds the right one) It's the only way. Cut to the office. Buffy stands back up and faces Willow.

Willow: But how are you gonna fight this thing with 107 degree temperature? (42d C)

Buffy: I guess we'll find out.

She uncaps the tube and raises it to drink the serum. Willow quickly stops her.

Willow: Buffy!

Buffy: Willow, I'm going to do this.

Willow: Buffy, that's 100% pure. It'll kill you in an instant.

Buffy: Oh. They really should put that on the label.

Willow reaches into the refrigerator for a bottle of drinking water and grabs a beaker that's sitting on top. Buffy closes the fridge while Willow sets the beaker on the desk and opens the

bottle.

Willow: It needs to be diluted.

She pours some water into the beaker and closes the bottle.

Buffy: Okay, but this better work fast.

Willow takes the test-tube and draws some of the serum into a dropper.

She holds it over the beaker and lets a single drop fall in.

Buffy: Faster than that.

Willow looks up at her, worried, but gives in and puts another drop into the water. Buffy takes the beaker, holds it up and looks at it, then over at Willow.

Buffy: Here's to my health.

After another moment's hesitation she quaffs the water and serum. Cut to the hall outside the children's ward. Willow and Buffy come around the corner and head toward the ward. Buffy is already feeling the effects of the virus and walks unsteadily, breathing heavily. Willow supports her.

Buffy: Oh, God. I'm not sure this was such a good idea.

Willow: Hang in there. You'll be okay.

Buffy: Okay. I'm okay.

They reach the door to the ward, and Buffy looks in through the door's window. The beds are all empty.

Buffy: The kids. They're gone.

She and Willow exchange a surprised and very worried look. The basement tunnels under the Hospital. Ryan leads the kids from the children's ward as they try to run away from the Kindestod.

Ryan: Come on!

Girl: Hold me!

Ryan: Keep quiet!

Cut to the hall outside the children's ward.

Willow: What could have happened?

Buffy: I don't know. (faces her) Maybe we're too late. Maybe they moved. (feels her forehead) Maybe I don't... I'm burning up!

She looks back into the room and starts to see something.

Buffy: Will?

Willow: What?

Buffy: I think it's in there.

A form begins to take shape as though unfolding. It steps over to a bed, and suddenly the Kindestod is clearly visible to Buffy. It looks into a bed and finds it empty. She stares at it through the door's window. The monster looks over at another bed and notices her staring. It straightens itself up and looks at her.

Buffy's eyes go wide with fear. It just giggles maniacally and takes off its hat to her. It keeps an eye on her for another moment as it turns toward the other door to the ward, then puts the hat back on and walks to the other door. The Kindestod opens it and goes through, and as it closes the camera cuts to a close-up shot of the sign on the door: basement access.

Cut to the hall. Buffy frantically tries to follow, but the door to the ward is locked, and the virus has weakened her enough so that she can't break it open.

Buffy: It's going after them! (turns to Willow) We gotta get 'em.

Dr. Wilkinson: (coming around the corner) Buffy?

Buffy: (to Willow) Okay, we'll get 'em in a second.

Dr. Wilkinson: (quickly approaches) What's wrong?

Willow: I, uh, she's not feeling well again.

Dr. Wilkinson: You should be in bed. (puts her arm around Buffy)

Buffy: No, no, it's not that bad.

Dr. Wilkinson: No, you're coming with me. (starts to pull her away)

Buffy: No!

She pushes the doctor away and starts to run down the hall. Willow quickly follows.

Willow: (back to the doctor) She's sorry!

Dr. Wilkinson: (grabs a phone and dials) Security, come to the children's ward. We have a situation.

She hangs up and runs after the girls.

Cut to an intersection in the halls. Buffy and Willow come through a pair of doors. The camera pans around down the adjacent hallway where the security guards are coming. They head the girls off at the intersection.

Guard: Okay, come on now. (holds his baton threateningly) We can do this the easy way.

The two girls give each other worried looks, then Willow has an idea

and starts to swat at herself with her hands.

Willow: (frantically) Frogs! Frogs! Get 'em off of me!

The two guards make for her, assuming she's the reason they were called.

Willow: Oh, my God, frogs! Get them off of me! Please, help!

Buffy edges around the corner and quickly goes down the other hall.

Willow: Get 'em off! FROGS! Frogs! Oh, my God, horrible frogs!

Dr. Wilkinson comes through the doors.

Willow: (squeals) Get 'em...

Dr. Wilkinson: Not her, the other one!

Willow: (looks up, calm again) No more frogs!

Guard: C'mon!

They start to run after Buffy.

Cut to Xander sitting at his post in the hall across from the nurse's station. Buffy comes into view and bumps into the wall, unsteady from her fever. Xander looks up, sees her, jumps to his feet and runs to her.

Xander: Buffy, are you okay?

Buffy: (shakes her head) No. We need to get to the basement.

Cut to the basement tunnels. The Kindestod is looking around for signs of the children's passing. Cut to the children weaving their way through the hospital's boiler room.

Ryan: Shh!

They find a secluded corner and all crouch and huddle together.

Girl: I'm cold.

Ryan: Here.

He takes off his robe and drapes it around the girl.

Ryan: Here. We're gonna be safe in here.

Boy: Look!

The Kindestod appears behind Ryan. The other kids all scream.

Ryan: What?

It grabs Ryan from behind and lifts him up and away.

Ryan: Whoa!

Cut to the stairs to the basement tunnels. Xander supports Buffy as they hurry down.

Xander: You don't know how to kill this thing.

Buffy: I thought I might try violence.

Xander: Solid call.

They head down the tunnel.

Cut to the Kindestod holding Ryan up to look at him. He and the other kids are all screaming. Cut to Xander and Buffy running down the tunnel.

Cut to the Kindestod, still holding up Ryan. It throws him aside, and he hits the concrete floor hard.

Ryan: Oof!

The kids keep screaming. Ryan tries to get up. The monster growls as it slowly comes for him. Ryan turns around and looks up at the Kindestod.

He can't scream for fear. It kneels and leans over him, and now Ryan starts to scream again. It takes his head to hold him steady. The boy watches as the monster's eyes bug out and split open. They extend from their sockets down toward his forehead. The monster drools heavily and licks its lips. Its eyes make contact with Ryan's forehead. He screams as he feels his energy being drained.

Suddenly the Kindestod gets hit in the head with a large section of pipe, and its eyes snap back into their sockets. Buffy stands over it with the pipe held ready.

Buffy: You make me sick.

The Kindestod stands up and faces her. She swings the pipe at it again, but the monster blocks it and knocks it from her grip. Although Xander can't see it, he sees that Buffy is fighting something and takes the opportunity to go to Ryan and lift him up from the floor.

Xander: Up.

He carries the boy over to the other kids. Buffy is not in top form as she fights the Kindestod, and it gains the upper hand and punches her twice in the face, then throws her against a pipe. Xander finds the other children and starts to herd them away.

Xander: C'mon, c'mon, c'mon! Hurry!

He follows them, throwing a few glances over at Buffy along the way. She swings twice at the monster, but it just leans back and avoids the blows. It grabs her again and throws her into another pipe. She recovers quickly, spots a raised grating and hops up onto it. She takes a good look at the Kindestod, and then jumps from the grate and lands a hard kick on its face. It stumbles back and to its knee as

she lands on her feet.

She kicks it three more times while it tries to get back up. Xander comes back after leading the kids away and watches her fight. He sees her kick, but to him it looks like she's fighting thin air. He hears her get hit, and she spins around and lets out a grunt of pain. The monster takes her by the shoulder and backhand punches her in the face again. He takes her by the throat, lifts her up and throws her into some sections of large duct tube.

Buffy is dazed and just lies there on the pipe.

The Kindestod reaches down for its hat, brushes it off and puts it back on. Buffy recovers from her daze, but not in time to get away as it kneels and reaches for her head. It holds her steady with both hands. Its eyes bug out and split open again. She reaches up for its head with both hands and gives it a good quick twist. The monster's neck snaps loudly, and it falls over dead next to her. Buffy stands up and looks down at the Kindestod's prone body. Xander finally dares to come closer.

Xander: (concerned) Are you okay?

Buffy: Actually, (looks up at him) I think I'm starting to feel better. Let's...

She takes a step, but loses her balance and falls into Xander.

Buffy: Oh!

He puts his arm around her to support her, and they go.

Xander: He's dead right? I mean, I heard something snap.

Buffy: That would be his neck.

Xander: You're not gonna yak on me, are ya?

Cut to the Summers house. Cut to Buffy's room. Joyce walks in with a sandwich on a plate and a glass of juice.

Joyce: Here you go, honey. Peanut butter and jelly, without the crust, just the way you like it.

She sits on the bed next to Buffy and puts the glass on the nightstand.

Buffy is lying back comfortably.

Buffy: And the juice?

Joyce: (hands Buffy the plate) Two parts orange, one part grapefruit.

Buffy: That's my drink.

Joyce: I measured it exactly. (gets up to go)

The camera pulls away from Buffy to show Xander lounging on the bed

next to her, munching away on cheesy chips and watching TV.

Buffy: (looks at the sandwich) Oh, mom?

Joyce: Mm-hm?

Buffy: I wanted crunchy peanut butter.

Joyce: Oh, sorry. (comes back)

The camera pulls back even further to show Willow on the floor next to the bed surrounded with pillows.

Buffy: A-and I said extra jelly. (hands up the plate)

Joyce: (smiles) Anything to help my daughter get well. (starts to go again)

Willow: Oh, and while you're up, could I get a refill? (holds out her glass) It's just I'm so comfortable.

Joyce: (steps over) Of course. (takes the glass)

Willow: Thanks.

Xander: Oh, oh, oh, (holds up an empty bag) and another bag of cheesy chips. (tosses the bag away)

Joyce: (raises her eyebrows at him) Uh, you ate the last one.

Xander: No, there's another bag hidden behind the raisins.

Joyce: (sighs) I'm on it. (leaves)

Xander: (to Buffy) Your mom's tryin' to Bogart the cheesy chips. What's that all about?

Joyce comes back into the room holding an envelope.

Joyce: Oh, Buffy, here. Um, this came in the mail. (hands it to Buffy)

Buffy: (reads the return address and smiles) It's from Ryan. (opens it)

Joyce: The boy from the hospital?

Buffy takes out the paper inside and unfolds it. Joyce looks down at it.

Joyce: (smiles) Oh, he drew you a picture.

Cut to a shot of the picture. It's of Buffy standing over the Kindestod with her foot up on its chest. The monster's neck is split open and blood is gushing out.

Joyce: How... nice.

Author's Notes: If you've read Flipside, you know that Jenny binds

Angel's soul before his return in I Only Have Eyes for You. Following my version of Killed by Death is an interlude showing how she and Buffy did that.

6. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> I Only Have Eyes for You

Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe. I give him thanks, because I honestly haven't seen much of late season two. As per normal, I own nothing, don't sue me.

The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale. Welcome to my version of I Only Have Eyes for You.

I Only Have Eyes for You This episode was originally broadcast on April 28, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

The Bronze. Splendid is the band tonight. They are on stage performing "Charge". The camera pans from the spotlights above the band down past the drummer to the lead guitar player.

/The way you love/

/Have you got a name for it/ /Cause I don't understand it/

The camera pans past the singer and into the crowd. Cordelia and Xander are dancing close with their arms around each other and smiling.

/The language is an annoying necessity/

/And I depend on all the regular things/

The camera reaches Willow, who is looking around for Buffy. She turns around, looks up and spots her on the upper level leaning against the railing and watching the band. The camera pans up to her.

/Got a list tattooed on my memory/

/Of how our tryst should unfold/

Behind Buffy a boy approaches her.

/I'm falling from the opposite/

Ben: Hey.

Buffy turns to him, a little surprised.

/What good is it/

Ben: I'm Ben. We had Algebra II together last year.

/Fight the map with no key attached/

Buffy: Sorry, I pretty much repress anything math-related.

/My heart's enlarged, and I charge/

/What do you say/

Ben: Ms. Jackson? Second period? You sat in the seat three over and one behind.

/To a dream that won't go away/

Buffy: Oh! Yeah, I remember now, it's the one with the desks and the chalkboards and pencils and stuff, right?

Ben: That's the one. (chuckles)

Buffy: (smiles and points at her head) Like a steel trap.

/'Cause I don't know if I can stand it/

Ben: So, I was wondering, you know the dance tomorrow night? Are you going?

Buffy: You mean the Sadie Hawkins thing? The deal where the girls ask the boys?

Ben: Yeah.

/Forever isn't something you want to be/

Ben: And I thought maybe, you know, if you're free, you might ask me.

/And I rely on familiar things/

Buffy: Oh, gosh... (exhales) I...

Ben: (holds up his hand) Oh, oh, hey, hey, no, don't, don't worry about it...

Buffy: No, no, you seem like a really great guy, it's...

/Seven days all have special meanings/

Buffy: ...me. I-I'm seeing someone.

/But you just call it a week/

Ben: Oh. That's, that's too bad.

/I'm falling from the opposite/

/What good is it/

Ben: Okay, well, I better... (indicates away and goes)

/Fight the map with no key attached/

Buffy: (to herself) Sorry.

/My heart's enlarged, and I charge/

She watches him go for a moment, glances sadly down at the band and then heads for the stairs. She shoots a wistful look at her ring.

Cut to the stage. The camera focuses on the singer and the band as she sings the refrain again.

/I'm falling from the opposite/

/What good is it/

/Fight the map with no key attached/

/My heart's enlarged, and I charge/

When Buffy reaches the bottom of the stairs Willow meets her.

Willow: Hey! You're bailing?

Buffy: Yeah. I'm gonna stop by the library and see if Giles wants me to patrol, and then sack it.

Willow: You've been doing that a lot. Patrolling and sacking. In fact, you've kind of been All-Work-And-No-Play Buffy.

Buffy: I play. I have *big* fun. I came here tonight, didn't I?

Willow: You came, you saw, you (glances up) rejected.

Buffy: You mean that guy? Just not in date mode right now.

Willow: (smiles) Well, I'm sure your steady date will be back soon.

Cut to the halls at Sunnydale High School. A boy is chasing a girl as she walks away from him determinedly.

Boy: (angrily) Come back here! We're not finished!

He grabs her by the arm and turns her around to face him.

Boy: You don't care anymore, is that it?

Girl: (sobbing) No, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter what I feel.

Boy: Then tell me you don't love me. (shakes her) Say it!

Girl: Will that help? Is that what you need to hear? I don't. I don't! Now let me go. (tries to go)

Boy: No! A person doesn't just wake up one day and stop loving

somebody.

He takes a step back, raises a revolver, pulls the hammer back and aims it at her. She looks at the gun, then up at him, frightened.

Boy: Love is forever.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

The halls at Sunnydale High. The boy has his gun trained on the girl.

Boy: I'm not afraid to use it. I swear! If I can't be with you...

Buffy comes walking around the corner and sees them.

Buffy: Hey!

Girl: Oh, my God!

She turns and starts walking away. Buffy starts running at the boy.

Boy: DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME, BITCH!

Down another hall George the janitor hears the yelling, drops his mop and starts toward the commotion. Buffy comes running at the boy full steam. He looks at her just as she grabs his arm, raises it and brings it down over her shoulder, making him drop the gun. She elbows him hard in the gut, knocking the breath out of him. She turns around, grabs him by the shirt and yanks him hard to the floor.

His spins a turn and a half on his way down and lands hard on his back. The girl just looks on in shock. Buffy bends down to pick the boy up by the collar. George arrives at a run and goes over to the girl. They look over at Buffy and the boy. She pushes him away. He is in open-mouthed shock over what just happened.

Boy: What happened?

Buffy: What happened?! You just went O.J. on your girlfriend!

His girlfriend looks down away from him.

Boy: This is nuts! I... I don't know why I got so mad.

Buffy: Because you're a jerk?

Girl: He's not. We weren't even fighting a few minutes ago.

Boy: We weren't, I, I swear to God!

Buffy: If you weren't fighting, then why'd you have a gun?

George looks around the hall.

Boy: I don't, I don't know. I don't even know where I got it.

George: I don't see any gun.

Buffy looks at him, confused. The boy takes a look around also.

Cut to school the next day. Cut to Principal Snyder's office. He comes in and closes the door behind him. The camera starts to follow him to his desk.

Snyder: I'm sure you know why I asked you here.

He passes Buffy as she takes a seat.

Buffy: To thank me?

Snyder: (walks around his desk) That's right, I wanna thank you. What would Sunnydale High do without you around to incite mayhem, chaos and disorder?

Buffy: I don't incite! I stopped that boy from killing his girlfriend, ask him. Ask the janitor.

Snyder: People can be coerced, Summers. I'm no stranger to conspiracy. I saw JFK. I'm a truth seeker. I've got a missing gun and two confused kids on my hands. Pieces of the puzzle. And I'm gonna look at all the pieces carefully and rationally, and I'm gonna keep looking until I know exactly how this is all your fault.

Buffy is about to respond when his secretary buzzes him on his office intercom.

Secretary: Mr. Snyder, Billy Crandal chained himself to the snack machine again.

Snyder: (to the intercom) Pathetic little no-life vegan.

He walks around his desk to go take care of Billy. Buffy stands up to go also.

Snyder: Not so fast, missy. I'm not done with you yet. You stink of lies.

He points to her chair, and she sits back down and exhales. He leaves the office and closes the door behind him. Over to Buffy's right is a bookcase with copies of all of the yearbooks since Sunnydale High opened, and the one from 1955 slides out on its own and falls. She hears it hit the floor and looks down at it. She gets up and bends down to pick it up. She looks at the cover, looks over at its space on the shelf, shrugs and puts it back.

Cut to history class. Buffy has her chin propped up in her hand, bored with the lecture and trying not to fall asleep to the drone of the male teacher's voice.

Teacher: Before 1935, the new deal focused on revitalizing stricken business and agricultural communities. And the new deal also tried to regulate the nation's financial hierarchy to avoid another disaster like the 1929 stock market crash.

Buffy can't help but close her eyes for a moment. The next thing she

knows she hears a woman's voice, and she shakes herself out of her reverie.

Ms. Newman: Don't forget, your assignments are due on Friday, class. The students begin to leave. Buffy looks around and is taken aback by the sudden changed appearance of the classroom and the different dress and hairstyles of the other students.

Girl#1: I told Ms. Hall we'd go help decorate the gym. Who are you taking?

She hands a flyer for the Sadie Hawkins Dance to another girl. Buffy can see that the year on it reads 1955.

Girl#2: David said yes.

Girl#1: Oh, you're kidding! He's so dreamy!

Buffy looks all around, confused.

Ms. Newman: (collecting papers) Thank you.

James goes up to the desk and hands in his paper also.

Ms. Newman: Thank you, James. How are you enjoying that book I loaned you? The Hemingway.

Buffy observes and listens to the conversation.

James: I like it. Very much. It's honest.

He slowly reaches for Ms. Newman's hand and gently takes it.

Ms. Newman: (exhales) Yes, it's, um... it's based on a true story, actually. He fell in love with his...

They are interrupted by the door opening, and let go of their hands.

Suddenly Buffy finds herself back in her history class as her teacher continues his lecture while writing on the board.

Teacher: ...hours, child labor...

Buffy stares in surprise at what the teacher is writing.

Teacher: ...and collective bargaining.

The teacher looks back at the class. The students all start laughing. He looks back at the board and sees that he's just written "DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME BITCH!" in huge letters.

Teacher: Oh, my God!

He quickly grabs an eraser and frantically wipes it away.

Boy: (smiling) Did you see what he wrote?

Cut to the halls. Buffy and Xander walk through the doors from the lounge and head down the hall.

Buffy: I'm telling you, something weird is going on.

Xander: Something weird is going on. Isn't that our school motto?

Buffy: Pretty much. But I don't know. This time it bugs me.

They reach his locker, and he starts to work the combination.

Xander: I don't wanna poo-poo your wiggins, but a domestic dispute, a little case of chalkboard Tourette's? All sounds like Hellmouth Lite to me.

He opens his locker, and a wiry-muscled green arm shoots out and grabs him by the shirt. He screams, and it pulls at him and slams him into the locker. Buffy grabs him by the shoulders and tries to pull him away, but the arm is extremely strong and pulls Xander away from her and against the locker again. He screams out in pain when he hits it. Buffy grabs him again and pulls harder, and the arm lets go. Xander falls to the floor as Buffy slams the locker shut. He scrambles back to his feet, and they both look around the hall and see the other students' reactions.

They are all confused, but stay away and just stare. Buffy gives Xander an intent look and indicates that they should open his locker again and take a look inside. Xander rubs his chin and stands ready as Buffy slowly lifts the latch. She slowly opens the door, and they peek in. Nothing. They open it all the way, and it appears to be completely normal.

Cut to the library. Willow is at the table studying. She looks up when she hears the doors open and sees Xander's torn shirt.

Willow: Xander, what happened? Did Cordelia win another round in the broom closet?

Xander: You're just a big bucket of funny, Will.

Buffy sits down next to her. Xander walks over to Giles, who is kneeling and going through some books on a shelf.

Xander: I'll have you know I was just accosted by some kind of, um, locker monster.

Giles: (looks up) Loch Ness Monster?

Buffy: 'Locker' monster is what he said. But it wasn't really a monster. It was, like, this big arm that came out of the locker, but then we opened it again, it was gone. Nothing.

Xander: This was right after Buffy's history teacher starts doing some freaky channeling thing in class.

Giles: (stands up) Ooh! Sounds like paranormal phenomena.

Willow: (smiles) A ghost? Cool!

Xander: Oh, no, no. No. No cool. This was no wimpy chain rattler.

This

was 'I'm dead as hell, and I'm not gonna take it anymore.'

Giles: Well, despite the Xander-speak, that's a fairly accurate definition of a poltergeist.

Xander: I defined something? Accurately? (closes a book on the table)
Guess I'm done with the book learning. (sits)

Buffy: So we have some bad boo on our hands?

Giles: Yes.

Willow: Well, why is it here? Does it just wanna scare people?

Giles: Unfortunately, he doesn't know exactly what he wants. That's, that's the trouble. See, uh, many times the spirit is plagued by all manner of worldly troubles. Being dead, it has no way to, uh, to make its peace. So it, it lashes out, growing ever more confused, ever more angry.

Buffy: So it's a normal teenager, only dead.

Willow: Well, what can we do? Is there any way to stop it?

Giles: (sits on the table) Uh, the only tried and true way is to work out what unresolved issues keep it here, and-and-and, um, resolve them.

Buffy: Fabulous. Now we're Dr. Laura for the deceased.

Giles: Only if we can find out who this spirit is. (considers) Or was.

Cut to the halls that evening. George is doing his usual mopping. Behind him a classroom door opens, and a teacher comes out to go home.

George: Working late Ms. Frank?

Ms. Frank: My fault. Let myself get behind. (stops) Is it okay to walk here George? It is George, right?

George: Oh, yes ma'am. You go ahead.

Ms. Frank: Thanks. (continues on her way) You have a nice evening.

George: You too. Drive safe. (looks up at her) Oh, Ms. Frank?

Ms. Frank: Yes?

George: (drops his mop and approaches her) You can't make me disappear just because you say it's over.

Ms. Frank: (shakes her head) There's no way we can be together. (steps closer) No way people will ever understand. Accept it.

George: Is that what this is about? What other people think?

Ms. Frank: No! I just want you to be able to have some kind of a normal life. We can never have that. Don't you see?

George: I don't give a damn about a normal life! I'm going crazy not seeing you. I think about you every minute.

She steps closer and puts her hand up on his cheek. He looks down sadly.

Ms. Frank: I know. But it's over. It has to be.

She turns around and starts to leave. He looks up again and starts to chase after her.

George: (angrily) Come back here! We're not finished yet!

He grabs her by the arm and turns her around to face him.

George: You don't care anymore? Is that it?

Ms. Frank: (sobbing) It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter what I feel.

George: Then tell me you don't love me. (shakes her) Say it!

Ms. Frank: Will that help? Is that what you have to hear? I don't. I don't. Now let me go. (tries to go)

George: No. A person doesn't just wake up one day and stop loving somebody.

A gun materializes in his hand. He takes a step back, raises the revolver, pulls the hammer back and aims it at her. She looks at the gun, frightened.

George: Love is forever.

The library. The camera pans through the main room over to a window looking into Giles' office. George and Ms. Frank can be heard faintly as they continue their quarrel.

George: I'm not afraid to use it. I swear. If I can't be with you...

Ms. Frank: Oh, my God.

George: DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME, BITCH!

Giles notices George's loud yelling and looks up from his desk. He gets up, takes off his glasses and walks out of his office to the area behind the checkout counter. Cut to the hall. He arrives at the hall intersection.

George: Don't!

Giles looks in the direction of George's voice and sees him out on the balcony holding the gun up to Ms. Frank.

George: Don't do that, damn it! Don't talk to me like I'm some dumb...

The gun goes off. Giles rushes to the other side of the intersection and hides behind the corner, watching the events as they unfold. Outside Ms. Frank goes into shock from the bullet wound and begins to fall backward.

She tumbles over the balcony railing down to the base of the stairs below. There George sees her lying dead with her eyes closed. He panics and runs into the hall. As he reaches the intersection Giles rushes out, grabs him and tackles him to the floor.

George loses his grip on the gun and it slides away. As it does so it dissolves and disappears in a whiff of black vapor. George raises his head as Giles gets to his knees behind him and holds him down.

George: What's going on?

Giles: What's going on? You just shot a woman.

George is stunned by the realization that it actually happened. Cut to a modern-looking but deserted mansion. Cut inside to an atrium.

Drusilla: Wow! (walks through) Look. Jasmine. (holds a flower)

Drusilla: Night blooming, like us. Oh, it's fairyland. (turns in excitement) Ooh!

Spike: (still at the entrance) It's paradise. Big windows, lovely gardens. It'll be perfect when we want the sunlight to kill us.

Drusilla: It so pretty.

Spike: Well, our old place was just fine till you went and had it burned down.

Cut to the library. Giles is in his office, and the others are standing outside his door.

Giles: It was just as with the, the couple you encountered the other night, Buffy. The, the janitor remembered everything. He, he knew he'd killed this poor woman, but he had no idea why. Well, they-they had no intimate relationship.

He comes out with a few books and heads into the main area. They all follow.

Willow: What about the gun? Did you find it?

Giles: No, no. The police, everybody, we-we-we-we searched high and low.

He goes into the cage with the books and puts them away.

Xander: Fill me in then, 'cause I've read the book, seen the movie, and I'm still fuzzy about what's going on.

Cut to the computer science classroom. Willow, Xander and Buffy come in.

Willow: This is freaky.

She sits at the desk and types at her laptop. Xander leans on a table behind her. Buffy walks to the other side of the desk.

Willow: This ghost stuff is something else. Let me do a crosscheck on other shootings at the school.

Buffy: Yeah, we need some ghost theories. What do we know?

Xander: Dog spit is cleaner than human.

Buffy: Besides that?

Willow: (finds something) Oh, boy, we know plenty.

She scrolls through a newspaper article on her laptop. The title reads "Sunnydale High Jock Kills Lover, Self".

Willow: It says a student murdered a teacher on the night of the Sadie Hawkins Dance. The rumor was they were having an affair, and she tried to break it off. After he killed her, he went into the music room and shot himself.

Xander: Ladies and gentlemen, we have a ghost. It is one of those two, right?

Willow: It all fits: the gun, the Sadie Hawkins Dance.

Buffy: Which is tonight.

Xander: How come we've never heard about this murder-suicide thing before? When did it happen?

Buffy: 1955.

Willow and Xander both look up at her surprised.

Willow: How did you know?

Cut to a short while later. Buffy sets the 1955 Sunnydale High yearbook on the desk and opens it to a picture of Ms. Newman.

Buffy: Okay, here's the new strangeness. I dreamt about this woman, (points) Grace Newman, the other day. (turns more pages) Her and this guy. (points)

Willow: Jim Stanley? He's the one. He did it.

Xander: Your dreams are getting wicked accurate, Buff. You wouldn't happen to see me coming across some big cash? Or possibly knowing the love of a woman? In a full body sense?

Buffy: (ignores him) He couldn't make her love him, so he killed her.
(turns away) Sicko. (steps away)

Willow: He looks so normal on this picture. He was smart, too. He made the honor roll.

Buffy: (looks back) Smart.

Xander: He killed a person and killed himself. Those are pretty much two of the dumbest things you could do.

Willow: I know, but... Well, don't you feel kind of bad for them?

Buffy: Sure I feel lousy. For her. He's a murderer and he should pay for it.

Willow: With his life?

Buffy: No, he should be doing sixty years in a prison, breaking rocks and making special friends with Roscoe the Weightlifter.

Xander: Yikes. The quality of mercy is not Buffy.

Willow: Whose ghost do you think we're dealing with? His or hers?

Buffy: Well, considering how violent it is, I'm gonna say his.

Xander: That tracks.

Willow: (sits) Well, I've been browsing on some of Ms. Calendar's pagan sites. Maybe I can find a way to communicate with them and... we can find out what he wants.

Buffy: Who cares what he wants? We need to shut him down before some other innocent guy goes and kills some poor nice girl and then blows his brains out all over the music room wall.

Xander: Okay! (smiles and rubs his hands) Who's hungry?

Cut to the cafeteria. Kraut dogs and spaghetti are on the menu today. Cordelia has opted for spaghetti, and after paying comes over to the team's table with her tray.

Cordelia: I hope you guys aren't going to the Sadie Hawkins Dance tonight, (sits) 'cause I'm organizing a boycott. Do you realize that the girls have to ask the guys? And pay and everything? I mean, whose genius idea was that?

Xander: Obviously, some hairy-legged feminist.

Cordelia: Really! Well, we need to nip this thing in the bud. I mean, otherwise, things are going to get really scary.

Suddenly they hear several students scream. The hotdogs and spaghetti have all turned into snakes. A boy pulls his snakedog away from his mouth. He has a snake protruding from his lips. He drops the bun, spits out the snake and quickly gets up, backing away from his table.

Xander and the others look back at their table and see snakes all over it as well.

They quickly get up, except for Cordelia, who is too busy screaming to think. When she finally looks at the table again a snake lunges at her and bites her on the cheek. She reacts fast, throws the snake off of her and runs. Snyder comes through the door and sees the mayhem. He steps back just as a student comes running by and falls over a table. Moments later the cafeteria is deserted.

Cut to later outside. The police are there. A team of pest controllers is gathering the snakes, which in the mean time have managed to make their way all around the school. Students are still fleeing the building and running around. Cut to an ambulance. Cordelia and Xander sit at the back while a paramedic dresses Cordelia's snakebite.

Cordelia: Perfect. I'm gonna be scarred and swollen. Why didn't they just kill me?

Cut to the Police Chief's car. Snyder holds the door open as the Chief gets out.

Chief: Schoolboy pranks?

Snyder: Never sell. (slams the door and they walk)

Chief: The sewer got backed up.

Snyder: Better. I can probably make that one fly. But this is getting out of hand. People will talk.

Chief: You'll take care of it.

Snyder: I'm doing everything I can, but you people have to realize...

Two men arrive.

Man: Snyder, what's going on here?

Snyder: Backed up sewer line. Same thing happened in San Diego just last week.

The two men continue into the building.

Snyder: (to the Chief) We're on a Hellmouth. Sooner or later, people are gonna figure that out.

Chief: The city council was told that you could handle this job. If you feel that you can't, perhaps you'd like to take that up... with the Mayor. (leaves)

Snyder: I'll handle it. I will.

Cut to Buffy's house that night. Cut inside to her room. She's on her bed, Xander is in her wicker chair, Cordelia is kneeling and leaning against the bed and Willow is standing.

Willow: Remember the plan to contact the spirit and talk to it? Scrap

that plan. Buffy, you were right. The time for touchy-feely communication is passed. I've done some homework and found the only solution is the final solution.

Xander: Nuke the school? (smiles) I like that.

Willow: Not quite. Exorcism.

Cordelia: Are you crazy? I saw that movie! Even the priest died.

Buffy: What's the deal?

Willow lays down a map of the school building, and they all lean in to look.

Willow: Okay, see here, the balcony? That's where the original teacher died back in 1955 and that teacher last night. That's the hot spot where all the bad mojo is coming from. We need to create a Mangus-tripod.

Cordelia: A what?

Willow: (points) One person chants here on the hot spot. And the other three chant in other places around the school forming a triangle. It's supposed to bind the bad spirit and keep it from doing any more harm.

Buffy: Well, I'll take the hot spot. (takes the map) If there's trouble, that's where it'll be.

Willow nods.

Xander: This ghost, this James guy, is fixating on you, Buffy. The dreams, the yearbook... You sure you can handle it?

Buffy: Well, I'm hoping he'll show. I truly am.

Cut to the school that night. They all come into the hall from outside.

Buffy: Okay, we all have our places. We do the chant and light the candle at midnight exactly. Any questions?

Cordelia: Yeah, what if this mangled triangle thingy doesn't work?

Willow: Oh! I almost forgot. I made us all scapulas. (hands them out)

Xander: Okay, so we can flip the ghost over when it turns a nice golden brown?

Willow: Scapula, not spatula. Um, you wear it around your neck for protection.

Cordelia: You expect me to wear this? It smells like grandpa breath.

Willow: Sorry, I didn't have a lot of time. I had to use sulfur.

Stinky, but effective.

Buffy: Okay, let's do this.

They all continue into the student lounge.

Cordelia: No problem. This will be a piece of cake. Right?

They hear a creaking and then a crashing noise. They jump and look in that direction and see that the doors at the end of the hall have slammed shut on their own. One by one the other doors at the ends of the two intersecting halls slam shut.

The atrium in the mansion. Drusilla sifts through the dirt in one of the large planters. Spike is sitting on the bench behind her.

Drusilla: Maybe I'll sleep underground. Dig myself a little burrow.

Spike: What about your pretty dress, sweet? It'll get all dirty.

Drusilla: Then I'll sleep naked. Like the animals do.

He slides off of the bench and crouches, looking at Drusilla. She begins to laugh as she has a vision.

Drusilla: There's a gate! (rolls onto her back, laughing) It's opening! (gets to her knees)

Spike: What gate, pet? What do you see?

Drusilla: (bounces gleefully) It's black. (hums) It wants her. (hums)

Spike: (crawls up behind her) Wants who?

Drusilla: The Slayer.

Spike: Big deal.

He approaches Drusilla, and runs his hands through her hair.

Spike: If the gateway eats the Slayer, we have one less pest to deal with. (places a kiss on her neck)

Cut to the hall outside of the school library. Willow walks along and slows down to look down the other hall before continuing. Behind her Giles opens the door, and she screams out in fright. He startles and yells out, too.

Giles: God, Willow, what are you doing here? You're not supposed to be inside.

Willow: Me? What about you?

Giles: What's that smell?

Willow: It's my scapula.

Giles: Ah, right, of course. Did you use sulfur?

Willow: Yeah.

Giles: That's clever.

He goes back in, and the door swings shut behind him. There is a tiny smudge of lipstick visible on his collar.

Willow: Okay. 'Night.

Cut to a girls' bathroom. Cordelia comes in with her candle and flashlight and looks around. The place is deserted. She sees her reflection in the mirror with a bandage on her cheek. She walks over to it and sets the candle down on the shelf. She pulls off the bandage and winces at the pain. Leaning toward the mirror she inspects the twin fang marks on her cheek.

Cut to the hall. Buffy walks along and hears the song "I Only Have Eyes For You", by The Flamingos, playing somewhere. Down another hall she can see shadows in a bright light dancing against a wall.

/My love must be a kind of blind love/

She walks toward the sound and through a pair of doors.

/I can't see anyone but you/

Beyond them is another set of doors to the music room. A Class of '55 Sadie Hawkins Dance flyer is taped to one of the door windows. She steps over to the other door and looks in. There she sees James and Grace dancing slowly to the music.

Cut to the cafeteria. There are still a few snakes there. Xander comes in and looks around.

Xander: Oh, yeah, baby, it's snakalicious in here.

Cut to the landing up the stairs from the student lounge. Willow steps up to it and looks around nervously. Cut to Buffy watching James and Grace slowly turn as they dance.

/The moon may be high/

/but I can't see a thing in the sky/

When James turns into view again Buffy sees that his face is all rotted.

/'Cause I only have eyes for you/

Buffy stares back in open-mouthed shock. James and Grace are suddenly gone.

Cut to the girls' bathroom. Cordelia digs in her purse for some makeup. When she looks back up and is about to put some on, the side of her face with the snakebite suddenly becomes rotten. She screams at the top of her lungs.

Cut to the landing. Willow sets her candle down on the floor. Below her the floor suddenly starts to swirl, and a green demonic hand reaches up and grabs her, pulling her down. She screams for all she's worth, and grabs the stair railing to keep from being pulled in.

Willow: (screams) GILES!

He hears her screams and comes running, Jenny following not far behind.

Giles: WILLOW!

Willow: GILES! GILES!

The pull is too strong, and she loses her grip on the railing.

Giles: WHERE ARE YOU?!

They come running into the lounge area.

Willow: PLEASE! HELP! HELP ME!

He turns and sees her sinking into the floor. He scrambles up the stairs to her aid.

Willow: HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP!

Jenny: Just hold on, Willow.

He grabs her arms and starts to pull. She screams again as the pit continues to try to suck her in. Jenny grabs onto Giles, and he lets out a grunt as they manage to slowly lift her out. When she's free of the pit she suddenly snaps into his arms, and they all go rolling down the stairs.

Cut to the balcony. Buffy puts her scapula around her neck and pulls her hair out of the back. Suddenly she senses something and stares off into space. She has a vision of Ms. Newman running out of the hall onto the balcony being chased by James with his gun.

James: Stop!

Cut to Ms. Newman facing James.

Ms. Newman: Just calm down.

Cut to James shaking the gun at her. It goes off. Cut to Ms. Newman clutching her chest over the bullet wound. She pulls her hand away and looks at the blood. Cut to Buffy for just an instant. Cut to James walking into the music room. Cut to him putting on a record. Cut to him crying. Cut to him raising the gun to his head. Cut to him crying again as he pulls the trigger. Cut to Buffy on the balcony. James comes up to her with a rotted face and grabs her by the arms.

James: Get out!

The vision of him fades quickly, and she takes a few steps back. Cut

to the girls' bathroom. Cordelia is panting with fear, covering her face with her hands. She looks into the mirror again and sees that her face is suddenly normal again. She pulls her hands away, takes a closer look and begins to calm down a bit. Cut to the lounge. Giles gets up and goes up a few steps to make sure that the pit is gone. He comes back down to Willow.

Giles: Are you all right?

The town clock begins to strike midnight.

Willow: Oh, God. Oh.

She scrambles back up to the landing to light the candle. He follows.

Giles: Careful up here!

Jenny: A Mangus-tripod. They're trying to banish the ghost.

Cut to the girls' bathroom. Cordelia is nervous but ready with her candle and lighter. Cut to the balcony. Buffy strikes a match and lights her candle. Cut to the landing. Willow struggles with her lighter. The flame won't ignite. Giles crouches down, takes it from her and lights the candle.

Willow: I shall confront and expel all evil.

Cut to the girls' bathroom. Cordelia lights her candle.

Cordelia: I shall *totally* confront and expel all evil.

Cut to the cafeteria. Xander sits on a table with his lit candle before him. He has his legs crossed, hands folded and eyes closed as if in prayer.

Xander: Out of marrow and bone...

Cut to the balcony. Buffy lights her candle.

Buffy: Out of house and home... never to come here again.

Cut to the landing. Giles, Jenny and Willow look around. Nothing is happening.

Cut to the cafeteria. Xander opens his eyes. Nothing happens there either. Cut to the bathroom. Cordelia looks around also. All seems quiet.

Cut to the balcony. Buffy watches as a breeze blows out her candle. She looks in the direction of the gust. Cut to the landing. The candle there has been blown out, too. Giles and Willow exchange a look. Cut to the cafeteria. Xander's candle is out also. He looks around nervously. Cut to the girls' bathroom. Cordelia watches the smoke drift from the glowing wick. Cut to the lounge. Giles, Jenny and Willow come down the stairs and look down the hall. They hear a faint buzzing. It steadily gets louder. At the far end of the hall they see a dark swarm of wasps coming toward them.

Giles: Oh, my God!

Jenny: I don't think that's strong enough. Let's try, Oh shit!

They break into a dead run. As they round a corner Buffy and Cordelia join them from another hall.

Giles: You all right?

Xander comes running out of the cafeteria and keeps pace. They reach the far end of the hall where the doors are jammed shut.

Buffy: Get back!

Giles backs off, and Buffy kicks the door open, shattering the glass. They all immediately run out. The wasps are right behind them. When they reach the street Xander looks back and stops.

Xander: Check it.

They all stop and turn to look as well.

Xander: I'd say school's out for good.

They all stare in amazement. Giles takes off his glasses. The wasps have arranged themselves in a wall around the school so that nothing can get in or out.

Cut to the living room at Buffy's house. She leans against the wall. Giles and the others are seated around the coffee table. He pours some tea for himself. There is also a pot of coffee for the others.

Giles: The good news is none of you girls were shot. Well, we've established, based on all the parallels and-and-and Buffy's visions, that it's James' spirit.

Willow: So what do we do, Giles? About James.

Giles: Well, he's obviously reliving the night of the Sadie Hawkins Dance when he killed Ms. Newman. It-it's-it's common enough for a spirit to do this, to... recreate a, a tragedy.

Cordelia: (munches a cracker) Hey. If Sunnydale High School shuts down forever, do we automatically graduate?

Xander: (ignores her) But why? What does he want? (thinks again about Cordelia's question) Actually, that's an interesting point.

Giles: He's, he's trying to... resolve whatever issues are keeping him in limbo. W-w-what exactly those are, I'm not...

Buffy: (interrupts) He wants forgiveness.

Giles: (leans back) Yes. (gets up) I imagine he does. (goes to her) But when James possesses people, they act out exactly what happened that night. So he's experiencing a form of purgatory instead. I mean, he's, he's doomed to, to kill his Ms. Newman over and over and over again,

Jenny: (has a far away look on her face) Forgiveness is

impossible.

Cut to the kitchen. Buffy comes in. She has her hands in her pockets and finds a folded sheet of paper. She pulls it out and unfolds it. It's a Class of '55 Sadie Hawkins Dance flyer. She puts down the flyer and hears a faint male voice.

Voice: I need you.

She goes out the kitchen door.

Cut to the living room. Willow gets up from her chair.

Willow: So what do we do next? Do we go in again?

Giles: Well, not now. No, the, uh... the spirit is too angry, too, too powerful. No, we have to work out exactly how and, and if this thing can be defeated.

Cut to the school. It is still surrounded by the swarm of wasps. Buffy walks up to it anyway. The swarm parts to let her in. When she reaches the doors they open for her, and the swarm closes the gap behind her.

The kitchen at Buffy's house. Willow comes in looking for her.

Willow: Hey, Buffy, are you...

See sees the flyer lying on the island and picks it up.

Willow: Oh, God. Giles! (he comes in) She went back.

Cut to the school. They all stand in front of it looking at the swarm.

Xander: So what now? Not even a mega-vat of Raid's gonna do the trick here.

Cordelia: I don't get it. Is she trying to be a big loner hero or something?

Giles: No. I believe she's under the spirit's thrall. He's, he's calling her.

Cordelia: But why?

Giles: James needs her to re-enact everything that happened on the night that he, he killed Ms. Newman. He wants to change things, make, make a happy ending.

Willow: But it can't ever happen! It always ends the same, which means Buffy just went in there to get shot, Giles.

Giles: Yes. But the school's deserted. There's no way for James to...to play his part. There's, there's no man inside for him to possess.

Xander: So Buffy should be safe until we find a way to get her out.

Willow: In theory, yeah.

A taxi pulls up in front of the school, then quickly pulls away. Cut inside the school. Buffy walks idly through the halls. She stops by the trophy case and turns around. A door quietly opens and closes, and Angel enters.

Angel: The thing about wasps.

Cut to Buffy with her back to Angel.

Angel: They have no taste for the undead.

He expects anything but the quiet soft spoken response.

Buffy: (quietly) You're the only one. The only person I can talk to.

Angel: Buffy? Are you alright?

Buffy: (faces him) You can't make me disappear just because you say it's over.

Angel: Actually... (approaches her) I can. In fact... I just want you to be able to have some kind of normal life. We can never have that, don't you see?

Buffy: I don't give a *damn* about a normal life! I'm going crazy not seeing you. I think about you every minute.

He raises his hand to her cheek. Cut to 1955. Grace puts her hand on James' cheek. He looks down sadly.

Ms. Newman: I know. But it's over. It has to be!

She turns around and starts to leave. He looks up again and starts to chase after her. Cut to 1998. Buffy chases after Angel.

Buffy: (angrily) Come back here! We're not finished!

She grabs him by the arm and turns him around to face her.

Buffy: You don't care anymore, is that it?

Angel: (sobbing) It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter what I feel.

Buffy: Then tell me you don't love me!

Cut to 1955.

James: Say it!

Ms. Newman: Is that what you need to hear? Will that help? I don't.

Cut to 1998.

Angel: I don't. Now let me go. (tries to go)

Buffy: No. A person doesn't just wake up and stop loving somebody!

Cut to 1955. Grace looks at James. He takes a step back, raises a revolver, pulls the hammer back and aims it at her. Cut to 1998. Angel looks at the gun and then at Buffy, frightened.

Buffy: Love is forever. I'm not afraid to use it, I swear! If I can't be with you...

Angel: Oh, my God!

He turns around and starts running out of the hall toward the balcony. Cut to 1955. Grace runs from the hall.

James: DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME...

Cut to 1998.

Buffy: ...BITCH!

Angel runs out of the hall. She runs after him. Cut to 1955. James runs after Grace. Cut to 1998. Angel barges through the door out onto the balcony.

Buffy: Stop it! (comes out the door) Stop it! Don't make me!

He stops next to the balcony railing.

Angel: (breathing heavily with fear) All right. Just... (turns around)

Cut to 1955. Grace turns around to face James.

Ms. Newman: You know you don't want to do this. Let's both... just calm down. Now give me the gun. (holds out her hand)

James: Don't. Don't do that, damn it!

Cut to 1998.

Buffy: Don't talk to me like I'm some stupid...

The gun goes off. Angel flinches from the wound. Cut outside the school. Giles and the others hear the gunshot. Willow draws a worried breath. Cut to the balcony. Angel has his hand clutched to his chest. He pulls it away and sees the blood. He looks up at Buffy. She stares back in open-mouthed shock at what she just did.

Angel: James.

Cut to 1955. Grace goes into shock from the bullet wound and begins to fall backward. She tumbles over the balcony railing down to the base of the stairs below. Cut to 1998. Buffy just stares in shock. Cut to 1955. James sees Grace below lying dead with her eyes closed. He slowly goes back into the hall. Cut to 1998. Angel lies prone at the base of the stairs below. Cut to the music room. Buffy slowly comes in. Cut to Angel. His eyes suddenly open. He props himself up on his elbows and looks up at the balcony. Cut to the music room.

Buffy walks to the record player at the back of the room. She turns it on and begins playing the record.

/My love must be a kind of blind love/

She looks over into a mirror, and James looks back at her. Her eyes are full of tears as she looks at him. He looks down at the gun in his hand.

/I can't see anyone but you/

The camera pans down from Buffy's face to the gun in her hand. She raises it slowly, but a hand takes it and pushes it back down. She turns and finds herself face to face with Angel.

Buffy: Grace!

Angel: Don't do this.

Buffy: But-but I killed you.

Angel: It was an accident. It wasn't your fault.

Buffy: Oh, it *is* my fault. How could I...

Angel: Shhh. I'm the one who should be sorry, James. You thought I stopped loving you. But I never did. I loved you with my last breath.

Buffy lets out a few sobs.

Angel: Shhh... No more tears.

Cut to 1955. Grace and James kiss. Cut to 1998. Angel and Buffy kiss. They hold each other tightly as they continue kissing for a long time.

Above them in the ceiling a bright light appears, and the spirits of Grace and James leave this world for the next. As quickly as it appeared the light is gone. Buffy and Angel gently break off their kiss and open their eyes.

Buffy: (softly) Angel.

Dissolve to the library. Giles paces behind the counter, Jenny trailing him with her eyes. The door opens, and Willow, Xander and Cordelia come in.

Willow: Everything seems normal. Not a snake, not a wasp.

Cordelia: Yep. School can open again tomorrow.

Xander: Explain to me again how that's a good thing.

They all lean against the counter.

Cordelia: I'm drawing a blank.

Giles goes back into his office where Buffy is resting. Angel has her in the kind of hug that shows desperation to be near some

one.

Giles: Are you feeling any better?

Buffy: James picked me. I guess... I guess I was the one he could relate to. He was so sad.

Giles: (sits by her) Well... they can both rest now.

Angel: I don't understand how she could forgive him.

Giles: Does it matter?

Angel: No. I guess not.

7. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe

Authors Notes: I am using scripts created by Alexander Thompson to write the Edispilf universe. I give him thanks, because I honestly haven't seen much of late season two. As per normal, I own nothing, don't sue me.

The Edispilf universe is one of the five stem realities mentioned in my story Flipside. It diverges in the middle of Surprise, which is where I begin my tale. I'd like to hope some of you have been waiting for this, so here it is. Becoming, Part One. If I don't get a review from at least one of the hundred of you who I know are reading this series, I'll withhold part two until August. No joke. I do have other projects.

Becoming This episode was originally broadcast on May 12, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

A ghetto in London, England, 1874. The camera looks straight down from above onto the cobblestones. A lone rider on his horse passes underneath, and the camera follows them past a well as Spike narrates.

Spike: There are moments in your life that make you, that set the course of who you're gonna be. Sometimes they're little, subtle moments. Sometimes... they're not. I'll show you what I mean.

The horseman continues past a tavern on the far side of the square. The door opens, and a young drunk William and his drunk friend are thrown out.

William: We'll be back, and you'll regret it!

The tavern proprietor slams the door shut, and William pounds on it a couple of times.

William's friend: (moans) Let's go.

William staggers back over to him and puts his arm around him. They begin to walk with a definite sway in their step.

William: Come on. We'll sneak in and take some of your mum's pounds. She'll never miss it.

His friend is too drunk to go on, and faints dead away, falling out of William's arm to the pavement. William looks down at him.

William: (shrugs) Okay, so you rest right here.

He takes a look around and spots a woman in a long elegant black dress standing in an alley beyond an archway. The woman gives a slight backward glance to be sure she has his attention, and starts to walk further into the alley, disappearing around a corner from William's view. He follows her.

Cut to the alley. The woman continues her slow pace and looks up when William comes through the archway and begins to speak. As she gets closer to the camera it becomes clear that the woman is Drusilla. Her rich black hair is done in an elegant French braid.

William: So, I ask ... What be a lady of your station doing alone in an alley with the reputation that this one has?

Drusilla: (still facing away) Maybe she's lonely.

William: In that case, I offer myself as escort to protect you from harm and to ease your loneliness.

Drusilla: You're very gracious.

William: I've been called many a things, but gracious has never been one of them.

Drusilla: (turns to face him) Are you certain you're up to the challenge?

William: (approaches her) Milady, you'll find there's no challenge I'm not prepared to face.

He stops in front of her and looks into her eyes.

William: Oh... But you're a pretty thing. Where are you from?

Drusilla: (smiles) Around. Everywhere.

William: I never been anywhere myself. Always wanted to see the world, but...

Drusilla: I could show you. (smiles)

William: Could you, then?

Drusilla: Things you've never seen, never even heard of.

William: Sounds exciting.

Drusilla: It is. And frightening.

William: I'm not afraid. Show me. Show me your world.

Drusilla: My white knight, soon to be my dark king.

The camera follows her hand as she puts it on his shoulder, and continues up to show her face vamped out. She smiles, lets out a low growl and opens wide as she leans in to bite him. When he feels the pain his eyes open wide, and he gasps. He can't keep steady, and sinks to his knees. Drusilla lets go of her bite, revealing his bloody neck, and stands up straight.

Drusilla: Daddy, he's ready.

Angelus stepped out of the shadows.

Angelus: You always have the best of taste, Dru. Just don't let this one starve.

Angelus cuts his wrist with a claw, and places it to William's mouth. Reflex kicks in, and he drinks.

Cut to the cemetery in Sunnydale, 1998. Drusilla walks through carefully and quietly while watching Buffy fight a pair of vampires nearby. He sees her kick one and then the other, and then continues on to a better vantage point. One of the vampires rushes Buffy, and she flips him over onto his back.

Buffy: Nice try.

The other one comes at her again with a swing. She ducks it and punches him in the face, in the gut and again in the face. He falls to the ground, dazed. The first one comes at her again with a kick, but she blocks it with her arm, backhand punches him in the face, jabs him in the gut and grabs his arm, twisting it up high and forcing him to his knees in pain. Drusilla looks on from behind a tree and smiles. The second vampire gets back up and rushes her. Without letting go of the first one she cleanly jams her stake into the other one's chest, and he crumbles into ashes. Drusilla can't help but snicker. Buffy turns her attention back to the one she's holding and punches him in the face, making him roll away.

Buffy: I want you to get a message to Spike for me. Tell him I'm done waiting. I'm taking the fight to him.

Drusilla smiles as she listens.

Buffy: You got that? Need me to write it down for you?

The vampire gets up and charges her. She grabs him and pulls him around and down to the ground, and immediately plunges her stake home. He bursts into ashes.

Buffy: Alright, I'll tell him myself.

She gets up and walks over behind a gravestone, where she reaches down to help someone up. She pulls Xander of an extremely annoyed looking Angel.

Angel: (growls) Next time, find a different landing spot.

Xander: (moans) I'm good. Don't worry about me. (rubs his neck)

Buffy: You know, you don't have to patrol with me.

Xander: (indicates the pile of ash) I had that guy under control until he resorted to fisticuffs. (cranes his neck) Oh! What is that, um... five vampires in three nights?

Buffy: Yep. But no Spike.

Xander: Are you, uh, really that anxious to come up against him?

Buffy: I want it over with.

Xander: (nods) I hear that.

Angel: We've underestimated him before. We don't want that to happen again.

Buffy: Oh, we better go. (exhales) I haven't even started studying for finals yet. (starts to go)

Xander: (joins her) Oh, yeah, finals! Why didn't you let me die?

Angel: Xander's on his own, but I'll help if you if I can.

Buffy: Ah, look on the bright side. It'll all be over soon.

They leave the cemetery under the watchful eyes of Drusilla.

Drusilla: Yes, it will.

She smirks and turns to leave the other way.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

The research lab at the Sunnydale Museum of Natural History. The camera pans across a large rectangular chunk of rock over to a technician. She is carefully cleaning off a section of the rock. She lets a jet of compressed air blow away some dust. A moment later she lets another jet go, and then reaches up with a brush and runs it across the rock. Dr. Doug Perren, one of the museum curators, comes over to check her progress.

Doug: Careful, now. (points) Concentrate in this area. (watches her work a moment) There you go.

The door opens behind him, and he turns to see Giles come in.

Giles: Hello?

Doug: (comes to greet him) Rupert Giles?

Giles: Yes.

Doug: Doug Perren. (shakes his hand) Thanks for coming.

Giles: Oh, not at all. It's... flattered to be asked.

Doug: I spoke with Lou Tabor at the Washington Institute, and he told me we had the best authority on obscure relics right here in Sunnydale.

Giles: Oh... (laughs) He may have, uh, exaggerated a little. (sees the obelisk) Ah, is this the...

Doug: This is our baby. (they approach it) Construction workers dug it up outside of town. Don't have a clue what it is. Any ideas?

Giles: (touches and looks at the rock) A few. None I'd care to share until I can verify. (notices the runes on it) You have, uh, carbon dated it? (inspects the writings)

Doug: The results'll be back in a couple of days. I'll go out on a limb and say old.

Giles: (smirks) Um, yes, it, it certainly... (picks up a jar and a scraper) predates any, uh... settlements we've read about. (points) Um, may, may I?

Doug: Yeah. Sure.

Giles leans in and begins to scrape at the corner of the obelisk, catching the debris in the jar. He digs into an apparent groove. A few scrapes later he stops and taps the scraper clean on the jar.

Giles: I assume you've, uh, you haven't tried to open it.

Doug: Open it?

He leans over to see what Giles has discovered.

Doug: Ah, I'll be damned. I figured it was solid. What do you think is in there?

Giles: (staring intently) I don't know.

Doug: Well... I guess we won't know until we open it up.

Giles: (considers) Yes, but could I ask, um... would you wait? I, uh... I'd like to work on translating the text. It-it-it might give us an indication of... what we'll find inside.

Doug: You don't want to be surprised?

Giles: A-as a rule, no.

Doug: Alright. You're the expert. But I'm pretty damn curious, though.

Giles: (removes his glasses) Yes. Yes, so am I.

Cut to the cafeteria at Sunnydale High. The camera focuses on two fish sticks that Xander is holding, one with a toothpick stuck through the middle. He plays with them like puppets, moving the one with the toothpick around.

Xander: Tell Spike I'm gonna kill him! No, wait. I'm gonna kill you!

He starts to repeatedly stab the toothpick into the other fish stick.

The camera pulls back and up to his face.

Xander: Die! Die! Die!

He makes an anguished face and lets the fish stick fall.

Xander: Aah! (makes a thudding noise) (squeals) Mother! (smiles)

Cordelia: Is that it?

Xander: Yeah. That's it. (chuckles) Scene! (grins)

Cut to Willow, Oz and Buffy at the opposite side of the table. Willow is sitting on Oz's lap.

Buffy: That's exactly how it happened.

Oz: Well, I thought it was riveting. Uh, I was a little unclear about some of the themes.

Buffy: The theme is Spike's too much of a coward to take me on face-to-face.

Xander: (still playing with the fish sticks) And the other theme was 'Buy American', but it, uh, got kind of buried.

Willow: (to Buffy) Do you think you're ready to fight Spike?

Buffy: I wish people would stop asking me that. Yes, I'm ready. I'm sorry dropping a church on him wasn't enough! I'll try harder. Just the one test I might actually pass.

Willow: Don't say that! You're gonna pass everything. I will get you through this semester if I have to sweat blood.

Xander: Do you think you're likely to? 'Cause I'd like to be elsewhere.

Willow: It was only metaphor blood.

Oz: I think you'd sweat cute blood.

Willow: (gives Oz a smile) (to Buffy) Sixth period, after my computer class, we'll rock on chemistry.

Buffy: Ready to rock.

Cordelia: Gee, Xander, what are you gonna teach when you fail in

life? Advanced loser-being?

Xander: I will teach... (with a French accent) zee Language of Love!
(reaches for her)

Cordelia: (fights him off) Don't touch me! You have fish hands!

Snyder comes into the cafeteria behind them.

Xander: Come, let me caress you!

Cordelia: Stop it!

Xander: Let me in!

Cordelia: No! (laughs) Don't!

Snyder: That's enough of that. (to Willow) And you! Are we having a chair shortage?

Willow: I didn't read anything about... Oh. (slides off of Oz's lap and into her chair) I get it.

Snyder: These public displays of affection are not acceptable in my school. This isn't an orgy, people. It's a classroom.

Buffy: Yeah! Where they teach lunch.

Snyder: (glares at her) Just give me a reason to kick you out, Summers. Just give me a reason. (walks off)

Cordelia: How about because you're a tiny, impotent Nazi with a bug up his butt the size of an emu?

Buffy: Sums it up.

Cordelia: Don't you think?

Willow: (smiles) (to Buffy) Do you wanna come by my house tonight and study, too?

Buffy: Maybe. I-I do have to patrol.

Willow: Again? Do you really expect Spike to turn up tonight?

Buffy: No, I don't expect him to. But that's usually when he does.

Cut to an abbey in London, 1860. Cut inside the nave. Monks are chanting. Drusilla walks behind the pews toward the confession booths. Before going in she faces the altar, kneels and crosses herself. She looks up briefly before getting back to her feet and going into one of the booths. As she steps in through the curtain an arm juts out of the adjacent one where the priest waits, and muffled noises and struggling can be heard. The arm gets pulled back in as quickly as it appeared. Cut inside the confessional. Drusilla sits down and pulls the scarf from her head.

Drusilla: Bless me, Father, for I have sinned.

In the next booth Angelus is caught by surprise, and drops the dead priest.

Drusilla: It's been two days since my last confession. (waits for an answer) Father?

Angelus: (goes along with it) That's not very long.

Drusilla: (with a trembling voice) Oh, Father, I'm so afraid.

Angelus: The Lord is very forgiving. Tell me your sins.

Drusilla: I had... (breathes deeply) I've been seeing again, Father. Yesterday, the men were going to work in the mine. I had... (shakes) a terrible fright. (draws a frightened breath) My stomach all (draws another) tied up, and I saw this horrible... crash. (calms a bit) My mummy said to keep my peace, it didn't mean nothing. But this morning... they had a cave-in. Two men died.

Angelus: Go on.

Drusilla: Me mum says... I'm cursed. (exhales) My seeing things is an affront to the Lord, (inhales sharply) that only he's supposed to see anything before it happens. (inhales, sobs) But I don't mean to, Father, I swear! (inhales) I swear! (begins to cry) I try to be pure in his sight. (sobs) I don't want to be an evil thing.

Angelus: Oh, hush, child. The Lord has a plan for all creatures. Even a Devil child like you.

Drusilla: (taken aback) A Devil?

Angelus: Yes! You're a spawn of Satan. All the Hail Marys in the world aren't going to help. The Lord will use you and smite you down. He's like that.

Drusilla: (frightened) What can I do?

Angelus: Fulfill his plan, child. Be evil. Just give in.

Drusilla: No! (sobs) I want to be good. (sobs) I want to be pure.

Angelus: We all do, at first. The world doesn't work that way.

Drusilla: Father... I beg you... Please... Please, help me.

Angelus: Very well. Ten Our Fathers and an Act of Contrition. Does that sound good?

Drusilla: (relieved) Yes. (exhales) Yes, Father. Thank you.

Angelus: The pleasure was mine. And my child... (raises his hand to the lattice between them)

Drusilla: Yes?

Angelus: (stares at her) God is watching you.

Cut to the atrium at the mansion, 1998. Drusilla comes down the stairs to the garden below. There Spike sits and reads the newspaper.

Spike: Nice walk, pet?

Drusilla: (holds her tummy as though sick) I met an old man. Didn't like him. He got stuck in my teeth. (licks her fingers) (faces Spike) But then the Moon started whispering to me... (closes her eyes and leans her head back) All sorts of dreadful things.

Spike: What did the Moon tell you? (walks around Dru) Did you have a vision? Is something coming?

Drusilla: Oh, yeah. (whispers) Something terrible. Psst, psst, psst, psst, psst, psst...

Spike: Where?

Drusilla: At the museum. A tomb... (smiles) with a surprise inside.

Spike: (holds his hand up to her head) You can see all that in your head?

Drusilla: (smiles) What do you think?

Spike: I think some one's been reading my paper.

The headline of the Sunnydale Press reads 'Mysterious Obelisk Unearthed'. The article's subtitle reads 'Excavators Discover Ancient Artifact'.

Drusilla: That's what's been whispering to me. Sh.

Cut to the computer science classroom after school. Willow is tutoring Buffy in chemistry. Buffy gives up in frustration and slaps down her pencil.

Buffy: Waah! This doesn't make any sense. (pouts at Willow)

Willow: Well, sure it does. See... (takes the paper and looks) Oh, no, this doesn't make any sense.

Buffy: (shrugs) It's senseless. (plays with her pencil)

Willow: (encouragingly) It is, but at least you know that, so you're learning. (looks at the problem more closely)

Buffy: Yay me. Well, it doesn't matter anyway. I mean, when in the real world am I ever gonna need chemistry or history or math or the English language?

Willow: (shoots Buffy a glance) Okay. I see your problem.

Buffy: I'm a moron?

Willow: (gives Buffy a look) Will you stop that? You're not stupid!

You've just had a lot on your mind. You can learn this real easily, but if you're just gonna give up, then don't waste my time.

Buffy: (impressed) Wow. You really ****are**** a good teacher.
(smiles)

Willow: Okay. Look at this. A covalent bond, which means these two atoms are linked by this...

Buffy puts her pencil down on her open book, and it rolls off of the desk and into the space between it and the filing cabinet next to it.

Buffy: Ohh! (moans) Hold that thought.

Buffy: (sits back up) Okay. I'm Learn Girl.

Willow: Okay. (points to the paper) So, see here...

A wood in Rumania, 1898. Angelus runs through the trees, panting in his desperation to reach a gypsy camp. Cut to the camp. The camera pans across the dead body of the young Kalderash Gypsy girl that Angelus has recently killed. She is on a table dressed in white and lying on an intricately patterned quilt with candles burning around the perimeter. Members of the clan are laying rose petals on her. The camera continues to pan over to the Elder Woman sitting beneath a tent canopy and chanting over an Orb of Thesulah surrounded by candles within a sacred circle. Angelus continues running through the woods as she chants.

Elder Woman: Nici mort, nici de-al fiintei, Te invoc, spirit al trecerii. Reda trupului ce separa omul de animal!

Translation: Neither dead, nor of the living, I invoke you, spirit of the passing. Return to the body what distinguishes Man from the beast!

Angelus breaks through the trees into the clearing of the camp. He trips and falls by the great bonfire raging near the center of the camp.

Elder Woman: Asa sa fie.

Translation: So it shall be.

He gets to his hands and knees and looks over at the Elder Woman, still chanting. Cut to the Elder Woman.

Elder Woman: Utrespur aceastui.

Translation: Restore this one.

The glowing Orb suddenly gets very bright for an instant, and then goes dark. Cut to Angelus. His eyes grow bright for a moment, then return to normal, his soul now restored. An elder man of the clan steps up to him as he sits back on his ankles.

Gypsy Man: It hurts, yes? Good. It will hurt more.

Angel: (confused) Where am I? (pants hard)

Gypsy Man: You don't remember... everything you've done for a hundred years. In a moment, you will. The face of everyone you killed... our daughter's face... they will haunt you, and you will know what true suffering is.

Angel: (still not understanding) Killed? I, I don't...

Slowly the memories come back to him: all the people in Budapest after the earthquake that he and Darla killed for their blood; all the people he's turned into demons; the gypsy girl that proved to be his downfall.

Angel: No...

He looks down away from the man and begins to sob.

Angel: No... No... No...

He bends down to the ground in sorrow and grief.

Cut to Angel's apartment. He wakes up from the nightmares of real life, with a great sense of foreboding coming over him.

Cut to the museum research lab. Dr. Perren is going over his notes when he hears some whispering coming from behind him. He turns around to look, but no one's there.

Doug: Hello?

He gets up and slowly walks over to the obelisk. The whispering gets louder as he nears it. He reaches up to the runes on the face of the rock and touches them. The whispering seems to be coming from inside. He places his hand flat on the face of the rock and stares up at it in amazement. Suddenly Drusilla wraps her hand around his mouth from behind and pulls his head back to expose his neck. She leans in and bites him hard as he struggles to get away. Behind her two other vampires approach the obelisk. The two vampires walk around the rock with some rope and tools to haul it away.

Cut to the park. Buffy walks through on patrol and heads into some bushes. She stops and jerks her head aside when she hears something snap. Slowly she takes a few more steps to investigate. She hears another sound behind her, and spins around to look. Nothing. Again she takes a couple of steps. Suddenly Kendra comes out of the bushes to stand right behind her. Buffy instantly pivots around with her fist held up, ready to punch. She stays herself when she recognizes the other girl.

Buffy: (exhales) You know, polite people call before they jump out of the bushes and attack you.

Kendra: (in her accent) Just wanted to test your reflexes.

Buffy: How about testing my face-punching? 'Cause I think you'll find it's improved.

Kendra: I was on my way to your house. Saw you walking. Couldn't help meself.

Buffy: (smiles) Which begs the question, and don't think I'm not glad to see you, but, why are you here? (Kendra starts to answer) Oh, wait. No, let me guess. Your watcher informed you (imitating her accent) dat a very dark power is about to rise in Sunnydale.

Kendra: Dat's about it.

Buffy: Great. So, you have any idea what this dark power is?

Cut to the main hall in the' mansion.

Spike: It's a big rock. I can't wait to tell my friends. They don't have a rock this big.

Drusilla: (pouts) You said I could have it. Besides, it's not just a rock.

Spike: Let's have a lesson, then.

Drusilla: Acathla the demon came forth to swallow the world. (strolls to the obelisk) He was killed by a virtuous knight who pierced the demon's heart before he could draw a breath to perform the act. Acathla turned to stone, as demons sometimes do, and was buried (turns to face Spike) where neither man nor demon would want to look. (starts away from the obelisk) Unless of course they're putting up low-rent housing. Boys...

The two vampires reach up with crowbars and pry open the tomb. The lid crashes to the floor, stirring up plenty of dust. Inside is a tall, horned, stockily built stone demon with a sword protruding from the right side of its chest. Upon seeing him Drusilla closes her eyes, raises her hands to the sides of her head and begins to sway it back and forth.

Drusilla: He fills my head. I can't hear anything else.

Spike: Let me guess. Someone pulls out the sword...

Drusilla: Someone worthy...

Spike: Mm. The demon wakes up, and wackiness ensues.

Drusilla: (opens her eyes, lowers her arms) He will swallow the world, and every creature living on this planet will go to Hell.

The library. Giles comes out of his office into the main room where Buffy and Kendra are waiting at the table. Willow is behind the counter, researching in a book.

Giles: I've been on the phone to the museum. The artifact in question is missing, and the curator has been murdered. Vampires. (leans on the table)

Buffy: And you're sure this was the tomb of Alfalfa?

Giles: Acathla. And yes, the information provided by Kendra's Watcher seems conclusive.

He straightens back up. Willow walks out from behind the counter.

Willow: Okay, somebody explain the whole 'he will suck the world into Hell' thing, because that's the part I'm not loving.

Giles: Well, the, uh, (puts on his glasses) the Demon Universe exists in a dimension separate from our own. (sits on the table) With one breath, Acathla will create a vortex, a-a kind of, um... whirlpool that will pull everything on Earth into that dimension, where any non-demon life will suffer horrible and... eternal torment.

Buffy: So that would be the literal kind of 'sucked into Hell'. (smiles nervously) Neat. (frowns, turns to Willow) I have to work fast.

Kendra: You have fought these two before. They should already be dead.

Buffy: Will you people cut the guilt already! Do we have a clue how to kill this thing.

Kendra: We have. (pulls a sword from her bag) Blessed by the knight who first slew the demon. (Giles looks at the sword, intrigued) If all else fails, this might stop it. I tink.

Giles: (approaches) Ooh. May I? May I? (takes the sword from Kendra) Thank you. Well, l-let's, uh, hope all else doesn't fail.

Willow: (to Buffy) This means I can't help you study for tomorrow's final.

Buffy: Ah, I'll wing it. Of course, if we go to Hell by then, I won't have to take 'em. (worried) Or maybe I'll be taking them forever.

Cut to Angelus' mansion. Spike paces in his room. He hears Drusilla coming.

Drusilla: Spike? Spike, my sweet! The fun's about to begin.

Cut to the main hall before the obelisk. The two vampires drag in a young man, barefoot and bare-chested with his hands tied behind his back. They drop him to the floor before Spike and Drusilla.

Drusilla: (comes toward the young man) I will drink... the blood will wash in me, over me, and I will be cleansed. I will be worthy to free Acathla. (looks at Spike) Bear witness...as I ascend... (looks ahead and morphs into her game face) as I become.

She grabs the man by the hair and lifts him up, holding his head at an angle to expose his neck. She roars and bites the young man hard and fast on the neck. She drinks deeply, brings up his hand to brush it against the man's wound and then lets him fall to the floor dead. She looks at the blood on his hand. She lowers it and starts to walk slowly toward Acathla.

Drusilla: Everything that I am, everything that I have done, has led me here.

Cut to Manhattan, 1996. A bum steps up to a trashcan and begins to go

through it. A man walks past him and on down the street. Having found nothing, the bum makes his way into an alley with slow, labored steps. A boy runs past him with a package and disappears further down the alley. The bum, tired and weak, staggers into a concrete post at the side of the alley and stops. He coughs and rolls around to lean with his back against the post, and it's Angel, tired, filthy and unkempt. He just breathes for a moment, and then smells something. He searches the alley with his eyes and spots a rat scampering across to the other side. He takes a couple of unsteady steps, brushes the hair from his face and begins to stalk the rat. It reaches the other side and disappears into a pile of trashcans and bags. Angel dives after it, scattering the cans and bags noisily, but loses the rat. A man comes into the alley behind him. Angel rolls over to sit and flails his arms at the trashcans in anger over missing the rat. The man comes up to him.

Whistler: God, are you disgusting.

Angel calms down a bit and looks around himself.

Whistler: This is really an unforgettable smell. This is the stench of death you're giving off here. And the look says, uh... Crazy Homeless Guy. It's not good.

Angel: (angrily) Get away from me.

Whistler: What are you gonna do, bite me? (gasps and jumps back)
Horrors! A vampire!

Angel looks at him in surprise.

Whistler: Ah, but you wouldn't bite me on account of your poor, tortured soul. It's so sad, a vampire with a soul. It's so poignant.

Angel: (confused) Who are you?

Whistler: Let's take a walk.

Cut to a ways down the street. The two of them walk along the sidewalk for a few paces and then turn into the street to cross to the hotdog stand on the other side. Angel isn't paying any attention to the traffic, so Whistler grabs his arm to stop him.

Whistler: What are you eating? (they continue across) Like, a rat once a month?

Angel strays and almost walks into another car. Whistler grabs him again and pulls him back in time.

Whistler: Hey! (car honks, they continue) Look, you're skin and bones here! Butcher shops are throwing away more blood in a day than you could stand. Good blood. (they reach the far side) You lived in the world a little bit, you'd know that.

Angel: I wanna know who you are. (stops)

Whistler: (stops and faces him) And I wanna know who ****you**** are.

Angel: You already do.

Whistler: Not yet. But I'm looking to find out. 'Cause you could go either way here.

Angel: I don't understand you.

Whistler: Nobody understands me. That's my curse. (chuckles)

He steps over to the street vendor and pulls out some cash.

Whistler: Dog me. Mustard.

He watches the vendor get out the hotdog and squirt on some mustard.

Whistler: (to Angel) My name's Whistler.

Vendor: Here you go.

Whistler: (takes the dog) Thanks. (hands over a bill, turns to Angel) Anyway, lately it is. (takes a bite) Mm.

Angel: (looks down) You're not a vampire.

Whistler: A demon... technically. I mean, I'm not a bad guy. Not all demons are dedicated to the destruction of all life.

Angel: (looks at him) Whadaya mean, I can go either way?

Whistler: I mean that you can become an even more useless rodent than you already are, or you can become someone. A person. Someone to be counted.

Angel: I just wanna be left alone. (starts away)

Whistler: Well, yeah, you've been left alone for, what, ninety years already. (Angel turns back) And what a package you are. The Stink Guy!

Angel: What do you want from me?

Whistler: I want you to see something.

He gives Angel an intense look. Angel just looks at him.

Whistler: We'd have to leave now. You see, and then you tell me what you wanna do.

Angel: Where is it?

Cut to Hemery High School in Los Angeles, 1996. School is over for the day, and the students come streaming out. An old, rusted Chevy Impala with its windows spray-painted black pulls up on the far side of the street. The driver's window lowers, and Angel squints out into the daylight, careful to remain in shadow. He looks over at the building and sees Buffy come down the steps with three of her friends.

Buffy: So I'm like, 'Dad, do you want me to go to the dance in an outfit I've already worn? Why do you hate me?'

Girl#1: Is Tyler taking you?

Buffy: Where were you when I got over Tyler? He's of the past. (Angel watches her) Tyler would have to crawl on his hands and knees to get me to go to the dance with him. Which, actually, he's supposed to do after practice, so I'm gonna wait.

Girl#1: Okay. See ya later.

Girl#2: Bye!

Buffy: (waves to Girl#1) Call me!

Girl#1: Okay!

Buffy: (waves to Girl#2) Call me! (waves to Girl#3) Call me!

Girl#3: I will!

Buffy climbs back up a few steps and looks around. She takes off her jacket and sits down to wait for Tyler. She lays the jacket across her legs and idly looks around again. A man in a black suit approaches her. He is her first Watcher, who has finally found her.

Watcher: Buffy Summers?

Buffy: (looks at him) Yeah? (smiles) Hi! (confused) What?

Watcher: I need to speak with you.

Buffy: (worried) You're not from Bullock's, are you? 'Cause I-I meant to pay for that lipstick.

Watcher: There isn't much time. You must come with me. Your destiny awaits.

Buffy: (confused, shakes her head) I don't have a destiny. (nods) I'm destiny-free, really.

Watcher: (seriously) Yes, you have. You are the Chosen One. You alone can stop them.

Buffy: Who?

Watcher: The vampires.

Buffy: (considers for a moment) Huh?

Cut to a cemetery. Buffy lands flat on her back.

Buffy: Oof!

A vampire props himself over her, growling menacingly. She is very frightened, and looks around frantically for what to do. Angel watches from behind some gravestones. Buffy spots her stake, but can't reach it, so she just gets her hands underneath the vampire and

pushes him off. He flies off of her and lands hard on his back.

Buffy: Oh, God...

She rolls onto her hands and knees and scrambles on all fours to retrieve her stake.

Buffy: Oh, God... Oh... Oh, God... Unh!

She grabs the stake and quickly gets to her feet. She looks at it, unsure of what to do next. The vampire gets up and lunges at her. Reflexively she grabs him, sidesteps him and sends him flipping over to the ground again, dazed. She looks at the vampire, amazed by what she just did. She glances back at the Watcher, down at her stake and then makes her move to dispatch the vampire. She quickly gets to her knees, raises the stake above her head and plunges it into him, but gets him in the gut instead of the chest.

Buffy: Oh! Not the heart!

Angel watches, concerned. Buffy plunges the stake into the vampire again, and this time hits her mark. An instant later the vampire bursts into ashes. Buffy is caught by surprise, and she screams and jumps back, landing on her butt. She just stares at the ashes on the grass in wide-eyed shock. Behind her the Watcher steps up.

Watcher: You see? You see your power?

Buffy isn't at all sure she wants to see. Angel continues to watch.

Cut to Buffy's house in L.A. The camera looks into her room from outside. Buffy comes in with her mother close behind.

Joyce: Why didn't you call?

Buffy: (faces her mom) I'm sorry. I-I didn't know it was so late. Tyler and I were talking.

Joyce: (exhales) That boy is irresponsible.

Buffy: No, mom. It's not his fault. (takes off her jacket)

Joyce: You know we worry, that's all.

They look at each other for a moment, and Joyce shrugs.

Joyce: Dinner's in ten minutes. (leaves)

Buffy: (whispers) Yeah.

She goes through the other door into her bathroom. The camera pans from the bedroom window over to the bathroom window. She turns on the water to wash up from the cemetery. Her parents talk in the hall, and she can hear as it escalates into an argument.

Hank: Did she say where she was?

Joyce: She was with Tyler.

Hank: I don't want her seeing him anymore, period!

Angel looks in at her from outside.

Joyce: You're overreacting, dear.

Buffy looks at herself in the mirror sadly. The tears begin to come.

Hank: Don't do that! Don't talk to me like I'm a kid!

Joyce: I don't! Just forget it!

Angel continues to watch and listen.

Hank: Just because you can't discipline her, I have to be the ogre!

Buffy keeps on staring into the mirror.

Joyce: I am not having this conversation again! Alright?

Buffy looks down and tries hard not to cry.

Cut to the sewers. Angel arrives where Whistler is waiting for him.

Whistler: She's gonna have it tough, that Slayer. She's just a kid. The world's full of big, bad things.

Angel: I wanna help her. (Whistler looks at him) I want... I wanna become someone.

Whistler: God, jeez, look at you. She must be prettier than the last Slayer. (Angel looks away) This isn't gonna be easy. The more you live in this world, the more you see how apart from it you really are. (sternly) And this is dangerous work. Right now, you couldn't go three rounds with a fruit fly!

Angel: (with resolve) I wanna learn from you.

Whistler: Alright.

Angel: But I don't wanna dress like you. (starts to leave)

Whistler: (follows) Again, you're annoying me. You're lucky we need you on our side.

Cut to present. Angel can't take it any more, and gets out of bed. He heads towards the library.

Cut to the mansion. Drusilla approaches Acathla, still vamped out.

Drusilla: I have strayed, I have been lost. But Acathla redeems me. With this act, we will be free.

She grabs the hilt of the sword with both hands. A blindingly bright light emanates from it. Drusilla smiles and bathes herself in it

before she begins to shake with the power of the sword.

She holds onto the sword tightly, trying to draw it out of Acathla. It won't budge, and a moment later a bright red flame bursts from the sword, throwing Drusilla back and onto the floor.

Drusilla: (freaks out) This is so... disappointing! (moans) (paces angrily) There must be something I missed. The incantations, the blood... I don't know!

Spike tries hard to suppress a snicker, hiding his mouth with his hand.

Drusilla: (gets a determined look on her face) We'll have our Armageddon. I swear!

She grabs a vase from a shelf and heaves it at the far wall, smashing it into hundreds of tiny pieces.

Cut to class the next day. Willow, Buffy, Xander, Cordelia and the rest of the class are taking one of their final exams. Everyone is intent on it. Buffy looks up and glances around briefly, then turns her attention back on her paper.

Cut to the hall. There are very few students. A mysterious figure with a shawl over its head walks slowly toward the room where the team is taking their test. The camera follows. The few students who pass don't take any notice.

Cut back to the class. Everyone is concentrating on the test, and no one notices as the vampire comes in and pulls the shawl away from its face.

Vampire: Tonight... Sundown... (everyone looks up) At the graveyard...

Teacher: (gets up) Excuse me...

Exposed now to the daylight, the vampire begins to smoke.

Vampire: You will come to her. (takes the shawl off) You will come to her or more will die.

She points at Buffy and ignites. Buffy watches, taken aback by the vampire's direct approach at delivering her message.

Vampire: Tonight!

The students scream, jump out of their chairs and begin to run from the room. Cordelia and Xander also jump up, but don't run. Buffy remains calmly in her seat.

Vampire: Her hour is at hand!

She combusts in a flash of flame and smoke. Buffy just stares at the empty space before her.

Cut to the library. Xander, Cordelia and Willow are researching at the table. Kendra approaches with her sheathed sword. The camera pulls back to show Giles and Buffy up on the mezzanine.

Buffy: She said more would die. I have to go.

Kendra: Den I should go wit you.

Buffy: (faces Kendra) No. I need you here just in case. (heads for the stairs) I can take care of myself. And look, (comes down) as long as Dru's fighting me, then she can't do this end-of-the-world ritual thingy, and that's a good.

Kendra: Here...

She grabs a stake from the table. Buffy stops and looks back. Kendra goes over to her and holds up the twisted but very sharp stake.

Kendra: In case de curse does not succeed, dis is my lucky stake. I have killed many vampires wit it. I call it Mr. Pointy.

Buffy: You named your stake?

Kendra: (a bit embarrassed) Yes.

Buffy: (smiles) Remind me to get you a stuffed animal.

She accepts the stake from Kendra and looks it over.

Buffy: Thanks.

Kendra: (exhales) Watch your back.

Buffy leaves the library.

Cut to the cemetery. Buffy walks through, watching all around as she goes. Drusilla walks out from behind a small mausoleum.

Drusilla: Hello. I wasn't sure you'd come.

Buffy: After your immolation-o-gram? Come on, I had to show. Shouldn't you be out destroying the world right now, pulling the sword out of Al Franken or whatever his name is?

Drusilla: There's time enough. I wanted to say goodbye first. You are the one thing in this dimension that ever took my Angel from me. I will miss him.

Buffy: This is a beautiful moment we're having. Can we please fight?

Drusilla: I didn't come here to fight.

Buffy: (raises her eyebrows) No?

Drusilla: Alright. We'll fight.

She rushes at her.

Buffy ducks a punch from Drusilla and comes up behind him. She spins around to block her return swing. She blocks another jab from her, and punches her in the face. She follows up with a left hook, and

Buffy loses her balance and nearly falls down. Drusilla grabs her by the back of her coat and throws her over onto the grounds. She rolls away and onto her back, and looks up at her. She swiftly gets back to her feet to continue fighting.

Cut to the library. Kendra guards the main doors. Suddenly a vampire comes out from the stacks and attacks Xander from behind. The main doors fly open, and Kendra spins around to defend as two more vampires walk in. Giles points to the steps and yells at the girls as a fourth vampire appears from the stacks.

Giles: Get out! Go!

Willow and Cordelia make for the stairs. Kendra punches the first of the two vampires to reach her. The fourth one jumps over the mezzanine railing and lands on Giles' back, knocking him into the table. Cordelia and Willow run up the stairs and see Xander elbow the vampire on his back, knocking the demon into a bookcase. Having punched down the one vampire, Kendra grabs the other and shoves her into the wall. The first one gets up and rushes in to fight. Willow runs around behind the stacks to try to escape. Cordelia is frozen in fright. Giles grabs a vase from the table and smashes it over his attacker's head. Xander's assailant rushes him again, but Xander sidesteps him. He spins around, grabs Xander and shoves him into a bookcase. The one down below hops up onto the table, runs across it and leaps over the railing above. Willow sees him coming, and hides behind a bookcase.

The vampire doesn't stop and just pushes the case over onto Willow. She falls to the floor, and the books and case land on top of her, knocking her out. The vampire Kendra is fighting ducks her swing. Xander's opponent grabs his arm, loops his own around it tightly and pulls down, breaking it. Xander yells out in pain. Kendra ducks a roundhouse kick from her enemy and blocks several swings. Xander grabs his tormenter's hair and smashes his head down on the railing. Below Giles ducks a swing and punches the vampire in the gut. Kendra lands two punches in the face of her attacker. Giles pounds his assailant on the back, but he just roars and spins around with a punch to Giles' face, knocking him out. Xander picks the dazed vampire up and shoves him into the other one going at Cordelia, knocking him down.

Xander: Go!

He grabs his broken arm and winces in pain. Cordelia screams and runs out through the stacks. Xander watches Kendra's opponent punch her in the face, but Kendra ducks and backs into her and comes up holding back the vampire's head. She plunges her stake into her heart, and she bursts into ashes. Xander winces again in pain. Willow lies prone under the fallen bookcase. Kendra looks around for her next target. She sees the one going for Giles, and rushes over to pull him off. She shoves him around to the floor. He tries to get up, but she just punches him back down. He tries again, and she grabs him and throws him through the window into Giles' office. Just then another one tackles her from the side.

Cut to the cemetery. Buffy punches Drusilla, but he takes it in stride. She swings again, but he grabs her arm and holds on tight. She swings with the other one, but he grabs it, too, and then pushes her away.

Angelus: Is it me, or is your heart not in this?

Buffy pulls out Kendra's stake.

Drusilla: Maybe I'll just go home, destroy the world.

Buffy: Well, I think Mr. Pointy'll have something to say about that. Come on. Let's finish this. You and me.

Drusilla: (chuckles) Y-you never learn, do you? This wasn't about you. This was never about you. (chuckles)

She realizes the trap was set for the others, and begins to run. Drusilla smiles.

Cut to the library. A vampire punches Kendra, and she stumbles, but regains her footing. Up in the stacks the other one comes at Xander and punches him in the face, knocking him out. Below Kendra is hit by a roundhouse kick, and falls. The vampire tries to kick Kendra, but she blocks it and swings out with her leg, tripping him, and gets back to her feet to face the other two, the one that came down from above, the other one now back out of Giles' office. The third one is up again also, and they close in on her, but before any more fighting can ensue one of the vamps makes a hand motion. Kendra is bleeding profusely, and collapses to the floor.

Cut to a street. Buffy runs like mad to get to the school.

Two of them grab an unconscious Giles by the arms and drag him from the library. The third vampire follow them out.

Cut outside. Buffy runs across the school grounds. Cut into the halls. Buffy throws open the door and rushes in. As she rounds a corner the scene slows. Buffy runs down the hall in slow motion as Whistler narrates over the scene.

Whistler: Bottom line is, even if you see 'em coming, you're not ready for the big moments.

Buffy barges into the library and stops.

Whistler: No one asks for their life to change, not really. But it does.

She looks around at the damage, and then sees Kendra lying on the floor. She runs to her, still in slow motion, and skids down next to her on her knees. She sees that she's still alive.

Whistler: So what are we, helpless? Puppets? No. The big moments are gonna come. You can't help that. It's what you do afterwards that counts. That's when you find out who you are.

Buffy reaches up to Kendra's face with her other hand and strokes it gently. Behind her a police officer raises his gun at her.

Officer: Freeze!

Buffy looks back at him, seemingly caught red-handed.

Whistler: You'll see what I mean.

8. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="Generator"> Becoming, Part 2

Becoming, Part 2

This episode was originally broadcast on May 19, 1998.

In every generation there is a Chosen One. She alone will stand against

the vampires, the demons and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.

The library at Sunnydale High School. Buffy is crouched over Kendra's unconscious body. Behind her a police officer comes in and aims

his gun at her.

Officer#1: Freeze! (Buffy faces him) Put your hands up. Back away from

the girl slowly.

Another officer comes in behind the first, gun drawn and surveying the

scene. Buffy slowly gets to her feet and raises her hands.

Buffy: Look, I didn't do anything.

Officer#1: Do it! Now!

The second officer holsters her gun and crouches down to feel for

Kendra's pulse, and thankfully finds one.

Officer#2: This one's still alive.

Officer#1: What about up there? (nods toward the mezzanine)

Buffy and Officer#2 look up at the stacks and see Xander lying

unconscious on the floor behind the railing.

Buffy: Xander...

She starts to go to him, but Officer#2 grabs her and pushes her back.

Officer#2: Get her out of here!

Buffy: Wait! Just see if he's okay! Please!

The second officer hands her off to the first, and then goes to check

on

Xander. Buffy offers no resistance, and lets herself be led out.

Officer#2 crouches down by Xander to check him out.

Cut to the hall outside the library. Officer#1 leads Buffy out.

Buffy: Please. You don't understand.

Officer#1: You'd do well to keep your mouth shut, missy.

They turn down the hall and see Snyder coming down followed by two more

officers.

Buffy: But I didn't *do* anything.

Snyder: Why do I find that so very hard to believe?

Officer#1: (to the other officers) In there. (to Snyder) You know this

girl?

Snyder: Buffy Summers. If there's trouble, she's behind it.

Buffy: (angrily) You stupid little troll. You have *no* idea!

Snyder: Attitude problem. Serious.

Buffy: (faces the officer) Look, I just wanna know if my friends are okay.

Officer#1: All right, that's enough.

He spins her back around and gets out his handcuffs.

Officer#1: You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and...

Buffy glances over her shoulder, and without warning backhand punches the officer in the face. He grunts in pain and stumbles backward into the lockers. She grabs him by the neck and pushes his head down, flipping him over onto his back. Snyder takes a shocked step back. He is

too stunned by what he just saw her do to move, and just lets her run down the hall without even looking. Officer#2 comes out of the library

and sees her partner on the floor and Buffy running away. She raises her

gun and takes aim at Buffy.

Officer#2: Stop!

Now Snyder turns around to see Buffy running away, but he's still too shook up to have the sense to get out of the officer's way.

Officer#2: Get down!

Buffy looks back and turns down an adjacent hall, and the officer takes

a shot. The bullet shatters the window of the hall door. The other two

officers come out of the library, guns drawn and ready, and she waves them in Buffy's direction. They run in pursuit. She grabs the radio mic

at her shoulder and puts out a bulletin on Buffy.

Officer#2: All units, we have a fugitive on foot at the high school.

Attempted homicide suspect. Female, blond, approximately sixteen years old.

Suspect is **very** dangerous.

Opening credits roll. Buffy's theme plays.

The hall outside the Emergency Room at Sunnydale General Hospital. Buffy

comes into the hall wearing a wool cap and a long, dark coat. She averts

her eyes from the doctors and nurses. On the wall she finds a slot with

a few patient histories and checks the names on them. There are none

she's interested in. She continues slowly down the hall, avoiding the

eyes of a passing doctor. She checks another series of slots for names

on paperwork, but finds nothing. Further down the hall she turns down

the left passageway. Behinds her Xander walks up and touches her on the

back. She gasps and spins around, but is very relieved to see him

standing there.

Buffy: Xander! (hugs him tightly) Ohhh...

He hugs her back, and they hold each other for a long moment, then Buffy

lets go.

Buffy: I was so worried, I didn't know if you were okay. The cops

were...

Xander: Yeah, I, I heard them chase you out. I was just coming out of

it. (holds up his arm in a cast) Souvenir.

Buffy: Well, what about the others?

Xander sees two police officers come into the hall behind her.

Buffy: Are they okay?

He grabs her in another tight hug. Buffy goes along with it, but wonders

what's up. When she glimpses the cops she hides her face in Xander's

shoulder while they head down the hall in the direction that she came

in. When the police have gone they separate again.

Buffy: Okay. That was about equal parts protecting me and copping a

feel, right? (smiles)

Xander doesn't smile back. He turns his face down looking sad and very

worried.

Buffy: What is it?

Cut to Willow lying unconscious in a hospital bed. She has a bandaged cut on her forehead and a black eye, but otherwise seems unhurt. The camera pans up from her face to Buffy and Xander standing next to the bed.

Xander: The doctor said it was head trauma. She can wake up at any time, but, um... the longer it lasts, the... less likely it is. She reaches up to Willow's face and brushes back a few stray hairs.

Buffy: Where are her parents?

Xander: With relatives in Phoenix. I gave them a call. They're... they're getting on a plane back.

Buffy: Does Oz know?

Xander: (realizes his omission) Oh, man. Um... I didn't even think. Um... I'll call him.

Buffy hears some footsteps behind her and turns quickly to see who it is. Xander looks over his shoulder, too, and they see Cordelia come in.

He goes over to her.

Xander: Hey.

Cordelia: (whispers) Hey.

They kiss and hold each other close.

Cordelia: (sighs) How is she? (they separate and look at Willow) The doctor told me that...

Xander: Yeah. We're, uh... still waiting.

Buffy: You okay?

Cordelia: I ran. I think I made it through three counties before I

realized nobody was chasing me. Not too brave.

Buffy: It was the right thing to do.

Xander: Did Giles keep up with you?

Cordelia: I didn't see Giles.

Buffy: You mean he's not in the hospital?

Xander: No.

Buffy gives them a very concerned stare.

Cut to the mansion. Giles is lying on the floor. Drusilla lies on

the floor facing him and waiting for him to regain consciousness.

Giles: Mm... (stirs a bit and exhales) Ohhh... (lifts his head)

Drusilla: Hi. I wasn't sure you were gonna wake up. You had me

worried.

Giles: (standing up slowly) What do you want?

Drusilla: I wanna torture you.

She strolls past Giles over to Acathla. Giles turns to watch her and sees

the stone demon with the sword protruding from its chest. Drusilla notices Giles' stare.

Drusilla: Acathla. He's even harder wake up than you are. (gets a pouty look) I performed the rituals, said all the right phrases... blood on my hand. Got nothing. I figure you know the ritual. You're pretty up on these things. You could probably... tell me what I'm doing wrong. (approaches Giles) But

honestly, I sorta hope you don't... (stops in front of him) 'Cause I

really wanna torture you. (stares evilly)

Cut to the Summers house. A police officer comes down the stairs to

where Detective Stein is questioning Joyce and goes to stand next to him.

Joyce: No. I-i-it's impossible. There... there's been some terrible

mistake.

Det. Stein: And you have no idea where your daughter is.

Joyce: She said she was going to her friend Willow's house. (shakes her

head) Maybe she slept over.

Det. Stein: Is that Willow Rosenberg?

Joyce: Yes.

Det. Stein: (to the officer) Second victim.

Joyce: (confused) What?

Det. Stein: Your daughter has a history of violence. Doesn't she, Ms.

Summers?

He nods for the officer to leave the house, and he goes.

Joyce: Well...

Det. Stein: (smugly) You call us. (pulls out his wallet) Okay? (digs

out a card) If she decides to stop by. (hands Joyce the card) Be best if

she just comes in.

He exits the house leaving Joyce very worried and confused. She sees a man coming up the walk.

Spike: Is Buffy here?

Cut to Giles' apartment. The door is ajar, so Buffy just comes right in.

Buffy: Giles! Giles!

She looks around, but doesn't see him. Behind her Whistler comes down

the stairs from the loft.

Whistler: I don't think he's here.

Buffy: (pivots around to face him) Who are you?

Whistler: Whistler.

Buffy: What are you doing here?

Whistler: (reaches the base of the stairs) I'm waiting for you.

Buffy: Why?

Whistler: 'Cause I-I-I need a date to the prom.

Buffy is **not** in the mood for jokes right now, so she takes the two steps over to him, grabs him by the throat and shoves him up against the wall.

Buffy: I have had a **really** bad day, okay? If you have information worth hearing, then I am grateful for it. If you're gonna crack jokes, then I'm gonna pull out your ribcage and wear it as a hat. (lets go)

Whistler: Hello to the imagery! Very nice. (seriously) Every thing is going as the big guy planned it. This is Angel's big day.

Buffy: (exhales) You don't have anything useful to tell me, do you?

What are you, just some immortal demon sent down to even the score between good and evil?

Whistler: (impressed) Wow. Good guess. (grins)

Buffy: (steps up to him) Well, why don't you try getting off your immortal ass and fighting evil once in a while? 'Cause I'm sick and tired of doing it myself.

Whistler: In the end, you're always by yourself. You're all you've got.

That's the point.

Buffy: (disgusted) Spare me. (starts to leave)

Whistler: The sword isn't enough. You gotta be ready. (raises his voice) You gotta know how to use it!

She goes out the door and slams it behind her.

Cut to the park. Buffy walks through it with her head down. A car drives

by. She steps into the street and watches as the car goes. When she turns back she sees a police car coming, but doesn't run, instead hoping

that the officer won't notice her. He does, though, and turns on his lightbar and lets the siren give a brief loud tone. He pulls the car aside, stops and gets out. Buffy ignores him and keeps walking right past the front of the vehicle. The officer draws his gun.

Officer#3: Hold right there! (slams his door)

Buffy spins around to face him.

Officer#3: Put your hands on your head! Do it!

She stares at his gun, frightened, and begins to raise her hands.

Suddenly the gun gets kicked out of the officer's hands. He gets kicked

in the face and in the shin, then grabbed and thrown onto the hood of his car, where he lies unconscious. His attacker faces a surprised

Buffy.

Spike: Hello, cutie. (smiles)

In the park. Spike takes a step toward Buffy, and she immediately decks

him twice in the face. He grabs her by the shoulders to restrain her,

but she brings her knee up into his gut.

Spike: Now, you hold on a second!

He gives her a good shove away from himself. She reaches into her coat

and pulls out a stake. Spike jumps back and holds up his hands in surrender.

Spike: Hey! White flag here. I quit.

Buffy: Let me clear this up for you. We're mortal enemies. We don't

get

time-outs.

Spike: You want to go around, pet, I'll have a gay old time of it.
You

want to stop Dru... we're gonna have to play this a bit differently.

Buffy: (still holding the stake) What are you talking about?

Spike: I'm talking about you're my girl, pet. I'm talking about putting keeping her from sucking the whole world into hell.

Buffy: (chuckles) This has gotta be the *lamest* trick (lowers her stake) you guys have ever thought up.

Spike: She's got your Watcher. Right now, she's probably torturing him. Learned from the best she did.

Buffy: What do you want?

Spike: I told you. I want to stop Drusilla. (snickers) I want to save the world.

Buffy: Okay. You do remember that you're a vampire, right?

Spike: We like to talk big. (indicates himself) Vampires do. 'I'm going to destroy the world.' (looks at the officer) That's just tough guy talk. (steps over to the car) Strutting around with your friends over a pint of blood. (sits on the hood) The truth is, I like this world. (pulls the cigarette pack from the officer's shirt pocket) You've got... dog racing, Manchester United. (pulls one out and drops the pack on the officer) And you've got people. (exhales) Billions of people walking around like Happy Meals with legs. It's all right here. (lights the cigarette and takes a drag) But then someone comes along with a vision. With a real... (exhales) passion for destruction. (takes another drag

and looks at Buffy) Drusilla could pull it off. Goodbye, Picadilly. Farewell, Leicester Bloody Square. You know what I'm saying?

Buffy: (nods) Okay, fine. You're pissed your girlfriend wants to send lunch to Hell. Why would you ever come to me?

Spike: (stands and takes another drag, but doesn't look at her) I want

Dru back. I want it like it was before we came here. Even when Angel is all soulfull, she still wants him.

Buffy: You're pathetic.

He punches her in the face. She punches him right back.

Buffy: I almost lost my friends tonight!

Spike: I wasn't in on that raiding party.

Buffy: And I may lose more! The whole earth may be sucked into Hell, and you want my help 'cause your girlfriend's a big ho? Well, let me take this opportunity to *not* care.

Spike: I can't fight her alone, and neither can you!

Buffy punches him hard in the jaw, making him flinch. He straightens back up and feels his jaw, checking for blood.

Buffy: I hate you.

Spike: And I'm all you've got.

The police officer begins to stir on the hood of the car.

Buffy: (looks down briefly) All right. Talk.

Spike: (turns to the officer) I'm just gonna kill this guy.

Buffy clears her throat loudly. Spike faces her.

Spike: Oh, right.

Buffy: (raises her eyebrows at him) Let's get inside.

They leave as the police officer begins to wake up and feel his head.

Cut to Willow's room at the hospital. She is still unconscious.
Xander

is sitting in a chair and watching her while Cordelia stands.

Cordelia: Do you want some coffee?

Xander: I don't wanna leave. She might, uh...

Cordelia: I'll get it.

Xander: (looks up at her) Thanks.

They clasp hands briefly, and Cordelia goes to get some coffee.
Xander

looks at Willow again, deep in thought. He leans over to the bed and gently takes her hand in his.

Xander: Come on, Will. Look, you don't have a choice here. You gotta wake up. I need you, Will. I mean, how am I gonna pass trig, you

know?

(chuckles) And who am I gonna call every night... and talk about everything we did all day? You're my best friend. You've always...

He looks at her for a long moment, looks away for an instant and then at

her again, struggling with his emotions.

Xander: I love you.

Her face twitches and her hand gives his a squeeze. Xander's eyes widen

in hope.

Xander: Willow?

She takes a few breaths before responding, with her eyes still closed.

Willow: (whispers) Oz? (speaks) Oz?

Xander leans away, taken aback. Oz hears her as he walks into the room.

Oz: I'm here.

Xander: (looks back at Oz) She's just starting to wake up.

He gets up to let Oz go to her. Oz takes her hand and leans over the bed. Willow still has her eyes closed.

Oz: Hey, baby.

Willow: (weakly) Hi.

Xander: I'm gonna go get a doctor. (leaves)

Oz: How you feelin'?

Willow: (weakly, eyes still closed) My head... feels big. Is it big?

Oz: No. It's head size.

He leans over her face and gently kisses her on the forehead. He leans

back to look at her and strokes her hair with his other hand. She opens

her eyes tentatively.

Willow: (whispers) Uh... is everybody else okay?

Cut to the mansion. The camera shows Giles in a chair with his hands bound behind his back and bleeding from rope burns. The camera pans up his arms and over his shoulder to Drusilla, sitting in a chair

and watching Giles as she cleans his glasses. She breathes on the lenses,

polishes them clean and inspects his work.

Drusilla: I'm impressed. (giggles) I broke under a lot less.

She drops the cleaning cloth, gets up and goes over to Giles.

Drusilla: (slides on the glasses) How you holdin' up?

Giles: (looks up at her weakly) Never... better.

Drusilla: Glad to hear it. (kneels next to him) Now... (Giles breathes

painfully) Tell me when it hurts. (smirks)

Angel walks slowly up the street. Up ahead, Buffy and Spike are arguing.

Angel: Am I having another nightmare, or are you two not trying to kill each other?

Buffy: Temporary truce. I don't kill him or the loon, and he helps us. (to Spike) All right, talk. What's the deal?

Spike: Simple. You let me and Dru skip town, I help to make sure she doesn't open the door to Hell.

Buffy: (to Spike) Forget about Drusilla. She doesn't walk.

Spike: There's no deal without Dru.

Buffy: She tried to murder my friends.

Spike: Look. (pulls Buffy aside) This deal works for me one way. Full stop. I'll take her out of the country. You'll never hear from us again, I *bloody* well hope.

Buffy: Fine. Get back to the mansion. Make sure Giles is all right.

He turns to leave.

Buffy: If Giles dies... (Spike stops and faces her) she dies.
He gives her a final stare and heads out. Buffy turns back to Angel.

Buffy: Do you know a guy named Whistler?

Cut to the mansion. Giles is still tied to his chair, and hangs his
head weakly.

(ignores her mother): You know, I can stop the pain. You've been very
brave... (puts his hand on Giles' shoulder) but it's over. (walks
behind him) You've

given enough. (leans down to Giles' ear) Now let me make it
stop.

Giles: (panting and shaking with pain) Please!

Drusilla: (kneels to face him) Just tell me what I need to
know.

Giles: (weakly) In order... to be worthy...

Drusilla: (whispers) Yeah?

Giles: (weakly) You must perform the ritual... in a tutu.

Drusilla glares at him. Giles doesn't back down.

Giles: Pillolock!

Drusilla: (stands up) All right. Someone get the chainsaw.

Spike: (wheels himself in) Now, now, don't let's lose our temper.
Look, you cut him up, you'll never get your answers.

Drusilla: Since when did *you* become so levelheaded?

Spike: Right about the time you became so pig-headed. You have your
way

with him, you'll never get to destroy the world. And I don't fancy

spending the next month trying to get librarian out of the carpet.
There

are other ways. Do you want to play a game?

Cut to the library. The main area is cordoned off with yellow crime

scene tape. Buffy walks in and just grabs and pulls down the tape.
She

reaches under the table, pulls out Kendra's large duffel bag and sets

it

on the table. As she goes through it Snyder comes into the library.

Snyder: You do know this is a crime scene, don't you? (Buffy looks up at him approaching) But then... you're a criminal, so that pretty much

works out. (stops)

Buffy: You know I didn't do it. The police will figure it out.

Snyder: In case you haven't noticed, the police of Sunnydale are *deeply* stupid. (takes a few steps closer) It doesn't matter anyway.

Whatever they find, you've proved too much of a liability for this school. (takes a breath) These are the moments you want to savor. You wish time would stop so that you could live them over and over again.

(smiles smugly) You're expelled.

Buffy reaches into the bag and pulls out the sword blessed by the knight

who first slew Acathla. She holds it up and turns it in her hand. Snyder

looks at it, at her and gulps. Buffy gazes at the polished blade.

Buffy: You never ever got a single date in high school, (turns her eyes

to him) did you?

Snyder: Your point being?

She starts out of the library and leans the blade into his face as she

passes him. He bends back nervously and watches her go. This time she

makes no attempt to avoid the chalk markings on the floor. Snyder pulls

out his cell phone and dials. He checks to make sure she's gone and

holds the phone up to his ear.

Snyder: It's Snyder. (smiles) Tell the Mayor I have good news.

Cut to Drusilla's mansion. Drusilla kneels behind Giles, patting the sweat from his forehead.

Drusilla: Is that better? (pats more) Hmm? (pulls away the cloth)
Poor

thing. (runs her finger down his cheek) Let's see what's inside.

She runs her hand up the back of Giles' head and over the top. She

closes her eyes and concentrates on reading his thoughts. It doesn't

take long for her to discover something useful. She gasps and removes

her hand.

Drusilla: (into Giles' ear) Of course.

She stands up and goes around to his other side and holds up two
fingers

to hypnotize him.

Drusilla: Look at me.

Giles turns his head weakly to look away, trying to resist. She comes

around the rest of the way in front of him, waving her
fingers.

Drusilla: Mm-mm-mm-mm.

Finally Giles can no longer resist and looks at her. She waves her

fingers around some more and draws them in toward her own
eyes.

Drusilla: Be... in me.

In his weakened state Giles quickly falls under her spell. She looks

into his eyes and smiles.

Drusilla: Hmm. See with your heart.

She covers his eyes with her hand, and when she takes it away he sees

Jenny kneeling before him. At first he can't believe it, but then

accepts it.

Giles: (smiles) Jenny! What are you doing here! You must leave quickly.

Dru/Jenny: (quietly) Shh. I'll never leave you.

Giles: (tries to get up) We have to get out of here.

Dru/Jenny: (calms him) No-no-no-no-no. Slowly.

She brushes her hand over his temple, down his cheek and over his lips.

Giles: It can't be you. (stares into her eyes)

Dru/Jenny: Did you tell Drusilla? About the ritual?

Giles: (breathing erratically) No. (desperately) We have to get... her away from Acathla.

Dru/Jenny: Why? Is she close to figuring it out?

Giles: (nods, anxious to go) Later.

Dru/Jenny: (imploringly) Tell me what to do.

Giles looks at her, helpless and confused.

Dru/Jenny: It's all right. We'll be together... Just tell me what to do.

Giles: (desperately) We have to get Angel away from Acathla.

Dru/Jenny: Drusilla herself? She's the key?

Giles: (weakly) H-h-his, his blood... H-he mustn't...

Dru/Jenny: Shh. (kisses him) Mm.

They kiss passionately. The camera pulls over to Giles' face. When it pans back he's kissing Drusilla.

Spike: Uh, Drusilla...

She keeps kissing him.

Spike: We are finished here, ducks.

She stops and looks back at them sheepishly.

Drusilla: Sorry. (smiles evilly) I was in the moment.

Giles opens his eyes and realizes that he's been tricked.

Drusilla: Blood. Of course. The blood on my hands must be my own. I am

the key that will open up the door. My blood. My life. (considers) Okay.

Kill him. (turns to go)

Spike: Uh, but what if he's lying?

Drusilla: Yeah. Good point. Alright, don't kill him.

Cut to Giles' apartment. Whistler walks into the kitchen and looks

around. He spots a bottle of sherry and takes a sniff, but then sees

that it's empty. He puts it back down and keeps looking around. Buffy

comes in and sees him there. He goes over to check out the refrigerator.

Buffy: Whistler. What did you mean, the sword isn't enough?

Whistler: (finds a bottle of beer) You know, raiding an Englishman's

fridge is like dating a nun. You're never gonna get the good stuff.

Buffy: Tell me how to use it.

Whistler: (takes a swig and looks back at Buffy) Angel's the key.

(closes the fridge) His blood, sire's blood, can close the gate to Hell.

It's all on the line here, kid.

Outside Drusilla's mansion. The camera pans along its dark facade. Cut to

the street. Buffy and Angel walks toward the mansion at a determined pace with the sword wrapped in a cloth being passed between them. Suddenly Xander comes running out of the bushes on the hillside and jumps into the street in front of her. They're startled and Buffy takes a reflexive step back.

Buffy: Xander!

Xander: Cavalry's here. Cavalry's a frightened guy with a rock, (holds

up a large rock) but it's here.

Buffy holds up a stake. He tosses the rock aside and takes it from

her.

Xander: That's better.

Buffy: You're not here to fight. (starts walking) You get Giles out,

and you run like hell, understood? I can't protect you. (pulls off
and

discards the cloth) We're gonna be too busy killing.

Xander: (looks at the sword) Now, that's a new look for you.

Angel: It's a present for Drusilla.

Without a word they continue walking. Xander hesitates a moment and
then

follows.

Cut inside the main hall of the mansion. The camera pans along the
other side behind Acathla and the two other vampires standing on
either side. Drusilla begins the ritual.

Drusilla: Acathla... Mundatus sum... pro te necavi. Sanguinem meum...

pro te effundam... (steps slowly toward Acathla) quo me dignum...
esse

demonstrem.

Translation: Acathla... I am cleansed... here before you. My blood...

flowing before you... (steps slowly toward Acathla) makes me
worthy...

as I demonstrate.

Cut to the mansion. The camera pans past Acathla's face and the
vampire standing next to him.

Drusilla: Now, Acathla... You will be free.

She draws the blade across the palm of her hand and winces in pain,
but

doesn't take her stare off of the demon. She drops the
knife.

Drusilla: And so will we all.

Cut to the other vampire. The camera pans around him to show Buffy

coming in quietly behind him. She raises her sword and decapitates
him

with a single swing. He crumbles to ash as his head falls to the floor.

Drusilla turns her head to look. Buffy meets their gazes.

Buffy: Hello.

Drusilla: (bored) I don't have time for you.

Buffy: You don't have a lot of time *left*.

Drusilla: Coming on kind of strong, don't you think? You're playing some

deep odds here. Do you really think you can take us all on?

Buffy: No. I don't. But I don't have to.

Spike: I don't want to hurt you, baby.

She grabs him by the throat and shoves him into the wall. He slaps her

arm aside and punches her in the face.

Spike: Doesn't mean I won't.

Xander pushes aside a curtain to another room and finds Giles still tied to a chair.

Xander: Giles!

Giles' head is tilted back, and he is very weak.

Xander: Giles!

Giles lifts his head slowly. Xander crouches behind the chair and begins

to untie the ropes.

Giles: Xander?

Xander: Can you walk?

Giles: You're not real.

Xander: Sure, I'm real.

Giles: It's a trick. They get inside my head, make me see things I want.

Xander has untied the ropes and goes around to look into Giles' face.

Xander: Then why would they make you see me?

Giles: (considers) You're right. Let's go.

He groans as Xander gets under his arm and helps him out of the chair.

Xander: Come on.

Drusilla looks up from her fight and gazes at Acathla with a smile.

Drusilla: Oh... Here he comes.

She shoves Spike out of the way, and turns back to Angel.

> Drusilla: Well, looks like it's just you and me, Daddy.<p>

Cut to Alcatha. Deep thundering growls and noises come from him as he begins to wake. Angel and Drusilla continue fighting, with Angel having the upper hand until Buffy cries out, and distracts Angel.

Drusilla takes advantage, and shoves her sword through his stomach. Angel screams, and Spike jumps back to his feet.

Spike: Sorry, baby. Wish there was another way.

Spike clocks her on the back of the head, and when she begins to fall he catches her, lifts her into his arms and starts to carry her out.

Cut outside the garage. Spike smashes through the door with his car. The

windows are all painted black. He screeches into the street and guns it.

Cut into the car. Drusilla is lying unconscious in the passenger's seat.

Spike concentrates on the road and whips around a corner. When heading

straight again he looks over at her. He reaches around her neck and

pulls her over to him, and holds her close as he keeps driving with only

one hand on the wheel.

Buffy dispatches the last of Drusilla's cannon fodder, and looks around for Angel. Behind him Acathla lets out a low rumble. Buffy stares in shock as Acathla's face contorts. His brows angle down, his eyes glow red, his mouth opens grotesquely and the swirling vortex to Hell opens, small at first, but growing steadily in size and emanating a deep, red glow.

Angel: (confused) What's happening?

Buffy: Whistler said you were the key. You're the only one who can

stop it.

Angel: Help me.

Buffy pulls him to his feet.

Angel: I have to...put the sword back. Pull it out.

Buffy: (grimaces, but does as she's told) Be careful. If you bleed to death, I might be tempted to join you.

Angel nods, and stumbles towards the statue. His blood swirls from the sword, and he forces it back into Alcatha, closing the portal. Angel collapses.

Buffy: Angel!

Dissolve to the library. Buffy sat in Angel's lap, listening to Giles ramble about some demon or other. She whispers in his ear.

/The winter here is cold.../

/...and bitter/

/It's chilled us to the bone/

/We haven't seen the sun for weeks/

/Too long, too far from home/

/I feel just like I'm sinking/

Buffy: I'm telling Mom tonight. I'm afraid if I don't, she'll invite Spike back for more cocoa.

Angel: It's probably a good idea. The last time, she invited Darla in, and you tried to kill me.

Angel was quickly losing the will to pay attention as Buffy nibbled on his earlobe.

Buffy: (low voice) Don't worry, I don't bring my stakes into our arguments anymore. It's a good thing Mom likes you, she wasn't to keen on me dating an older man."

/And I claw for solid ground/

/I'm pulled down by the undertow/

/I never thought I could feel so low/

/And, oh, darkness/

/I feel like letting go/

/If all of the strength and all of the courage/

Angel: When you tell her how much older, she'll probably have me arrested. Do you want me to come by so she doesn't think you're crazy?"

Angel could hear the car's distinctive engine already.

Buffy: I'd appreciate it. Give me 15 minutes. (Slides out of his lap.) Gotta go, Giles. See you guys tomorrow!

/Come and lift me from this place/

/I know I can love you much better than this/

/Full of grace/

/Where everything we said and did/

/Hurts us all the more/

/It's just that we stayed too long/

She bounded out of the library so her mother wouldn't see the assortment of occult books her friends were going through. Joyce watched through the window as Buffy disengaged herself from her boyfriend and come running out to the car.

Joyce: I'll never understand why you spend so much time in that library, yet get so bad grades.

Buffy: That's what I'm gonna try and explain as soon as we get home. Angel's gonna come by and help me explain.

Joyce managed to keep from slamming on the brakes. Maybe if she had, it would have saved her life.

/In the same old sickly skin/

/I'm pulled down by the undertow/

/I never thought I could feel so low/

/And, oh, darkness/

/I feel like letting go/

/If all of the strength and all of the courage/

Joyce: Are you pregnant?

Buffy: No.

Buffy answered her mother's question like it was the strangest thing she'd ever been asked.

Buffy: Angel can't have children, that's what I want to talk about.

Joyce was so relieved, she didn't here the squeal of tires in the intersection. Only Slayers reflexes could have stopped quick enough to get out of the way of that drunk, and Buffy wasn't driving. The only other thing Buffy would ever remember about that night was the sound of screeching metal, then everything went black.

/Come and lift me from this place/

/I know I can love you much better than this/

/Full of grace/

/I know I can love you much better than this/

/It's better this way/

/It's better this way/

!!Authors Ramblings!!

Please Read, Important

Alright people, here's the deal. This isn't an easy job for me, and other projects have been demanding my attention. I have five stories sitting on a diskette waiting for me to have beta read, and I wanted to finished Altered Destiny's this summer.

So here the situation. I'm temporarily skipping season three. I'll get around to it eventually, but I have to move on or I'll go insane. Let me give you a quick rundown of events.

Anne: While in LA for her custody hearing, Buffy runs head first into the normal plot.

Dead Man's Party never happened

The are major differences in Faith, Hope and Trick: The inclusion of Angel, and Faith's confession about her watcher.

I'm still dealing with Beauty and the Beasts, but it will be part of the universe.

The events of Homecoming, including the Willow/Xander kissage occur. I know, I know I have Xander and Cordelia together in Flipside, but I figured out a way to get them back together.

Band Candy is going to be fun. See Giles and Jenny eat candy, see Giles and Jenny elope.

I have to think about Revelations, it might turn out to be one of those things where it's told from a single point of view, like Passion.

Lovers Walk is giving me migraines, but it will be there.

The Wish is gonna be a piece of cake. No real big changes to make.

Amends is going to be one of those things where I get real creative, and frighten many people, like I did with Scarecrow.

Ginger Bread??????????? It has to happen, so Amy becomes a rat, but other than that, I have no clue. Any ideas?

Due to special circumstances, and the fact that Giles position as a Father Figure is Council Sanctioned, Buffy's little test was

canceled. Sorry folks, can't think of a way to deal with it. However, assume the Council decides to send Giles a rather annoying assistant so they won't have to do the same thing for Faith in a few months.

The Zeppo? Pretty normal, I hope.

Bad Girls makes me feel like weeping. Definitely PoV material.

Consequences is going to give me nightmares, but here the deal. Faith is going to be joining the Mayor, but not all is as it appears to be.

Dopplegangeland? Not really a big issue.

It's best if we never even think of Enemies in this universe.

Don't see a huge problem with Earshot.

Choices is going to be a big problem, but I'll deal with it. It's not any of your problems.

Prom evil! I'm not breaking Buffy and Angel up, I have to get Cordelia and Xander back together, and still kill the baddies.

Without his little box, the Mayor can't ascend, but that doesn't stop him from sending his vampire army to terrorize the ceremony.

See you for season four and I'd appreciate some reviews this time folks. Gracias to Theo, who actually took me seriously.

End
file.